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MEMORIALS

OF

SOUTHERN AFRICA,

BY

BARNABAS SHAW,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY,

RESIDENT IN THE COUNTRY NEARLY TWENTY YEARS.

(THIRD THOUSAND.)

" Cape of storms, thy spectre fled,
See, the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thy head ;

And where Table-Mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes from desert sands,
Bless the sight with lifted hands."

Montgomery.

LONDON:

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AND THOMAS RILEY, GOUGH SQUARE.

1841.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS RILEY,
10, GOUGH SQUARE.

TO

JAMES HENWOOD, Esq., OF HULL,

The Friend of

INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT,

THESE MEMORIALS,

AS A TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP,

AND UNDER A SENSE OF MANY OBLIGATIONS,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The memory of John Wesley, who, regardless of fatigue, personal danger and disgrace, went out into the highways and hedges to call sinners to repentance, and to publish the gospel of peace, cannot but be revered by every right-hearted missionary. He was a man who sustained his missionary character to the last; and who, in the 88th year of his age, on the very day before he died, was heard to sing that beautiful mission hymn,—

"All glory to God in the sky," &c.

When he had breathed out in song, tones fit for angelic ears,—

"Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway,"

his strength failed; but on reviving a little, he exclaimed, in holy triumph, "The best of all is, God is with us."

He was the chief promoter and patron of itinerant preaching, which he extended through Great Britain, Ireland, the West Indies, and America, with unexampled success. He died March 2, 1791, after which the missions were successfully carried on under the superintendence of Dr. Coke. At the Conference of 1813, the Doctor expressed an earnest desire to proceed to the East Indies for the purpose of establishing a mission in that idolatrous country; then in the 67th year of his age. Previously to this, he had crossed the Atlantic no less than eighteen times, for missionary objects; and when some of the Preachers attempted to dissuade him from his Eastern enterprize, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, in a manner which they could not resist, "If you will not let me go, you will break my heart." He was allowed to go; but was found dead in his cabin, May the 3rd, in the course of the voyage. Thus, he "ceased at once to work and live."

When this excellent man could no longer engage in pleading the cause of missions, both Preachers and people awoke as from a partial slumber; they saw the necessity of maintaining the ground which Providence had given them, and of increasing their

exertions to extend it by holding Public Meetings.*

* Mr. Everett, adverting to these public meetings which almost immediately followed, observes in his "Village Blacksmith," page 142, eighth Edition; "It is difficult precisely to determine at this distance of time, with whom the first thought originated, or what was the first sentence that led to them. Mr. Scarth, of Leeds, repeatedly remarked to Mr. W. Dawson, *before* Dr. Coke took his departure for India, 'The missionary cause must be taken out of the Doctor's hand; it must be made a *public—a common cause.*' It is not impossible, that this may have been the *germ* of the whole. The Dissenters had a public meeting in Leeds, a few months previous to the first public one among the Wesleyans. This having been held in the course of the summer, Messrs. Scarth and Turkington visited the Conference, and expressed their views on the subject to the Rev. George Marsden, stating that something should he done in a more public way for the missionary interest belonging to their own body. With their views, Mr. M. perfectly coincided. When the embarrassed state of the missionary fund came before the Conference, there appeared to be no alternative between reducing the preachers at home, or the missionaries abroad. There was too much zeal and liberality in the body to permit either. The subject was one of deep interest, and did not die at Conference. The Rev. G. Morley, the Leeds superintendent, thought, that if the *Dissenters* could raise a Missionary Meeting, the *Methodists* might also; and accordingly suggested the subject to his colleagues, Messrs. Bunting and Pilter, who zealously entered into his views. Not satisfied with commencing this '*new thing*' in Methodism on their own responsibility, they were desirous of knowing how far the proposal of a public meeting would meet with the countenance of others of their brethren. Bramley having been then but recently divided from the Leeds circuit—a close union still existed between them, and being contiguous to each other, these gentlemen proceeded thither, with a view to deliberate with the Rev. W. Naylor and the biographer, who were then stationed on the Bramley circuit. No persuasion was requisite; the propriety, necessity, and practicability of the measure were manifest at once. The Leeds and the Bramley preachers thus took the first decisive and active step in the work, which has since been carried on to such an extent. A correspond-

The first meeting was held October 6, 1813, by which a new and mighty impulse was given to the whole Connexion. Collectors in all directions offered their services, and money was poured into the sacred treasury. Doors of usefulness began to open in different quarters of the globe, and young men were raised up, and offered themselves to go to any part of the world.

Previous to the Public Missionary Meeting held at Leeds, the Author had felt a desire to present his humble services to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee; and when he had the privilege of hearing the Rev. R. Watson, at Hull, preach on Rev. xiv. 6, he became fully decided. At the District meeting, held in the City of York, in the spring of 1815, he offered himself for the mission field; and in the same year he sailed for South Africa. He had the honour, and it was accompanied with no little labour, of establishing the first Wesleyan Mission Station in the interior of

ing chord was soon found to vibrate with pleasure in the breasts of the Rev. Messrs. R. Watson and J. Buckley, of the Wakefield circuit; and they were followed by Messrs. Reece and Atmore, of the Bradford and Halifax circuits, who both exulted in the prospect of so ample a harvest of good. Mr. Bunting organised the first plan; Mr. Watson wrote the first address; Mr. Buckley preached the first sermon on the occasion, at Armley, a place belonging to the Bramley circuit; and the first public meeting was held in the old chapel at Leeds. T. Thompson, Esq., M.P., was in the chair.

that extensive country, from which he returned in 1837 to his native land. Having spent many years in Africa, he had a favourable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the native tribes, and was earnestly solicited by the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in 1828, to publish an account of their manners and customs. He had then no time to prepare such a work; but the renewed solicitations of a number of persons, both at home and abroad, have now induced him to accede to their request; and a number of respectable friends having become Subscribers to these MEMORIALS, there can be no risk in their publication.

The volume presented to the reader contains a history of the discovery of the grand promontory of the Cape of Good Hope, and a brief account of the commencement and progress of that interesting colony. Numerous facts relative to missions will also be found, which were never before made public; and the writer is of opinion, that the Memorials will meet the wishes of those who agree in sentiment with the author of "*Missionary Enterprises:*" viz., "That a work from the pen of a Missionary should not contain just what might be written by one who has never left his native country, but a plain statement of the perplexities with which he has been compelled to

grapple, and the means adopted to overcome them." The notices of natural history, referring to lions, tigers, &c., will be interesting to many; and the statements respecting the awfully destitute state of the tribes in the regions beyond, it is hoped, will excite the friends of missions to renewed and increased exertions in the great cause in which they are engaged, till mission stations shall be formed from Great Namacqua-land to Cape Coast Castle, and from Kaffraria to the Red Sea, as the only means of making an end of the inhuman traffic in slaves, which is still carried on to the amazing loss to Africa, of an annual amount of 500,000 human beings.

In several instances, the author has derived assistance from the works of respectable writers on South Africa, as Messrs. Barrow, Thompson, and Alexander. He thinks it proper to make this acknowledgment, as some parts of the work were delivered in the form of lectures, at a public institution in Plymouth, and he, on re-writing them, found it impossible, with any degree of correctness, to mark all the quotations.

It was the author's design, on commencing these MEMORIALS, to have given some account of the missions carried on by other sections of the Christian Church; but he found it incompatible with brevity, and it would have been impossible, in a

short account, to do the justice they demanded. The different Missionary Societies, as was once observed by the Rev. J. Bunting, D.D., are like so many ships, which "may appear to crowd each other in the harbour;" yet, when sailing on the wide sea of heathenism, they have sufficient room. With regard to the valuable missionaries, of different societies, employed in South Africa, the writer would pray with Moses: "*The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are,* and bless you as he hath promised you!"

It was originally the author's intention to notice various erroneous statements which have been made by hasty travellers; but this also he was obliged to abandon. By way of caution, however, to the young and inexperienced, he may observe, that a *French writer* on South Africa, describes whole tribes of natives which never existed, except in his own romantic imagination. *Another traveller* informs his readers, that the roads in the vicinity of Cape Town are repaired with the tails of cows and oxen; while a third states, "the Hottentots use their bows and arrows with great dexterity; they shoot their arrows with great force, sending them sometimes through the body of an ox." It is added: "Sometimes persons

may be seen at Greenpoint riding on zebras, which are brought from the interior, and generally kept at livery."

Every individual who has lived in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, for a few years, will bear the author of these MEMORIALS out in affirming that such statements are altogether without foundation.

Epworth, October 29th, 1839.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Another Edition of the "Memorials" having been called for, the whole has been carefully revised, and a few additions have been made. The Author is happy to know by recent information from Africa that the great work of evangelizing the remote nations in the interior of that country is delightfully progressing, and the desert does rejoice and blossom as the rose. The effects which have been produced by the preaching of the gospel in the midst of savages, prove the work to be of God,—"Blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." Amen.

Pontefract, January 1st, 1841.

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MEMORIALS

OF

SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOVERY OF THE CAPE BY THE PORTUGUESE—BARTHOLOMEW DIAZ—VASCO DE GAMA, 1497—MASSACRE OF SEVENTY-FIVE PERSONS—CONTRIVANCE WITH CANNON—DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY SENDS VAN RIEBEEK, 1652—COMMENCEMENT OF COLONY—REINFORCEMENT—RELIGIOUS SERVICES—PROVISIONS—WILD BEASTS—VAN RIEBEEK'S JOURNEY—PRICE OF PROVISIONS IN 1665—POPULATION IN 1688—HOTTENTOT BOY—POETRY.

"History," observes Cicero, "is the evidence of ages, the light of truth, the life of manners, and the school of life." That period of time when the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was effected, is decidedly one of the most important eras in the annals of modern history. For this, as well as many other very valuable geographical discoveries, we are indebted to that spirit of enterprize which characterized the Portuguese nation, at the commencement, and during the continuance, of the fifteenth century; prosecuted chiefly under the direction of Prince Henry, Duke of Visco, son of the reigning monarch, John I., and descended, on the maternal side, from the royal line of England. This prince, to whom were entrusted the growing power and resources of his country, first planned the route to India round the continent of Africa; but was not permitted to witness the completion of that important design. The well-established hopes of

the Duke of Visco were, however, soon realized by his nephew John II., who prosecuted all his designs with renewed vigour.

Bartholomew Diaz was employed by this sovereign on a voyage of discovery. After having traced nearly a thousand miles of new country, and endured incalculable hardships, he at length came in sight of the Cape which terminates South Africa; but he proceeded no further, fancying that he had arrived at the boundary of the earth, and being intimidated with the darkness and tempests with which he was surrounded. On account of the heavy gales which he experienced, he gave it the name of "*Cabo des totos Tormentos*," or the Cape of Storms; which, however, was subsequently exchanged by John II. of Portugal, for *Cabo du buonne Esperanse*," or Cape of Good Hope, from the prospect which it afforded him of opening a maritime path to India.

"Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Magelhaens, were at this time all engaged in the Portuguese service, and forming themselves in the nautical and enterprizing school which was founded by Prince Henry, for those wonderful and splendid discoveries which soon after immortalized their names. Gama, patronized by Emanuel II., who succeeded John II. of Portugal, was appointed to the command of a small expedition for the discovery of India. Three sloops of war and a store-ship, manned with only one hundred and sixty men, were fitted out, for hostility was not the purpose of this humane and peaceful enterprize. There is something in true genius which seems to be essentially connected with humanity. Gama and Columbus prosecuted their discoveries upon the most liberal principles, seeking to benefit, not to destroy their species."*

"To return to the discoveries of Gama. About four miles from Lisbon there is a chapel on the sea side. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the

* Cape of Good Hope *Literary Gazette.*

companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable; and he did not scruple to solicit the Divine aid and protection. Such conduct on the part of Gama was as strictly compatible with the soundest reason, as the solar warmth is united with the solar light. The whole night was spent in the chapel in prayer for success. On the next day when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shores presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes, perhaps, recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of religious persons sung anthems, and offered up supplications to heaven. The vast multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for the preservation and prosperity of the adventurers. The relations, friends, and acquaintance of such, wept; all were affected; the sigh was general; Gama himself shed some manly tears on parting with his friends; but he hurried over the tender scene, and hastened on board, with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his sails to the wind, and so much affected were the many thousands that beheld his departure, that they remained immoveable on the shore, till the fleet, under full sail, vanished from their sight."* It was on the 8th of July, 1497, that Gama left the Tagus, and his voyage was extremely tempestuous. During any gloomy interval of the storm, the sailors, wearied out with fatigue, surrounded their commander and implored him to return homewards. But Gama's resolution was unalterable; and having suppressed a formidable conspiracy against himself, in which all the pilots were ringleaders, he, with his brother and a steady band of adherents, stood night and day at the helm. On the twentieth of November, hope was turned to fruition. Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape, which had long been the boundary of navigation. Soon after this event, the king of Portugal dispatched ships with orders to touch there. Fearful of

* Cape of Good Hope *Literary Gazette.*

approaching the main land, they anchored near Robben Island, which is at the entrance of Table Bay, and proceeded from thence with their boats to see the natives. On one occasion, while a number of Portuguese were on shore with the Hottentots, a serious *disturbance* took place. One of the sailors having a pair of *buckles* on his shoes, which attracted the attention of the savages, and he being unwilling to part with them, some misunderstanding arose, which ended in the massacre of seventy-five persons, among whom were Franciscus de Almyda, deputy king of Portugal, who was shot with a poisoned arrow, and two of his captains.

In the course of a few years the Portuguese landed again, and aware that the *glittering copper* would attract the attention of the unsuspecting natives, they took on shore with them a shining *cannon*, formed of that metal, as a splendid present to the chief. To the cannon, which was loaded with musket balls, some long ropes were attached, that the Hottentots might drag it away to their place of residence. Not *aware* that this shining object was an engine of destruction, they readily took hold of the ropes, and when on a line with its mouth, a person previously appointed put the torch to the powder, and instantly the numerous bullets killed and wounded many of them. Those who escaped death immediately fled to the mountains for security.

In the year 1652, the *Dutch East India Company* took possession of the Cape. *Jan Van Riebeek*, who had previously visited the country, was specially appointed to superintend the erection of a *fort*, and to govern the infant settlement. He arrived in Table Bay in the month of April, when a council was held on board of the principal ship, previous to their landing. A part of the *first resolution* formed by the council, which was held on the eighth of April, runs thus: "Having by the grace of God, whose name be praised, safely arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of establishing a general rendezvous, according to the orders received from our superiors;—to

take possession of such *lands* as may be best suited for cultivation, &c.,—for the refreshment of the Company's vessels, and for such other *purposes* as the interest of the Company may require—the council being assembled, have ordered and directed that Jan Van Riebeek, accompanied by the commanders of the ships at anchor, *shall land*, with some armed soldiers, to inspect and measure a place fitted for the erection of a fort: and having fixed upon the same, shall immediately mark out a plan, so that no time may be lost, &c."

It may here be remarked, that Riebeek appears never to have entered upon any important business, without imploring the Divine blessing; thus in the first page of the Records of the Council, the following prayer is found:—

"O merciful and gracious God, our heavenly Father! since it has pleased thee to call us to the government of the affairs of the East India Company, at the Cape of Good Hope; and as we have assembled *in council*, to advise and adopt such measures as may best tend to promote the interests of the Company, to maintain justice, and if possible, to plant and propagate the true Reformed *Christian Doctrine*, amongst those wild and savage people, for the praise and honour of thy holy name, and for the benefit of our employers: but being, without thy gracious assistance, unable to effect these purposes; we pray, O most merciful Father! that it may please thee to preside at this assembly, and with thy heavenly wisdom to so enlighten our hearts; that all perverse passions may be removed from amongst us, our hearts cleansed from all human weakness, and our minds so composed, that we, in all our deliberations, may not propose or resolve anything which will not *tend* to the *praise* and *glory* of *thy* most holy name, and to the service of our masters; without considering, in the least, our own personal *advantage* or profit. These, and such other blessings as may be necessary to promote the

service entrusted to us, and for our *eternal salvation*, we most humbly pray and entreat, in the name of thy beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath taught and commanded us to say: 'Our Father, which art in heaven,'" &c. This, or a similar prayer, was doubtless offered up, whensoever the council assembled for business.

The *first acts* of Van Riebeek prove his anxious desire to carry into effect the object contemplated by the company. Three days after his arrival in Table Bay, he was superintending the people who were engaged on the ground which he had marked out for the erection of the fort; and before the end of April he had made several excursions into the surrounding country. On the last day of April, he writes in his journal: "On *this day* we laid the first stone of the walls upon which the rafters of the dwelling-house and store are to be erected."

In the month of May, a reinforcement of fifty men from Holland, arrived at the settlement. A minister on his way to India, being on board the ship in which they came; a sermon was preached on the 12th, and the Lord's Supper administered, in an uncovered part of the house, in the square of the intended fort. In June, Riebeek was greatly discouraged by the death of several men, who were carried off by the dysentery; concerning which circumstance he thus wrote on the 10th: "If the Almighty be not pleased soon to relieve us from this calamity, we see little probability of completing our work; since many of our people are dead, and those who remain are the greater part of them sick."

In September, he walked a distance of eight or ten miles with his carpenters, to the back of Table Mountain, for the purpose of inspecting the woods. The size and height of the trees exceeded his expectation; and to his astonishment he found the following dates cut on some of them,—1604, 1620, 1622. This proved that those parts had been visited by Europeans before; but of what nation, or under

what circumstances, he could not ascertain.* In this excursion, he also perceived a great quantity of game, and wild fowl of various kinds. By means of a Hottentot named Harry, who could speak a little English, Van Riebeek obtained a supply of cattle from the natives called Saldanians; of which, at the end of the year, he possessed eighty-nine head, and two hundred and eighty-four sheep.

It was soon found requisite, in order to provide for seasons of scarcity which sometimes occurred, to commence the salting of a great number of seals and penguins, which were obtained from Robben Island. Salt-pans, also, were discovered not far from the fort, by some of the party; and in fine weather they caught abundance of fish, which were preserved for future use. The garden which had been diligently attended to, supplied them with cabbages, turnips, carrots, and other vegetables; and they also obtained occasional supplies from the ships which entered the bay for refreshment. They experienced considerable annoyance from the unwelcome visits of lions, wolves, tigers, and jackals, at their cattle fold. But Van Riebeek appears to have dreaded much more than the wild beasts, the swarms of locusts with which they were at times infested, and which on one occasion he states, darkened the air, and appeared in number like flakes of snow. Table Bay was frequently visited by whales, but as yet the settlers were unable to obtain them; a circumstance which Riebeek often regretted.

Means were soon devised to construct a vehicle with which to draw timber from behind Table Mountain; and this formed a part of the occupation of several of the men, who had trained their oxen for the purpose. On each side of the same mountain was found an abundance of the different species of antelopes; as also partridges, pheasants, wild geese and ducks. The natives of the surrounding country occasionally came to the settlement for the purpose of barter, and gave oxen, cows, sheep, and ostrich

* Ships had long before put into Saldanah and Table Bays, for water, &c.

eggs, in exchange for European articles. At this early period of the colony, the governor found amongst his own people, many tokens of depravity; some stole from the garden, and others plundered the storehouses; whom, on conviction, he was compelled severely to punish, for the sake of example.

On the 15th of October, 1653, Van Riebeek was blessed with a son, being the second child born since the commencement of the colony. About this time, a number of rhinoceroses, eilands, antelopes, one troop of seven, and another of eight elephants, were seen at the distance of a day's journey from the fort; the party who perceived them was alarmed, and got out of the way as speedily as possible. The governor sent sheep and rabbits to Robben Island for the purpose of breeding; but the serpents destroyed most of the rabbits, and thus in some measure blighted the hopes which he had entertained. The trade already commenced with the natives, now increased, and extended much further inland; for Van Riebeek appears at all times to have been anxious to be on friendly terms, and strictly enjoined peaceable measures upon his people in all their dealings with them.

The name of Governor *Van Riebeek,* is still had in grateful remembrance by all classes of Society, at the Cape of Good Hope. It is stated, that he purchased land from the natives in different directions; which was divided and given out to the settlers, whom he assisted by supplying with implements of agriculture, and whose efforts were attended with considerable success. He made several journeys into the country, the most distant of which was to a mountain between Zwaartland and Twenty-four rivers, which still bears the name of Riebeek's Kasteel. He was an active and conscientious man; and from a perusal of his journal, in which are noted down particular days for prayer and fasting, and others for joy and thanksgiving, together with his remarks in reference to the Providence and grace of God; we cannot doubt that he was also a *truly religious man.* Public worship was kept

up in the infant colony, though for several years destitute of any regular minister. Jan Van Riebeek was governor at the Cape for more than ten years; and was succeeded by others, under whose administration the colony continued to increase and prosper.

In the year 1665 the price of the following articles was fixed thus:

Beef . . .	2	stuivers	or	farthings per lb.
Mutton . .	3	„	„	„
Pork . . .	4	„	„	„
A wild goose	6	„	„	
A wild duck	5	„	„	
Common duck	4	„	„	
Water mellon	½	„	„	
25 turnips .	2	„	„	

In 1688, the number of inhabitants in the colony was as follows:

Christians,	Men, ...	254.
	Women	88.
	Boys	119.
	Girls	112.
	Servants	39.
Slaves,	Men, ...	230.
	Women	44.
	Children	36.
Total number of inhabitants . . .		922.

It does not appear that much, if anything was done, towards the conversion of the natives to Christianity; indeed it would seem to have been the opinion of many, that this was impossible. Mr. Kolbé* says they would not receive the Gospel, in proof of which he records the following circumstance. The Governor Simon Van Der Stell, took a Hottentot youth whose name was *Pegu*, for the purpose of training; whom he clothed in a military dress, and supplied with a wig, and a hat bordered with gold. He

* The Dutch Historian of the Cape.

gave him a pair of silk stockings, a sword to hang by his side, and thus equipped, Pegu was sent to school, where he learnt the Dutch, Portuguese, and other languages, which he could speak with fluency. In 1685, he went to India with the Commissioner Van Rheedé, and continued with him till his death. Pegu then returned to the Cape, but would no longer remain in civilized life. He therefore took his fine clothing, and putting it into a chest, threw his carosse over his shoulders, and went to the governor saying: "Hoort Myn Heer," "Hearken your honour; I must no longer wear clothing, and much less be a Christian. Let me go to my own people, and live as they do. My clothing is in the chest; I take nothing but this sword and cravat with me." Having spoken thus, he departed to his people, and returned no more. He afterwards became a chief amongst them; and Kolbé says, that he had seen and conversed with him repeatedly.

The following lines appeared in the Cape Literary Gazette, a few years ago, which are designed to commemorate this circumstance.

THE HOTTENTOT HUNTER.

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing *Juli's* feats with joy,
To Cape Town school—o'er *bergs* and *knowes*,
They sent the tawney-coloured boy

From Keiskahama's farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game;
His *kombaars** tied with leathern strings,
The hunter of the *woestyn*† came.

Awhile he wrote; awhile he read;
Awhile he conned o'er grammar rules;
A Hottentot!—a savage bred!—
Great credit promised to the schools.

Some thought in law he would excel;
Some thought in physic he would shine;
And one who knew him passing well,
Foresaw in him a grave divine.

* Skin blanket. † Desert.

But those of more discerning eye,
Far different prospects then could see,—
They saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his lov'd *kirri*.*

The tedious hour of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done ;
To Newland's woods the wand'rer went,
And there his long-lov'd sports begun.

"And why," he cried, "did I forsake
My native fields for pent-up halls,
The roaring stream, the wild bird's lake,
For silent books and prison walls ?

"A little will my wants supply,
And what can wealth itself do more ?
The sylvan wilds will not deny
The humble fare they gave before.

"Where Nature's wild resources grow,
And out-door pleasure never fades,
My heart is fixed !—and I will go
And die among my native shades.

He spake—and to the eastern springs
(His gown forthwith to pieces rent,
His *kombaars* tied with leathern strings,)
This hunter of the mountains went.

Returning to his lov'd domain,
His brethren welcom'd him with joy ;
The council took him back again,
And bless'd the tawney-coloured boy.

It is to be feared that the young Hottentot was disgusted with the conduct of many then called Christians ; and not being aware that some "have a name to live who are dead," he therefore forsook them altogether, and united again with his own people.

* Club.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTURE OF THE CAPE BY THE BRITISH, 1795—CLIMATE—SOUTH-EASTERS—TABLE BAY—STONE PIER COMMENCED—CAPE TOWN—BUILDINGS—TABLE MOUNTAIN—INHABITANTS—INDIA GENTLEMEN—COUNTRY-SEATS—INCREASE OF POPULATION—FISH AND ANIMAL FOOD—WHEAT—CAPABILITIES OF THE COLONY—PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

In the year 1795, the Cape of Good Hope was captured by the British arms, under Sir James Craig; and in May, 1797, Lord Macartney arrived there to take charge of the government. In 1802, the Cape was restored to the Dutch by the peace of Amiens; and again taken in 1806, by Sir David Baird. Since then, it has remained in the hands of the English, and has been gradually improving to the present time. The colony now extends to Kaffraria on the East, to the mountains of Sneuwberg on the North, and to the River Koussi on the North-West; comprehending an area of at least one hundred and twenty thousand square miles.

The *climate* of the Cape is greatly affected by local circumstances: in the summer months there are at least from six to ten degrees in the difference of temperature between Cape Town and Wynberg, a distance of seven or eight miles. Wynberg is on the windward, and Cape Town on the leeward side of Table Mountain. The variation of climate in Cape Town is such that a British officer aptly remarked respecting those who resided therein, that they were either in an oven, at the funnel of a pair of bellows, or under a water-spout. In the winter months the rain often descends in torrents, while in the summer scarcely a shower falls to refresh the earth. During the summer, the *South-East* wind prevails; often blasting the blossom

and fruit of the trees which do not happen to be well sheltered, while they relax both the body and mind of the inhabitants, rendering them listless and incapable of exertion. While this wind is blowing, the doors and windows of the houses are closed to keep out the dust, and but few persons are seen in the streets. Clouds of dust are beheld rising in all directions, a great part of which is driven over Table Bay; and the ships lying at anchor are frequently covered therewith. The Thermometer varies in summer from seventy to ninety degrees, and on some occasions rises to one hundred; but in Cape Town such a high degree of temperature is not frequent. In some parts of the colony it rises to one hundred and ten degrees; yet on the whole the Cape is considered a healthy climate.

Table Bay has long been regarded as a dangerous place for ships at anchor, during the months of winter; and in the year 1822, I remember a storm so violent, that on Monday morning, July 22, there were seven vessels on shore; yet it is not by any means so dangerous as has been represented. Robben Island, though eight miles distant, protects it very considerably, and the northerly gales which seldom last more than twenty-four hours, do not occur in a series of years. "From July, 1831, to January, 1836, there was not a severe gale from the northward, and consequently no wreck, although more than twelve hundred ships entered the bay during that period; and there have never been less than ten and sometimes twenty vessels at anchor through the several winter months. If vessels were well supplied with ground tackle, and properly looked after, a wreck in Table Bay would be a rare occurrence. About the year 1832, a substantial stone pier was commenced by Major Mitchel, near the Amsterdam battery, by order of the Home Government; the works of which were suspended in the following year, also by orders from home. The pier was already two hundred feet in length, and considerable masses of material had been collected near the site. This undertaking, had it been completed,

would doubtless have been of great importance to the shipping. The site was selected by the port captain, (Capt. Bance, R. N.) and highly approved of by Admiral Warren, after a personal inspection; and considering the advantages it promised, it is to be regretted that its completion was arrested."*

Cape Town is the capital of the colony. The houses are chiefly flat-roofed, and white-washed, with green doors and windows. Some of them are spacious and convenient, with an elevated terrace in front. The streets cross each other at right angles and from the regularity and neatness of the whole, a stranger on his arrival receives the most favourable impressions, especially if he land when the market is well supplied with grapes. A few days after my arrival at the Cape, like many others I ascended Table Mountain. Its height is 3,582 feet, and the prospect from its summit most beautiful. This mountain standing so near the town, reflects the rays of the sun upon it, by which the heat is greatly increased.

The *public buildings* of this metropolis are the castle, barracks, stadt-huis, custom-house, commercial exchange, town jail, and the colonial offices. Of churches there are the Episcopal and the Presbyterian, the Reformed and the Lutheran. Of chapels, there are the Independant, two Wesleyan, and one belonging to the South African Missionary Society. The Government House is situated in what was called by the Dutch, the Company's Garden—the centre walk of which is a beautiful avenue of wide spreading oaks, and about half a mile in length.

The *inhabitants* of Cape Town consist of persons from all quarters of the globe, and society of almost every grade is now to be met with. The stranger on landing is astonished to perceive a variety so great; for there he beholds faces of every colour and countenances of every expression. A *college* was established a few years ago, which being well supplied with masters and professors, bids fair to be a

* Sir James E. Alexander.

useful institution. The rising generation of respectable Dutch families speak the English language; and an excellent *public library having been established*, every facility for improvement is *now* easily attained. The salubrity of the Cape climate attracts a great number of persons from India, who reside for a time in Cape Town or its vicinity, for the recovery of their health. It is calculated that those gentlemen benefit the colony to the annual amount of more than fifty thousand pounds. The majority of invalids soon regain their strength in the use of air and exercise at the Cape, and return with renewed vigour to their different appointments. Several of the visitors from India are gentlemen of decided piety; and both by their example and pecuniary influence, make themselves extensively useful.

Many of the respectable inhabitants, both English and Dutch, have their *country seats*, at the distance of six or eight miles from town: some of these are places of great beauty, and during the summer months are much more healthful than the heated oven of Cape Town. Often have I enjoyed the ride to Newlands, Wynberg, and other places, to preach there, the "unsearchable riches of Christ;" also on the camp ground, by Sir John Truter's, where, with unspeakable delight, I have held divine service under a verandah, while his honour and Lady Truter, with several masters and mistresses, united with the darkest of Africa's sons in singing the praises of God, and other acts of devotion.

The population of the colony was estimated by Mr. Barrow, in 1789, at 61, 947 persons. Its increase, as stated by the "Civil Servant," has been as follows:

In 1789	it was	61,947
1810	„	81,122
1819,	„	99,026
1822,	estimated	120,000
1834,	„	147,542
1839,	must be about	150,000

Provisions at the Cape are generally both plentiful and

cheap: there is an abundance of fish of different kinds, and excellent in quality. The snoek, so called, weighing eight or ten pounds, is frequently sold for twopence. Animal food may be had for two and three pence per pound, but vegetables, in consequence of the great demand of the shipping in the Bay, are sometimes dear. Animal food, and bread, are also now (1840) much advanced in price. The wheat is of good quality, and ought at all times to be plentiful, yet, in seasons of drought, a scarcity has been felt. Were, however, suitable granaries established at the Cape, for the preservation of proper quantities of grain, this would seldom happen. There are yet immense tracts of good corn-land which have never been broken up by the ploughshare of husbandry; and I quite agree with George Thompson, Esq., where he says:—"It is acknowledged by every person who is well acquainted with the Cape Colony, that it possesses within its boundaries, ample means of furnishing a secure and plentiful subsistence to, at least, five times its present population."

Perhaps more than half the population of the Cape district are *persons of colour*, who are generally either heathens or Mohammedans. It is true that several have embraced Christianity, yet the number of such is comparatively small. Of late years, schools have been established for the improvement of this part of the community, and missionaries sent to teach them the truths of Christianity; but their progress is slow. Many are still growing up in ignorance and crime, which led one of the missionaries, a few years ago, to observe in a tract then published: "My Christian brethren of every denomination, if we cannot attract them to our places of worship, we must seek for them wherever they are congregated; if we have no buildings within which to gather them, we must preach to them in the open air.

"The mass of the population can never be instructed by Ministers and Missionaries *only*. They may be 'instant in season and out of season,' but there are thousands whom their instructions *cannot reach*. It is, therefore, requisite,

that *every professing Christian* should act his part, and not 'be weary of well doing.' Let *Sabbath School Teachers* go on. Let *Tract Distributors* go on. Let *Masters and Parents* who have set up family altars go on. Let those *heads of families* who have hitherto neglected this important duty, commence *to-day*, remembering that to-morrow they may be in eternity. Let all *official members* in every church do their duty, and 'reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and patience.' Let *all* to whom the Lord has committed *talents for exhortation*, and for calling sinners to repentance, improve and exercise those talents, that they may not be classed with the 'wicked and slothful servant.' Let all who *can read the Scriptures go forth*, as in Ireland, into every *benighted lane and street of Cape Town*. Why should not a multitude of *young men* go out and employ themselves, some part of every Sabbath day, either in *private rooms*, or in the *open air*, in fifty or one hundred *different places* of the town, in reading the *word of God* to those who are ignorant of its truths? Is not the will of a sovereign *the same*, whether it be proclaimed by a herald or *printed and dispersed* among his subjects for their perusal? The *proclamation of mercy* to fallen man, through a gracious *Redeemer*, has been printed and committed to you, *not to be hid*, but to be made known to '*every creature*.'

'O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!'

"*Christians of Cape Town, Help!* Let the *salvation* of immortal souls be your object. Undertake all in a *spirit of prayer*, and dependance on the divine blessing. Let there be *no envy*, or contention amongst you, 'but provoke one another to love and to good works.' In the dissemination of divine truth,

'Let names, and sects, and parties, fall;'

and be ye 'stedfast, unmoveable; always abounding in the work of the Lord: forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'"

CHAPTER III.

HOTTENTOTS,—ORIGIN — NOT FAITHFULLY DESCRIBED — MILD AND TIMID—LANGUAGE—NOT STUPID—NO LONGER UNDER CHIEFS. — NAMACQUAS, — COUNTRY — GO TO A DUTCH GOVERNOR—FARMERS' ENCROACHMENTS—POPULATION —APPEARANCE — DRESS — DISPOSITION — ORNAMENTS—LANGUAGE — HUTS — SUBSISTENCE — HUNTING— CHIEFS—WARS— AGRICULTURE, IGNORANCE OF — SUPERSTITIONS — MUSIC— DANCING—MEDICINE—FUNERALS.

The original inhabitants of the Peninsula of South Africa, who have as yet been visited by Europeans, may be classed under ten or twelve tribes. These may all again be divided into two distinct families, the Hottentot and Kaffir.

The Hottentot family is composed of the original Hottentot, Little Namacqua, Great Namacqua, Bushman, and Coranna tribes.

HOTTENTOTS.

The Hottentots, says Barrow, approach nearest in colour, and in the construction of their features, to the Chinese. How singular soever this may appear, yet if it be admitted, as some have supposed, that the Chinese, and Egyptians were originally the same people, there would be no difficulty in conceiving some of the numerous tribes inhabiting the vicinity of the Nile, to have found their way to the utmost limits of the same continent. To these primarily appertained, the whole of the Southern extremity of Africa, the greatest part of which, however, they have entirely lost.

The *primitive* character of the Hottentot, has been considerably changed, by intercourse with Europeans. Many statements have been made concerning them by historians and voyagers, which upon a candid examination, cannot be credited. If at any time they attended to such customs as the old Dutch historian Kolbé describes, they have now so completely lost them, that scarcely a trace remains behind. Even the name by which they have been distinguished is a fabrication. Hottentot is a word which has neither place nor meaning in their language. They receive the appellation under the idea that it is a Dutch word; and I never knew one amongst them who could pronounce it correctly.

They are naturally a *mild and timid* people, by no means deficient in talent, but possessing little energy to call it into action. Indeed so rooted is the indolence of their dispositions, in which they are resembled by the other tribes of the Hottentot family, that ofttimes they will rather endure all the pains of hunger, than commence any kind of labour. Many of them, rather than hunt or dig the ground for bulbs, will fast the whole day; provided they can be allowed to sleep.

The *language* at first appears to be of such a nature, as to render its acquisition impossible to a European. Almost all their monosyllables, and the leading syllables in compound words are thrown out of the mouth with a sudden retraction of the tongue from the teeth or palate, and sound not unlike the clacking of a hen with her chickens. Yet many of the Dutch peasantry who reside in the frontier districts, and have been born in the country, can speak it with fluency.

The Hottentots are far from being that *stupid* people which some have represented them to be. They acquire the Dutch or English language with facility. They are excellent marksmen with a gun; and particularly clever in finding a passage through a desert and barren country. They are the best of shepherds and herdsmen,—soon learn the use of the large whip of the colony, and become expert in conduct-

ing wagons over mountains and passes the most difficult and dangerous. Many of them are clever mechanics. If led on by their superiors, they are always ready to undertake long and tedious journeys, and will suffer hunger, thirst, and weariness without complaining. When, after having endured much hunger, they have an opportunity of eating heartily, they do so with great joy, and without any fear of repletion.

This race of people, as originally existing under their own chiefs, is now almost extinct. Those now within the colony, are generally either residing at mission stations, or with the Dutch farmers as servants.

NAMACQUAS.

The Namacquas reside in the country situated between the Elephant River on the South, and Damara-land on the North. They are divided into two distinct tribes, called the Little and the Great Namacquas, but so far resemble each other, that it would be useless to treat of them separately. The Little Namacquas, so called because their country is of smaller extent, were known as a separate nation from the middle of the seventeeth century; and in the year 1708 a party of them went to pay their respects to the newly appointed governor, Louis Van Assenberg. They took with them presents of bullocks and sheep, and received in return a variety of European articles, with which they were highly delighted. The Dutch peasantry, however, soon followed them even to the Khamies mountains, where they purchased cattle and many parts of the country, for beads, brandy, and tobacco. The harmless Namacquas considered the Dutch farmers as the most acceptable neighbours in the world; till most of their cattle, and many of their best fountains of water were wrested from them. Many then entered into a state of servitude with the farmers, and others fled to their more distant friends, beyond the Orange River.

The *population* of Namacqua-land, considering its vast extent, is not dense; though from the testimony of the natives, at the village of Gammap, it would seem that there are numerous tribes to the North-East, whose country is free from mountains; being, as far as the eye can reach, an extensive plain, yielding plenty of grass, and possessing abundant fountains.

The *personal appearance* of the Namacquas is by no means without attractions. They are generally taller than the Hottentots, though less robust; and are perfectly erect and well proportioned. Their colour is of a yellowish brown, sometimes bordering on white; though this is only apparent from their hands and faces, the rest of the body being discoloured with grease and dirt. Their joints are remarkably small, and every limb is well formed. The hair is woolly; the eye is in general of a deep chesnut; the nose is broad and flat; the teeth are beautifully white; and the cheek bones high and prominent.

Their *dress* is simple, though the ornaments appended to the person of a rich Namacqua are profuse. A carosse (or cloak) made of the skins of sheep, goats, jackals, or wild cats, is worn both by men and women. Many of the males wear a belt about the waist, to which is hung in front the tail of a jackal. Others have a covering of soft leather; and the richer of them have in addition, a sort of wheel formed of bullock's hide, and set with copper and iron beads, suspended at the end of an ornamented girdle. A jackal's tail fastened on a short stick, is carried about wherewith to wipe the face when heated, and to drive away the flies. The females wear a little apron, ten or twelve inches in length, and as many in breadth, to which are appended six or eight chains of copper or iron. Those who cannot obtain chains, cut part of a sheep or goat skin into shreds which hang like fringe, and reach half way to the knee. The rattling of this dried skin announces the approach of a Namacqua lady when at a considerable distance.

Sandals are in general use on long journeys: and are made either of bullock's hide, or the prepared skins of wild animals. Some make caps of skin for their heads, and others cover them with the cured maws of sheep or calves. Their *ornaments* consist of ivory, copper, and iron rings, placed on their arms and legs; likewise beads of various kinds, with which they decorate their wrists, arms, and waists. Many have their hair adorned with small shells, in which the figure of a star apparently has the preference. A red powder mingled with fat, forms in their estimation a rich pomatum, and is profusely laid on the head. The ladies use various kinds of paint, with which they daub their faces. Here their difference of taste is displayed; some preferring red, others brown, some white, others black, and many all these colours together. By several a preference is given to cow-dung, which they make use of instead of paint.

The *disposition* of the Namacquas is mild and fearful. They are by no means void of affection for their families and connexions, but will share the last morsel in their possession with one who is hungry; and reflections are cast upon any, who, to use their own expression, "*eat alone, drink alone*, or *smoke alone*." Honesty is pourtrayed upon their countenances; and strangers who visit them, are treated with kindness. We not only travelled amongst them in perfect safety, but they most liberally supplied all our wants, and were ready to render us every possible assistance.

Their treatment of the *sick and infirm*, it is true, is in many instances marked with cruelty. Thus, when a party are about to emigrate to another part of the country, a small inclosure or fold of bushes is made, in which are placed those who are unable to travel, (perhaps an aged father or mother); a sheep is left for their subsistence, which being eaten up, they either die of hunger, or fall a prey to the wild beasts of the desert. Yet even here some allowance may be made; as it has been a national custom from time immemorial, and the difficulty of travelling in

that country with sick and infirm persons is exceedingly great.

The Namacqua *language*, though in some respects different, is evidently of the same origin with the Hottentot; and abounds with the peculiar clapping of the tongue.

Their *huts* are perfect hemispheres from ten to twelve feet in diameter, and about six feet high in the centre. The frame-work is formed of the boughs of trees, which are covered with matting. The entrance is through a small opening three or four feet in height, which likewise answers the purpose of a window. Many of the Dutch farmers, during the rainy season adopt this kind of habitation, for the convenience of removing from one place to another with their cattle.

The chief *subsistence* of the Namacquas is animal food and milk. They have neither bread nor vegetables; but as a substitute, make use of certain roots which are the spontaneous production of the land. They likewise use a sort of grass seed, much resembling our English rye-grass, but of a heavier body; which after being made clean, is mixed with milk. This, however, they do not gather themselves, but steal from the nest of the laborious ants. The milk is sometimes drunk new and sweet, but in general, is put into vessels to coagulate, in which state it is supposed to be far more nutritious; the best proof of which is the healthy appearance of those by whom it is used. The household utensils are chiefly the bamboos or wooden milk-pail, the calabash, and a kind of wooden spoon.

Hunting is practised both for sustenance and for pleasure. When a hunting party is formed, the whole horde go out together; and forming themselves into a large circle, they surround the place in which it is expected the animal will be found. The circle is then contracted, and all of them draw nearer to the object of their pursuit. On the rising up of the game, each is ready for the attack. The weapons used, as well in warfare as upon these occa-

sions, are the keerie, a stick two or three feet in length, with a large knob at one end; the assagai, or spear, and the bow and arrows. The arrows are deeply poisoned, and kept in a quiver which is thrown over the shoulder.

The Great and Little Namacquas are each *governed* by a chief; whose power, however, is merely nominal, and exceedingly limited. Each tribe is again subdivided into clans or kraals, governed by petty chiefs, who attend to the forms handed down from generation to generation. The head chief of each tribe, receives the hind part of every bullock which is slaughtered; this he distributes amongst the males of his village, all of whom are called his soldiers. He also collects a sufficiency of milk by the door of his hut, to deal out amongst the poor and needy. On the death of his wife, every male who has arrived at years of maturity, gives him a cow, which after a certain number of years is returned. A part of every animal taken in hunting is required by the chief; and though it should be in a state of putrefaction before it can be brought to him, he nevertheless demands his right.

Their petty *wars* originate generally respecting their flocks, and can only be compared to the sham fights of children. Yet if Bushmen or others have stolen their cattle, a commando is dispatched to retake them, in doing which death is sometimes the consequence.

Of *agriculture* they have no knowledge whatever, save that a few raise a little tobacco, which they exchange with their neighbours. Some of the Damaras are employed amongst them to make rings, assagais, and ornaments of copper. They seem to have but little idea of traffic; yet from the many iron bodkins which we saw amongst them, it is certain that they have some intercourse with the nations on the East. Enquiring from whom they received those articles, they replied, "From the people where the sun comes up."

In many things they are exceedingly *superstitious;* and their sorcerers exercise various artifices, to which most of them give credence. When a person is sick, the sorcerer

is sent for, who examines the part affected; and privately dropping a small piece of wood upon it, declares that it has come out of the sick man's flesh. Sometimes he cuts off the first joint of the little finger of his patient, pretending that the disease will go out with the blood. Of this we had evident proof in the number of persons whom we saw, who had lost the first, and even the second joint of the little finger. On such occasions, the sorcerer demands the fattest sheep in the flock, which is killed and feasted upon. They do not like to be numbered, as they esteem it a token that death will soon take them away. On seeing the mist arise out of the sea, they believe that strangers are coming amongst them, and hold themselves in readiness. They are much afraid of an eclipse, and also of the meteor, vulgarly called the falling star. In one of their villages, the rising of a very stormy wind was attributed to our having changed our linen and clothes; and the calm which commenced the following day, to a similar circumstance.

The Namacquas have a *fine ear for music;* yet their instruments, which are the same as those of the other tribes of the Hottentot family, are but few and simple. One is a kind of guitar, with three strings stretched over a piece of hollow wood, having a longish handle. Another called the goura, consists of a piece of sinew or intestine twisted on a small cord, and fastened to a hollow stick. At one end there is a small peg to bring the string to a proper degree of tension, and at the other a piece of quill fixed into the stick, to which the mouth is applied, and the tones are produced by inspiration and respiration. The rommel pot is a bamboos, over which a piece of skin is tightly stretched and is used as a drum at their public dances. Reeds of several feet in length, are likewise made use of as flutes. Old Keudo Links, (father of Jacob,) in early life was a skilful maker of these instruments. Dancing is a favourite amusement amongst them, and is performed with long-continued and violent exercise. The reed dance is carried on with high glee. A leader, bending forward his head, and at the same time stamping violently upon the ground to keep

time, commences the performance. He is then followed by the other musicians, who, forming a circle, likewise stoop forward and stamp. As soon as the sound of this wild music has arisen, the women come forward and run round the circle of reed players, clapping their hands and singing. Sometimes they enter within the circle, and thus continue for hours together, and frequently a whole night, with but little interruption. The pot dance, in which rommel pots are made use of instead of reeds, is somewhat different and more general than the above.

Of the *medicinal* properties of plants they have some knowledge, and are in the habit of performing certain surgical operations. Concerning the division of time, as marked by the heavenly bodies, the Namacqua is in utter ignorance. When he has occasion to refer to any particular time of the day, he will point out the place in the heavens about which the sun then was. The periods which have passed away, he can only express by saying, they were before or after some memorable event. The season of the year is generally indicated by its being so many moons before or after *uyntjes tyd*, or the time that the roots which they are accustomed to eat are in season.

At their *funerals* they practice no ceremonies. As soon as a person has ceased to breathe, or even before the vital functions have ceased; his friends press the body, in order that it may be more compact. A small round hole is then scratched in the ground, and the corpse placed therein in a sitting posture; after which a pile of stones, to the height of four or five feet, is heaped upon it, to prevent any wild animals from taking it away.

Respecting every truth of what has been called *Natural Religion*, they are totally in the dark; not generally having any idea even of a Supreme Being. Ought we not then to continue to pray with the whole militant Church, that He who is the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, would make known his ways unto them, and his saving health among all nations!

CHAPTER IV.

BUSHMEN,—PERSONS—CLOTHING—PRODIGIOUS APPETITE—CRUELTIES—LOVE OF REVENGE—LANGUAGE—DWELLING-PLACES—MANNER OF HUNTING—WEAPONS—HOTTENTOT SHOT BY THEM—NO FORM OF GOVERNMENT—JEALOUS OF STRANGERS—SUPERSTITIONS—LEGEND OF WOMAN BECOMING A LION—IGNORANCE.——CORANNAS,—COUNTRY—FILTHY—HUTS—THOMPSON'S ACCOUNT—GIRDLE OF FAMINE—WOMEN SORCERERS—NO WORSHIP.

BUSHMEN.

The race of people called Bushmen, are thus designated from the place of their residence, which is among the bushes; or from the concealed manner in which they make an attack either to kill or plunder. Bushmen are found in various parts of South Africa, and speaking of them as a whole, can scarcely be said to hold any definite territory of their own. The Bushman-land, however, so called, is a vast desert of a week's journey, situated between the Khamies Mountains and the Great Orange River, and is very thinly inhabited.

The *persons* of Bushmen, though diminutive, are of perfect symmetry. It is a matter of difficulty to fix any general standard of height, seeing they are so widely scattered apart, and vary so much according to circumstances. Few of the men exceed five feet; many not even four, and the women are still less. All have an expression of acuteness and energy beyond that of their coloured neighbours, and a gait and activity peculiarly striking. The senses of sight and hearing, owing to continual use, both as means of discovering food, and for self preservation, they possess to a degree perfectly astonishing to persons in civilized life.

Their articles of *clothing and ornament* are very similar to those of the Namacquas; yet the men seldom wear any thing upon their heads. As a protection from the heat of the sun, a kind of umbrella is employed, formed by the disposing of ostrich feathers round the extremity of a walking stick. They never wash themselves in water, but smear their bodies with fat, suffering the dirt to accumulate till in some instances it literally hangs from the elbows.

For *subsistence* they trust principally to the fruits of the earth, and to the game which their country affords: but when either of those are found deficient, few have any hesitation in supplying their wants from the flocks of their neighbours. No kind of food, from the largest quadruped to the most disgusting reptile, will come amiss to a Bushman. The blood of most animals they highly prize, and even the skins of larger ones are not rejected. The larvæ of ants, grasshoppers, and ostrich eggs, they eat without any preparation; but the vegetable productions, and the flesh and skin of animals, are more or less, according to circumstances, submitted to the influence of cooking. When any large animal has fallen in the chase, they all feast together, and having no kind of management, eat till the whole is finished. Thus, often, for want of due foresight, they are reduced to a state of extreme want, and for days together proceed without food. Captain Stockenstrom mentions one whom he found in the wilderness, who had passed fourteen days without any other sustenance than water and salt. This poor creature was wasted to skin and bone, and it was thought that if allowed to eat freely, he would injure himself. It was agreed, however, to let him take his own course, and before many hours had elapsed, he had consumed nearly half the carcase of a sheep. The next day the Bushman having sustained no harm, appeared in fine plight, and as round as an alderman.

The Bushmen are altogether the *slaves of passion.* They are deeply versed in deceit, and treacherous in the

extreme, being always prepared to effect by guile and perfidy what they are otherwise unable to accomplish. Cruelty, in its most shocking forms, is familiar, and is exercised without any remorse. Of the most inhuman actions they make a boast, and are lauded by their companions. The men have several wives, but are entire strangers to domestic happiness. They take but little care of their children, and never correct them except in a fit of rage, when they almost kill them with severe usage. Hottentots seldom destroy their offspring, except when instigated by momentary passion; but the Bushmen will kill them on various occasions, as, when they are in need of food; when obliged to flee from their enemies; when the child is ill-shaped; or, when the father has forsaken its mother. In any of these cases, they will strangle them, smother them, bury them alive, or cast them away in the desert. There are also instances of parents throwing their children to the hungry lion, when he has approached their residence. They will forsake an aged relative, when necessitated to move their location, leaving him only an ostrich egg full of water and a piece of meat, if they have any in their possession. The love of revenge is a most predominant trait of their disposition, and often a cause of the most barbarous proceedings. To their own countrymen, who being taken prisoners, have continued to live with the Dutch farmers, when they again fall into their hands, the most atrocious cruelty is shewn. These seldom escape death, and that of the most excruciating kind. Against the Hottentots, on account of their intercourse with the farmers, they bear the most invincible hatred. A party of Bushmen, some years ago, fell in with a Hottentot far from any habitation. They placed him up to the neck in a trench, and then wedged him in on all sides with earth and stones, so that he was incapable of moving. In this dilemma he remained all night, and the greater part of the next day; when happily for him, some of his companions passing that way, effected his release. The poor fellow stated that he had been under the necessity of

keeping his eyes and mouth in constant motion during the whole of the day, to prevent the crows from devouring him.

Their *language* is merely a dialect of the Hottentot; though from the excessive number of clappings, it is with difficulty understood, except by Bushmen, or such as have dealings with them; owing to their wandering method of life, they are seldom inclined to bestow much labour on their *dwellings*. They either erect a shelter of bushes for the night, dig a hole in the ground, or seek repose in the natural crevice of a rock. Some, however, are more particular, and extend their consideration so far as to supply themselves with a sort of mat, which they place nearly upright by means of a couple of poles.

The Bushmen neither cultivate the ground nor breed cattle, but for *animal food* are dependant upon the chase or theft. Hence in the art of carrying off their pillage, they are extremely dexterous; and in the practices of deception, on such occasions, particularly expert. In hunting, likewise, considerable dexterity and cunning are manifested. The hippopotami, zebras, quaggas, different species of antelopes and jackals, as well as the ostrich and bustard, form the favourite object of pursuit. These are sometimes taken by snares, or dogs, at others they are shot by poisoned arrows, or assagais. Sir J. E. Alexander details at some length the method which they pursue in order to take the kaop, (a remarkable species of antelope,) and likewise the ostrich. "I was anxious to know," he observes, "how the Bushmen manage to kill the kaop; and remarking two light frames covered with ostrich feathers, grey and black, on a tree, I asked them what they were. The Bushmen said 'with these we disguise ourselves as ostriches, and thus get near the kaop, to shoot it with our arrows.'

"A present of tobacco induced a Bushman to disguise himself. He placed one of the feather frames on his shoulders, and secured it about his neck; then taking from a

bush the head and neck of an ostrich, through which a stick was thrust, he went out a little way from the huts with a bow and arrow in his left hand, and pretending to approach a kaop, he pecked at the tops of the bushes in the manner of an ostrich, and occasionally rubbed the head against the false body, as the ostrich ever and anon does to get rid of flies. At a little distance, and sideways, the general appearance of the Bushman was like that of 'the giant bird,' though a front view betrayed the whole of the human body. Approaching sufficiently near to the kaop, which of course has nothing to dread from its feathered companion of the plains, the Bushman slips the ostrich head between his neck and the frame, and cautiously taking aim, discharges his arrows at the deceived kaop."

The bow and arrows and assagai are their principal, if not only *weapons*. The bow is small, and in the hands of any one but a Bushman would be entirely useless. The arrows and assagais are steeped in poison, concerning the nature and effects of which there is much diversity of opinion amongst travellers. The late Rev. J. Campbell mentions the death of a Hottentot of his party, occasioned by the poisoned arrow of a Bushman. He was wounded at ten o'clock at night, on the back part of the neck, while watching the cattle. "We did every thing," observes Mr. Campbell, "in our power to mitigate the pain, but he lay groaning the whole night. His appearance alarmed us, being greatly swelled, particularly about the head and throat. He said that he felt the poison gradually working down to his very toes, and then ascending in the same manner; as it ascended his body swelled. A Bushman, whom we had with us, said, in the morning, that Peekure (which was the man's name) would die immediately on the going down of the sun, and he certainly did; for the sun had not dipped under the horizon five minutes, before he breathed his last. His countenance was frightful, being so much disfigured, and on his brow was a swelling as large as the egg of a goose."

The *arrows* are stuck within a kind of fillet round the head, for the purpose of expeditious shooting, as well as of striking terror into the minds of their enemies. This does not however supersede the use of a quiver, which is made of the bark of the aloe, and slung over the back. The occupation of the women and children chiefly consists in the catching of hares, dassies, moles, rats, snakes, lizards, grasshoppers, ants, and the like.

No form of *government* can be said to exist among these children of the desert. Every man is his own lawgiver. Physical strength and cunning carry every point; and wheresoever a temporary chief is found, these are the qualifications which have raised him to that office. The punishment of crime, under such circumstances, is necessarily very unequal, depending exclusively upon the power or weakness of the parties concerned.

When called to defend themselves against their pursuers, the Bushmen display the most *resolute courage*. On such occasions they have recourse to artifice rather than open opposition; concealing themselves amongst the bushes, amid the crevices of rocks, or in holes which they will form in the ground with amazing dexterity and quickness. Instances have been known of individuals, who, having had their left arms completely disabled, employed their toes to fix the bow so as to be able to continue their defence. They appear to have a greater dread of falling into the hands of their enemies, than even of death itself; prefering to fight to the very last, rather than surrender.

Most Bushmen shun all connexion with strangers, and will repair to the most unfrequented and inaccessible spots in order to avoid their company. Many *superstitions* and *traditions*, as might be expected, are entertained by this people, which, however, are too ridiculous to be mentioned at any length. A single quotation from Sir J. E. Alexander, will suffice to show their character.

"It is believed in the land that some of the Bush-people can change themselves into wolves and lions when they

like. Once on a time, a certain Namacqua was travelling in company with a Bush-woman, carrying a child on her back. They had proceeded some distance on their journey, when a troop of wild horses appeared, and the man said to the woman, 'I am hungry, and I know you can turn yourself into a lion; do so now, and catch us a wild horse, that we may eat.'

"The woman answered, 'You'll be afraid.'

"'No, no,' said the man, 'I am afraid of dying of hunger, but not of you.'

"Whilst he was yet speaking, hair began to appear at the back of the woman's neck, her nails began to assume the appearance of claws, and her features altered. She set down the child.

"The man, alarmed at the change, climbed a tree close by; the woman glared at him fearfully, and going to one side she threw off her skin petticoat, when a perfect lion rushed out into the plain; it bounded and crept among the bushes towards the wild horses, and springing on one of them, it fell, and the lion lapped its blood. The lion then came back to where the child was crying, and the man called from the tree, 'Enough, enough! don't hurt me! Put off your lion's shape, I'll never ask to see this again.'

"The lion looked at him and growled. 'I'll remain here till I die,' said the man, 'if you don't become a woman again.' The mane and tail then began to disappear, the lion went towards the bush where the skin petticoat lay; it was slipped on, and the woman, in her proper shape, took up the child. The man descended, partook of the horse's flesh, but never again asked the woman to catch game for him."

The ignorance of this people concerning any division of time is similar to that of the Namacquas; indeed, if it be possible, they are altogether more ignorant and degraded than any of their neighbours.

CORANNAS.

Inhabiting that tract of country lying between Griqua-land on the East, and Namacqua-land on the West, are the Corannas; who, in their customs, appearance, and language, so much resemble the Namacquas, as to render any lengthened account of them altogether needless. They are chiefly to be found along the banks of the Great Orange River, few of them for any length of time ever removing thence. Those to the Eastward of the junction of the Yellow River and the Aant, are in *person* stronger and better proportioned, than their neighbours lower down the river. This superiority doubtless arises from their residence in a finer climate, and in a country more abundant in grass and cattle. Although excessively dirty, and swarming with vermin, the Corannas are nevertheless on the whole, a good-looking people, many of them having finely formed heads and prominent features.

Their *huts* are constructed of matting, and are often removed in Namacqua style, from place to place. They cultivate nothing but tobacco, and subsist chiefly upon milk and animal food. The number of their flocks is immense; and the watching thereof, except in the time of war, constitutes the occupation of the boys. Frequently, however, in time of drought, when the milk of their cattle fails, some of them are reduced to extreme want, being compelled to live for several days upon little else than gum. Such was their condition, when they were visited by the traveller *Thompson*. He thus describes the appearance of some whom he saw: "They were miserable looking beings, emaciated and lank, with the withered skin hanging in folds upon their sides; while a belt bound tight round each of their bodies, indicated that they were suffering, like myself, from long privation of food. I attempted to make them understand by signs, that I was in want of provisions, and would

gladly purchase some; but they replied in a language that could not be misunderstood, by shaking their heads, and pointing to the *girdle of famine* tied round their bellies."

Polygamy is allowable, but is rarely practised; and the wife amongst the Corannas is somewhat more upon an equality with her husband, than in the tribes already mentioned. The milking of the cows, erection of the huts, and manufacture of rush mats exclusively appertain to the women. The men construct kraals for the cattle, hunt and make carosses.

Every town has its own *chief*, whose office is hereditary; but the richest man always possesses the greatest influence in the community. The Corannas are seldom assailed by the neighbouring tribes, because it is well known that the different hordes, which are numerous, unite for the protection of their common interest.

There are *sorcerers* amongst them, and certain ceremonies are attended to on notable occasions. The chief, at his death, is buried in the cattle kraal: his grave being filled up, the cattle are driven over it, in order that the place may not be discovered. In sickness, few operations are practised, except the excission of the first joint of the little finger, or if that do not succeed, of some of the other fingers. Their assemblies for dancing are frequent and long-continued.

No kind of *religious worship* whatever has been observed to prevail amongst them.

CHAPTER V.

KAFFIRS,—ORIGIN OF NAME—PERSON OF MALES—COLOUR—A GIANT—FEMALES—DRESS AND ORNAMENTS—LADY WITH FIFTY NECKLACES—MARRIAGE—NO WRITTEN CHARACTERS—LANGUAGE—METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING HUTS—OCCUPATION—FIRST PLOUGH—OX KILLING—NO FISH EATEN—KAFFIR MILL—TOBACCO—SNUFF—CORN MAGAZINES—HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS—HUNTING—GOVERNMENT—TREATMENT OF RELATIVES—PUNISHMENTS—IMPLEMENTS OF WAR—TRADE—IGNORANCE—SUPERSTITIONS.——BECHUANAS,—GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—TOWNS—SUBSISTENCE—METHOD OF OBTAINING FIRE—CANNIBALISM—TANNING—COPPER-SMELTING—VEGETABLES—TERRIFIED BY HORSES' TAILS—BEADS—INHUMAN MOTHER—CAPTAINS—WAR—SCARS ON THE THIGH—IGNORANCE—SUPERSTITION—RAIN-MAKERS—METHOD OF CALCULATING TIME—BLEEDING—WOMAN.

KAFFIRS.

The second division of the tribes comprehends the Kaffirs, Bechuanas, Mantatees, Zuloos, and Damaras. The Kaffirs are a numerous race of men inhabiting that tract of country situated on the South-Eastern coast of South Africa. This appellation, which in Arabic signifies *unbeliever*, was perhaps originally given them by the Moorish navigators of the Indian Ocean, and afterwards borrowed by the Portuguese. It is applied by the Dutch and English colonists to the Amakosæ tribe exclusively; but by Barrow, Thompson, and other travellers, it is extended to the Tambookies and neighbouring hordes.

The *personal appearance* of the Kaffir differs considerably from that of the tribes already described. "There is, perhaps, not any nation under heaven," says *Barrow*,

"that can produce so fine a race of men as the Kaffirs. They are tall, stout, muscular, well made, elegant figures. Their countenance is ever indicative of cheerfulness and contentment. Their skin, which verges towards black, and their short curly hair, are rubbed over with a solution of red ochre, which produces an appearance far from disagreeable." A young man, whom he saw, he declares to have been six feet ten inches in height, and regularly proportioned throughout. The persons of the women are not so handsome, these being of a much more muscular figure, strong limbed, and low in stature. The countenance, however, is more pleasing. The colour of the eyes is sparkling jet; their teeth are beautifully white and regular; and they have neither the thick lips, nor the flat nose, of the negro.

A carosse of softened hide is the chief *article of dress* used by both sexes. That of the females is distinguished by a thong of leather suspended from the shoulders, and loaded with ornaments of various kinds. In addition to the carosse, the females wear a kind of petticoat made of leather round the waist, and a small apron fringed with beads, which serves to cover the breast. Their head-dress, worn only on particular occasions, is made of the fur of the beautiful blue buck. With the exception of the carosse, the males make use of no covering, and even that is frequently thrown aside. When on a journey and particularly whilst traversing rugged paths, the feet are cased in brown leather buskins. *Ornaments* are most profusely appended to the person of a Kaffir woman. From the neck is suspended the shell of a species of land tortoise, filled either with perfume, or red ochre, wherewith to paint the face. Buttons, buckles, iron rings, beads, and any metallic articles almost, which they can procure, are employed for this purpose. Some of the ladies have been seen with not less than fifty necklaces at one time round the neck. The men ornament their arms and legs with rings made of brass, ivory, or iron. Strings of beads are suspended from their necks and ears, and a girdle

composed of brass beads, is almost invariably worn round the waist. Tattooing is very generally practised by both sexes.

Marriage is but a traffic in women, and is generally contracted by the parents of the parties. Ten oxen is the usual dowry, but a chief must pay five or six times that number. The Kaffir female, when married, is the mere slave of her husband, and compelled to perform the most laborious work. Infants are carried, gipsy-like, upon the back of the mother, being tied in the folds of the carosse.

Previous to the introduction of Christianity, not the least vestige of a *written character* was to be found throughout Kaffraria. Yet the language, which is radically the same as the Bechuana, save when interrupted by clicks, is soft and agreeable; and appears far superior to that of a merely savage nation.

The Kaffir *huts* are constructed in the form of a bee-hive, and are perfectly water-tight and warm. The largest may be about eight feet in height, and ten in diameter. In building these huts, strong poles are first firmly fastened in the ground; upon these a kind of mortar, composed of clay and the dung of animals, is plastered; and the whole is then overlaid with matting.

In *time of peace*, the Kaffir men are engaged in attending upon the cattle; whilst the women cultivate the ground, and occupy themselves in domestic affairs, and the manufacture of earthen pots, and baskets made of the cyperus grass. They chiefly plant a species of millet; *(holcus sorghum;)* also maize, kidney-beans, pumpkins, Indian-corn, and water mellons. Seed time commences about the middle of August, and terminates in November. The soil is only turned to the depth of three or four inches; for which purpose an implement is used, made of wood, and somewhat resembling, in shape, the broad end of an oar. When the Kaffirs first beheld the plough in operation, they were seized with perfect amazement at the sight, gazing wishfully one at another as they perceived the deep furrows that were made. At length, however,

one having somewhat recovered from his surprise, exclaimed with delight: "See how the thing tears up the ground with its mouth, it is of more value than *five* wives." The fences around the fields are composed of thorn bushes, cut for the purpose annually; and this part of the labour is generally performed by the men. Of the millet, bread is made, which is nutritive, and by no means unpleasant to the taste. The mill used in grinding, consists of two stones, which are rubbed together with the hand; and instead of an oven, the dough is placed amongst the ashes. Malted corn is likewise made into bread, and sometimes the meal into porridge. Kaffir beer is made by malting, drying, grinding, boiling, and fermenting millet. The milk is allowed to coagulate before it is drunk; being put for that purpose into a closely woven basket, in which milk has been previously soured. When a Kaffir, with the intent of making a carosse, or of bartering the hide and horns, kills a cow,—which, however, is seldom and reluctantly done, unless it happens to be stolen property,—the whole population of the hamlet assemble to eat it without invitation; and people living at a distance of ten miles will also come to partake of the feast, and hear the news. Fish is considered unclean; and therefore, although in possession of a long extent of coast, the Kaffirs never attempt to catch any. They have no canoes or boats, even wherewith to cross a river; but for that purpose they construct a slender raft, by tying together a few reeds. Tobacco and snuff are in high estimation; the former they smoke out of neatly fashioned wooden pipes, and the latter they will take till the tears trickle from their eyes. They preserve their corn in conical magazines, under their cattle kraals; except the seed corn, which is hung up in the air, that the germination may not be destroyed. Their household utensils are few and simple; chiefly made of a kind of clay, wood, or wicker-work. They use no tables, dishes, knives or forks, at their meals; but every one helps himself by means of sticks, to the meat which is in the

pot. Instead of chairs, they make use of the skulls of oxen, upon which they sit with the horns still united to them. Fire is obtained by friction; for the process of which, see the account of the Bechuanas. Dancing is carried on in a most ludicrous manner, and in general during the night season. Instruments of music, of very simple construction, are in use on these occasions, both amongst Bechuanas and Kaffirs.

Hunting is a favourite diversion with the men, though sometimes resorted to as a means of support. The elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, hippopotamus, lion, and various kinds of smaller animals, are found in Kaffirland, and hunted with great spirit, in a manner somewhat similar to that pursued by the great Namacquas.

As regards the *government* of this people, every tribe is independent, and ruled by its *own chief*. This dignity descends from father to son, but is sometimes seized by superior strength. The chief is the judge of his tribe, and generally very despotic in his proceedings. Murder is not common, although many cruelties are practised towards the infirm. Thus, when any become debilitated by age or sickness, and are likely to die, they are carried forth from the kraal, and placed either in the lonesome desert, or in some ditch which is out of the sight of their unfeeling relatives. For this custom two reasons are assigned: *First*—That the village may not be defiled by the corpse; and, *Second*—That no person may be necessitated to touch it. It is a fact, that multitudes are thus inhumanly dragged from their abodes; deserted by those who should be ready to render them relief in the time of affliction, yea, even by their own offspring; and exposed as the prey of ravenous wolves and vultures. When, however, an individual has, in the heat of passion, murdered another, the whole of his property is confiscated. If a cow be stolen, each of the persons implicated, is compelled to repay a cow. The fine for adultery is levied according to the rank of the parties detected. Beating with rods, the application of hot stones to the body, and exposure to

swarms of black ants, are sometimes employed as means of punishment. Death, when inflicted, which however is seldom, is caused by the blow of a club, or the stab of an assagai; sometimes by strangling or drowning; or by a tree being forcibly drawn asunder, and then allowed to close upon the culprit. The cattle-kraal of the village is, in general, the hall of judgment where cases are heard. Sentence is speedily passed, if the party be found guilty, and punishment is immediately inflicted.

Aggressive war is not frequent amongst the Kaffir tribes; but some insult or act of injustice is generally represented as the cause of hostilities. Every Kaffir is a soldier as well as a herdsman; though the former is not taken up as a profession, but only when the state may demand his services. The assagai and keerie are their principal weapons; and they also carry a shield of oval form, about four feet deep, made from the hide of a bullock. With these comparatively inoffensive weapons, it is evident that they could make but little resistance against those acquainted with the use of fire-arms; yet in the late wars with the colony, owing to the superiority of their numbers, aided by the possession of guns and ammunition, which had been obtained through illicit trade, they have proved a desperate and troublesome enemy.

Besides the *trade* which is carried on with the colony, the Kaffirs have no commercial dealings with any other people except their eastern neighbours, the Tambookies from whom they purchase wives, and a small quantity of iron.

Of a Divine Being, (whom they call Uhlanga or Supreme,) they have some indistinct notion; as likewise of the immortality of the soul: but as to a state of future rewards and punishments, they are altogether in ignorance. Thunder and lightning they conceive to be sent from God; and if any person should be struck dead thereby, an ox or heifer is forthwith immolated. In times of extreme drought, sacrifice is sometimes offered to rivers. *Circumcision* is a rite universally practised, but from no *religious*

consideration. As amongst the Bechuanas, so amongst the Kaffirs, the *rain-makers* exercise a most extensive and baneful influence over the minds of the people. Sorcery and witchcraft, in various forms, most extensively prevail, and are the sources of much cruelty. Such is the condition of the Kaffirs; a people the most noble, perhaps, of the savage tribes of Africa; yet deeply sunk in degradation and ignorance. To hundreds of these, however, the preaching of the everlasting Gospel has been productive, through the blessing of God, of much temporal, as well as spiritual and eternal benefit.

BECHUANAS.

The Bechuanas are a numerous people, inhabiting the vast extent of territory, commencing at the Krooman, westward; and extending to the Mozambique channel, eastward, and at the Yellow River, southward; to what distance northward is as yet unknown.

Their similarity as to person, dress, disposition, and language, with the Kaffirs, precludes the necessity of again entering minutely into these subjects: they appear, however, to be less courageous, stricter in their adherence to custom, and more particular in the structure of their abodes.

The Bechuanas live in *towns* composed of many huts, some having twelve or sixteen thousand inhabitants. These huts are constructed in an orderly manner, and regularly arranged in streets and lanes. Each hut is of a circular shape, and surrounded at a suitable distance by a good stone wall. Some are plastered at the outside, and painted with yellow or other colours. The yard within the enclosure is laid with a kind of clay floor, and kept perfectly clean. The summit of a hill is generally selected as the most suitable situation for a town, owing to the many wars carried on by this people.

Their *subsistence* is chiefly upon the produce of their fields, or the bulbous roots with which their country abounds. They obtain fire, after the usual method of barbarous tribes, by friction. For this purpose, a stick, containing a few holes, apparently bored with a hot instrument, and penetrating half through it, is firmly fixed upon the ground. This being adjusted, the sharpened end of another stick is placed in one of the holes, and rapidly twirled between the palms of the hands, whilst an even pressure is maintained downwards. The stick which is perforated, is generally obtained from a bush called mahacha, and the other from the milk tree. When a Bechuana comes from his home in a morning, the first enquiry upon meeting any person, is, "Who has killed to-day?" and on being informed, he never fails to hasten to the spot for the purpose of begging. Cannibalism is by no means a general practice; but necessity compels them, at times, to feed upon the dead bodies of their own kind.

The *occupation* of the Bechuanas is very similar to that of the Kaffirs; though, perhaps, in cultivation and the manufacture of trinkets, they excel. The women perform the most laborious part of every work. Skins are prepared for use, by being rubbed with a mixture composed of the brains of animals and milk. Some of the tribes are said to smelt copper; but it is rather dubious whether they may not obtain it from the Portuguese, whose settlements on the coast are not very far distant. Iron is found in their country, equal to any steel; and by a tribe called the Marootzee, implements of agriculture and war are made therewith, as well as with ivory, copper, wood, clay, and stone. Among this tribe, likewise, tobacco is raised, which by many of the others is considered illegal as an article of culture. There are other vegetables, which, owing to existing prejudices, many will not plant; such as potatoes, cabbages, &c.

In oxen and goats some of them are *exceedingly rich;* for herein consists their property; but they have no horses. *Campbell* states, that upon one occasion, several

Bechuanas, who were from curiosity collected around his wagons, were terribly affrighted, and ran away to a considerable distance, when his horses at any time moved their tails. Markets are regularly held at various places, for the purposes of sale; when cattle are given in exchange for the various manufactured articles. Beads, however, are by far the most usual medium of circulation; and so highly valued, that a very small quantity is sufficient to purchase a child from its own parent.—Thus one of the Wesleyan Missionaries was told by a woman, who for a long time had importuned him in vain to purchase her child for beads,—that she loved her child, but she loved beads more.

The Bechuanas are divided into *several tribes.* Each tribe is governed by its own chief, who is perfectly arbitrary. Such persons as are deemed independent,—that is such as have sufficient cattle for their support,—are termed captains, and have the privilege of speaking in the public assemblies.

War between the several tribes is frequent, and carried on with great ferocity; inasmuch as the conquerors kill all the vanquished who fall into their hands. An account of the number of persons killed by each warrior, is denoted by the scars marked on his thigh.

The Bechuanas believe in the existence of a good and a bad Being, superior to themselves; yet know nothing relative to the soul or a future state, and have not the most distant idea of *any religious worship.* Superstitions, and practices of the most ridiculous character, are extremely prevalent among this degraded people. *Rain-makers* are held in high estimation by all; but are seldom employed by the tribe to which they belong; those residing at a distance being preferred. As soon as the rain-maker approaches a village, many of the inhabitants go out to meet and congratulate him; when he usually receives a black sheep. Upon his arrival, white oxen, sheep, and goats, are formally presented by the king and his chief captains. Seldom does he commence the usual ceremonies for pro-

curing rain, until he perceives *the clouds* gathering in the North West, which is the rainy quarter. When after various promises and delays, all his exertions fail, he requires more presents; and if still unsuccessful, he is seldom in want of an expedient. For example, at one time, the inhabitants of a village were commanded to wash themselves in the Krooman River, a ceremony against which they are exceedingly prejudiced: at another, the rain-maker required that the young men should catch a *baboon* and bring it to him alive, without any flaw; a task extremely difficult to accomplish. When much time had been spent in securing one, he found it was a little lame, and immediately, says the Rev. R. Moffat, sent them for another. Thus, by these and other artifices, he succeeds in deceiving the people, until the rain actually descends.

With the *heavenly bodies*, they never appear in the least to concern themselves; except, that they are aware that one new moon succeeds another in about the space of thirty days; their calculation of days being made by cutting notches in sticks kept for that purpose.

As to *surgery*, and the medicinal property of roots, they have but an indifferent acquaintance. Inoculation and bleeding are general; the latter of which is with them a most painful operation, the wounds made for the purpose being so extensive.

Woman, amongst the Bechuanas, as indeed among all the tribes of Southern Africa, is considered as an inferior being. For the most trifling offence, a female is put to death with as little concern as a person would destroy a useless and troublesome dog. The Bechuanas are remarkable for their adherence to the customs of former days; and have no desire to exchange their mode of life or dress for that of the European. Their victuals are generally prepared and eaten during the darkness of night, to avoid the numerous beggars, which are almost every where found. During journeys, they sleep but little; occupying the night, as they sit round the fire, in relating stories of by-gone times. To the persons of many, a *ferret* is at-

tached as a charm: because, as this creature is very tenacious of life, according to their notion, it will preserve them from being easily killed. Among some of the tribes, the method of salutation is by taking hold of the nose; though others appear not to have possessed any form of salutation, until the European method of shaking hands was introduced.

Many further particulars might have been stated concerning this race of men, which have been purposely omitted, on account of their similarity to those previously detailed concerning the Kaffirs.

CHAPTER VI.

MANTATEES,—till lately unknown—origin of name—country—men—dress—employment—ferocity in war—many battles—weapons—methods of attack—repulse by griquas in 1824—revolting scenes—determined resolution—connexion with the portuguese—ignorance.—— ZULOOS—origin—personal appearance—chiefly known as warriors—weapons—Chaka—his cruelty—450 men put to death at one time—his murder—"the great black one"—horrid barbarities.—— DAMARAS,—country—boy valued at four shillings—some among the namacquas—five tribes—iron and copper found—amusements—weapons—disposition—ignorance.

MANTATEES.

As to the Origin of the Mantatees, but little can be said with any degree of certainty. Indeed, until lately, the very existence of such a tribe was altogether unknown. Dr. Smith, who in the year 1834, travelled for the purpose of obtaining more accurate information concerning the central parts of Africa, states that the Mantatees were known by the name of Backlokwa, or Bakora, previous to their coming in contact with the Bechuanas, and that their present designation was first given them by the Bechuanas, from the name of their Chief, Mantatee. Other travellers have supposed them to be the same race of men as those known to the Kaffirs by the name of Ficani; for it is ascertained that Mantatees in the Bechuana language, and Ficani in the Kaffir, are synonymous terms, both signifying invaders. Neither of these appellations, however, are acknowledged by themselves, but that of Amanizi, which they assume from the name of a river flowing through their territories.

Their *country* lies to the North of Kaffraria, and between North and North-East of the country of the Bechuanas. Although said to be little else than an extensive chain of mountains, yet the population is much greater than that of Kaffir-land.

The *men are tall* and muscular, and, in appearance, as black as pitch; their bodies being smeared with a mixture of charcoal and grease. In reality, however, they are not perfectly black. The dress consists of a prepared or tanned skin, thrown over the shoulders. Some of the chiefs wear carosses superior to these, and many have long loose shawls of cotton cloth. The only article of clothing besides this, is a small leathern apron tied round the loins. Many of the women have only the latter, and are thus in a state of almost perfect nudity. Their ornaments are similar to those of the tribes already described, except that they wear plumes of black ostritch feathers upon the head. They build their towns, in general, upon some almost inaccessible mountain, for the purpose of defending themselves against their numerous enemies. The houses are neatly constructed of reed and small wood. The cattle kraals and garden fences are formed of clay and dung.

Both men and women are employed in the *cultivation of their lands:* they dig their ground with hoes manufactured among themselves; the women cut down the corn, and the men beat it out. They do not, like the Kaffirs, bury their corn, but make it into stacks above ground, and cover it with grass. The produce of their fields is Indian and Kaffir corn, beans, water melons, and pumpkins. Horned cattle, sheep, goats, and fowl, are plentiful; but of horses they are perfectly ignorant. Cannibalism is only resorted to by the Mantatees when no other food than human flesh can be obtained.

War is carried on by this people with great ferocity and determined resolution. Indeed, necessity has trained them as warriors; for having been expelled from their own territories by their more powerful neighbours, they

were compelled to seek a home elsewhere; and thus came pouring southward, spreading devastation on every hand. It is thought, upon a moderate calculation, that not less than 100,000 people have perished by war and famine, owing to the devastations of the Mantatees. Their wars have been numerous: first, after having left their own country, they fell upon the Bechuanas; whence being expelled by the assistance of the Griquas, who are in possession of fire-arms, they next fell upon the Kaffirs; with whom, for many years, they continued in a state of warfare. Their weapons are the keerie, battle-axe, and assagai; which last differs somewhat from that of the Bechuanas and Kaffirs. Their shields are but small, and require to be dexterously used. In rushing on to the attack, they throw off their carosses, raise the savage war-whoop, and furiously discharge their javelins and clubs; at the same time holding their shields close to the ground, on the left side. To illustrate their determination and resoluteness in fight, a few extracts may be quoted from the Rev. Messrs. Moffat and Melvill, of the London Missionary Society, who witnessed the repulse of the Mantatees by the Griquas, in the year 1824.

"They seemed," remarks Mr. Melvill, "to have no idea of yielding or asking for quarter,—probably because in their own wars they are not accustomed to give or receive mercy."

"The wounded and dying," says Mr. Moffat, "did not evince those signs of sensibility which their situation was calculated to call forth. In one place, women and children were flying from their pursuers; in another, mothers and infants were lying together rolled in blood; or living infants were raising their feeble wail from the arms of their slaughtered mothers; yet those around seemed but little affected by their awful situation. A ferocious thirst for vengeance appeared to reign paramount in the breasts of the dying warriors. Several times I narrowly escaped the spears and battle-axes of the wounded, while engaged in rescuing the women and children. Instead of laying

down their arms, and suing for quarter, some actually fought on their knees, their legs having been broken. I saw one man with ten javelins and as many arrows sticking in his body, who kept about forty Bechuanas at a distance. Another severely wounded, fought desperately with one knee on the ground; keeping at bay a band of assailants, and plucked a spear out of his body to throw at them."

The Bechuanas, as Mr. Moffat informed me, were mere children before the Mantatees; and without the assistance of the Griquas, must have been altogether expelled the country. Without the double advantage of fire-arms and horses, such valour as this might have been formidable even to the best disciplined troops. Their iron instruments of war manifest more skill in workmanship than those of the surrounding tribes; and it is conceived from this circumstance, and from their having the shawls of European manufacture among them, that they must have dealings directly or indirectly, with the settlements of the Portuguese on the eastern coast. Their language is a dialect of the Bechuana, being so similar that persons of the two tribes can understand each other. They are totally destitute of any idea of religion, and know nothing of God. To these also the Gospel has been sent, and the missionary and school-master are now in the midst of them.

ZULOOS.

The warlike tribe called Zuloos, or Vatwahs, is found to the northward of the Kaffirs. All that can be ascertained concerning the origin of this people is, that at some previous period, they resided in the countries adjoining the sources of the Mapoota River. At present, the sway of this formidable tribe is extended over all the country, from the frontier of the Amaponda Kaffirs, on the South-west as far as the river Mapoota, and Delagoa Bay on the

North: and as far into the interior, at least, as the great ridge of mountains, in whose western sides the Gariep has its principal sources.

The Zuloos are very bold and warlike, of a free and noble carriage. The late Rev. W. Threlfall states of them, that they are the *finest figures* of any of the natives whom he had seen. The ornaments, by which they are peculiarly characterized, are those appended to the ears, which are chiefly made of brass, and of a moderate weight. Many of them are naked, but others clothe themselves with the skins of animals. They are, like many of the surrounding tribes, well acquainted with the use of iron.

It is, however, in the capacity of *warriors* that they are chiefly distinguished; for they are decidedly a warlike nation. They protect themselves in battle with large shields, made of bullock's hide; and carry, in the same hand which bears the shield, five or six assagais or spears, to be used as occasion demands.

It was by reason of their incursions upon the Mantatees, that that tribe was compelled to proceed southward; and thus, if we look at the first cause, they were the authors of the many evils resulting from that circumstance. They have likewise attacked and overcome many of the smaller tribes, in the vicinity of Delagoa Bay. Those conquests were obtained under the command of *Chaka*, a man of extreme cunning and audacity, who, having subdued, or extirpated, the whole of the native tribes from Delagoa to Hambona, established a barbaric kingdom, which he governed upon a system of military despotism. The means by which this man raised himself to that degree of uncontrolled authority over his followers, were of the most destructive and cruel character. He waded through the blood, and amid the dying groans of thousands of his fellow-creatures, who were slaughtered to satisfy the cravings of his rapacity and ambition. The forces under his direct command amounted to 15,000 men; who were prepared to execute the most desperate

or cruel projects of their chief. His whole armed force was computed, though perhaps incorrectly, at 100,000. Failure or defeat was punished with instant death; and on one occasion, a band of 450 men, with their captain, were condemned to indiscriminate execution, for having allowed themselves to be defeated by the enemy.

This haughty despot was called some years ago to resign his ill-gotten dominion. As he sat in his hut, when the sun was just setting beneath the horizon, he heard a powerful voice addressing him with these words:— "Chaka, look at the sun, for never shall you see it again; Chaka, look at the sun, for never shall you see it again." Instantly an assagai was thrust through his body, and he fell to rise no more. He was left by the murderers to welter in his blood, it being supposed that the wolves would devour him before morning. When, however, on the morrow, his corpse was found still lying on the spot, they buried his remains, concluding from the circumstance that wolves would not touch a royal person.

It is said that *Dingaan*, the brother of Chaka, was the person who speared him; and it appears that he is now following the steps of the person whom he slew. Capt. Gardiner, of the Royal Navy, proceeded to Natal a few years ago, and repaired to the Zuloo country, to visit their chief. "The great black one," as he had been termed, refused for some time to see the Captain; but at last he consented, and suddenly presenting his head and shoulders over a fence, supposed he would kill him with a look. The gallant captain, however, undauntedly faced the great despot; who was then pleased with his boldness, and proceeded to address him. Dingaan is a stout man, and a great dancer, in which accomplishment he greatly prides himself. But he is a monster of cruelty. Not only did he kill his elder brother, in order that he might reign in his stead; but, from motives of jealousy, he afterwards, murdered a younger brother, an exceedingly clever man, and with him the population of three large villages subject to his authority. Capt. Gardiner, while in this coun-

try, met with an inferior chief, called *Umkolwani*, belonging to a tribe situated at a distance of nine days' journey. He remarks respecting him, and his companions. "Although they had heard of white people, we are the first whom they had ever seen. They all acknowledged that when they first saw us, they mistook us for wild beasts; and one of them actually ran from my horse, who was quietly feeding near the town, taking him also for some ferocious animal. On hearing the gun go off, they said they thought the heavens were opening, and began to be alarmed. The effect of some lucifer matches surprised them greatly, and they informed me, that when they returned to their own people they should tell them that they had seen white men, and that they had the fire. On the subject of religion they were in total darkness, *every tradition* had worn out, and they presented the awful spectacle of immortal beings without the knowledge or acknowledgment of a Creator." About the same time Capt. G. met with six men of another tribe, from whom he says, "I obtained a confirmation of a very distressing fact, viz., a whole nation, from the pressure of extreme want, being first reduced to the dreadful necessity of subsisting upon their *own children*, and afterwards evincing so decided a predilcetion for human flesh as still to perpetuate the horrid practice of cannibalism; not, however, to the extermination of their own tribe, but feasting upon the bodies of captives taken in war. Two of the men with whom I conversed had been eye witnesses to the barbarities above stated, having seen them cooking and feasting on the flesh of several human bodies. *Sinoisza*, one of the two, appears to have had a narrow escape. His own father was speared and eaten by them, and it was only by running away, and concealing himself, that he avoided a similar fate.*

These are the children of a purely natural religion. Among them no Bible was ever found; teachers they never had; and of religious knowledge they are utterly destitute. Truly these are the dark places of the earth, which

* Narrative of a journey to the Zuloo Country.

are full of the habitations of cruelty, and of no people in the world can it be said with greater propriety; "Their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace they have not known."

DAMARAS.

To the North of the Namacquas, though classed with the Kaffir family, are the DAMARAS; a people concerning whom very little credible intelligence had ever been afforded, previously to the expedition of Sir James Alexander, in the year 1837. They approach, in appearance, more to the negro than any of the other tribes; being perfectly black, and having thick lips. Thus, the above mentioned traveller remarks; "The other day I bought a young Damara *negro*, (a boy,) ten years of age, for four shillings; that is, for two cotton handkerchiefs, and two strings of beads. His mistress was a Namacqua woman. The boy was half-starved, and he is now well fed and clothed, and is my shepherd."

Those living upon the coast are generally poor; whilst others residing inland are of a richer class. We observed many Damaras, when in Great Namacqua-land, acting as servants and shepherds. Their huts are similar to those of the Great Namacquas in shape. The poor cover them with grass and cow-dung; and the rich with the the skins of oxen.

The Damara nation is said to be composed of *five tribes*, each of which is governed by its own chief; that dignity descending from father to son. Iron and copper are found in abundance; and the natives avail themselves of them to make assagais, knives, and rings, as well for their own use, as to sell to neighbouring tribes. Their favourite amusement is dancing to the music of a reed. They likewise make use of a drum similar to that of the Namacquas. On such occasions they have their

oxen collected, and dance before them, as the property in which they chiefly delight. They make use of the bow and poisoned arrows, as well as of the assagai. Their wars are chiefly against the Namacquas, concerning their cattle. They are kind to friends, and attentive to the wounded; and strangers, in times of peace, are respectfully treated.

As an instance of the *ignorance* of this people, we transcribe a conversation between one of them and the traveller already alluded to.

"When you die what becomes of you?

"When we die, we are buried, and are then no better than the beasts.

"Are you afraid to die?

"Yes, very much; and we are afraid when we see people ill, because we think it may be our turn next; we try not to think of it.

"Who do you think made the sun and moon, and all you see about you in the world?

"We don't know, we are a stupid people; we never think of this? What is the use of thinking of it. No one ever told us anything about these things; and how could we know anything about them? All we want to know is, where to get a large animal to kill and eat.

"Do you on any occasion go to any particular place and make an offering there? For instance, do you go to a grave or a heap of stones covering the dead, and throw a stone on the heap; or put a branch on it; or leave a bit of skin on a bush any where?

"No, we never do these things: we are a stupid people; we don't know, or do any thing but look for food, and dance when we have got plenty.

"This conversation was held with a Damara apparently as intelligent as the generality of the natives."

Surely it is impossible for the Christian to regard a tribe of his fellow-beings in such a state of moral destitution as this, without feelings of commiseration; yet to them

no missionary has hitherto been sent, and they are still without *one ray* of Gospel light. Sir James Alexander has pointed out locations suitable for mission stations to our Society; and moreover states, that the people are anxious for Missionaries, the *women* in particular having said, "*Send us teachers for ourselves and our children.*" Ought we not therefore speedily to respond to their appeal?

CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR'S APPOINTMENT TO AFRICA, 1815—LONDON MINISTERS — GRAVESEND — LOSE SIGHT OF LAND—RIO DE JANEIRO—SLAVES—ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN—WAITING ON GOVERNOR — RESTRICTIONS OF DUTCH GOVERNMENT — BEGINS PREACHING—SERGEANT KENDRICK—SOCIETY OF SOLDIERS—WYNBERG — SILVER-MINE — SIMON'S TOWN—MOHAMMEDAN—REV. H. SCHMELEN — NAMACQUAS — RESOLVES ON GOING INTO THE INTERIOR—PASSPORT—DEPARTURE—HARD LODGINGS—STICK FAST IN A RIVER—MARAIS—ORANGE GROVES—SHOOTING—HEER VAN AARDE'S—UITKOMST—HEER H. VAN ZEYL'S LIBERALITY—HEERE LODGEMENT—CLAN WILLIAM.

At the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1815, it was the lot of the Author to be appointed as one of the Missionaries for the island of Ceylon; but on his arrival in London, circumstances transpired which gave rise to a change; and the scene of his future labours was fixed at the *Cape of Good Hope*. He, therefore, immediately commenced the study of the Dutch language, under the direction of Baldwin Janson, author of a Dutch Grammar and Dictionary, and was frequently privileged, at this time, with the company and advice of the Rev. S. Bradburn, who was one of the officiating ministers at our ordination. This aged servant of the Lord evidently appeared to be ripening for that better world whither his departed spirit has since taken its flight. Also, from the Rev. Messrs. Gaulter, Entwisle, and all the preachers of the committee, we experienced considerable kindness; and their fervent prayers were offered on our behalf. On the 19th of December, having breakfasted with the late Rev. J. Benson, one of the greatest divines of his

day, we left London; being accompanied as far as Gravesend by the Revs. J. Wood, J. Bunting, (now D.D.,) and J. Buckley. They affectionately commended us to God, and then returned to London; and on the following day we went on board the Eclipse, bound to Ceylon, but destined to touch at the Cape on her voyage. On Christmas-day we were passing the Straits of Dover with a high wind and heavy sea. During the next day the wind increased, and was so violent, that although we had close-reefed topsails, the ship staggered to and fro like a drunken man.

January 3rd, 1816. We lost sight of land. Here the tender feelings of the heart were tested; and keen were the thoughts of by-gone days; home, country, friends, all were left; and despite of self, the tears afresh started from the eye, as we cast our last look on the white cliffs of Old England.

> "I love thee, O my native isle!
> Dear as my mother's earliest smile;
> Sweet as my father's voice to me,
> Is all I hear, and all I see."

Having touched at Madeira and St. Jago, we crossed the equator, February 7th; and on the 3rd of March, entered the harbour of *Rio de Janerio;* where, it is stated, 40,000 Negroes are annually received from the shores of Africa. Here we saw multitudes of slaves busily engaged at labour: they were carrying heavy burdens, and singing a kind of mournful dirge as they proceeded. Their language to me was unintelligible; but the song of these hapless negroes was deeply affecting, and I thought they said,—"*Pity poor Africa.*" The late Mrs. Gibson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, visited this port in 1828, of which she gave a full description in letters to England. She says in one of them, "What impressed me most of all, and wrote Ichabod on all around, is slavery. 'Cursed be he that stealeth a man,' seemed to ring in my ears from the first moment of our entering the harbour; for one of

the first sights we saw, before we had cast anchor, was a slave ship just arrived. The decks crowded with poor wretched beings, a rag wrapped round their bodies—exhibiting in their appearance every thing that was revolting to our feelings as free-born Britons, as children of Adam, of 'one blood' with them, and especially as Christians. The vessels, for there were two of them lying near together, were dirty, miserable, crazy-looking craft, such as one wondered had ever got in safety across the Atlantic."* After remaining at Rio for nearly two weeks, we again put to sea, and on the 23rd, Mrs. S. was delivered of a lovely daughter; but the infant soon expired, and was committed to the fathomless ocean; latitude 27 degrees 52 minutes South, and longitude 36 degrees 50 minutes West. Yet the ocean prison shall not for ever retain its captives. The sea shall give up her dead, and both small and great shall stand before God.

On the night of the 12th of April, the grand Promontory of South Africa was discovered by the light of the moon, when the cry of "*land-a-head*" was heard, which, after a long and tedious voyage brought many upon deck. The following evening our anchor was cast in Table Bay, and the ensuing morning we landed in Cape Town; thankful for our preservation to that God,

> "Who rides upon the stormy sky,
> And calms the roaring seas."

Having now arrived at the place of my destination, I waited on his excellency Lord Charles Henry *Somerset*, then governor of the colony, and presented him with a letter of introduction from Earl Barthurst; at the same time requesting permission to exercise the duties of a Christian Minister in *Cape Town*. He replied, that considering the high and responsible office which he sustained; together with the adequate supply of clergymen, both for the Dutch and English population, and that

* See Memoirs of Mrs. J. Gibson, by the Rev. F. A. West.

several of the slaveholders were opposed to the instruction of the coloured classes, he could not grant me the sanction required. Upon the exercise of religious liberty, various restrictions had been imposed by the Dutch government in the year 1804; to which his excellency undoubtedly referred. Some of the articles are as follows:—"None shall be permitted to perform any divine service, nor keep public meetings, except with the perfect knowledge of the governor for the time being." "No public meetings of devotion may be held at any other time than the usual Sundays or holidays, and in public churches, without due permission of the governor for the time being; and then always under the guidance, and at the responsibility of the qualified consistory of that community to which those persons belong, who wish to hold these separate meetings, &c."

Having been refused the sanction of the governor, I was resolved what to do; and commenced *without it* on the following Sabbath. If his excellency were afraid of giving offence either to the Dutch ministers or the English chaplains, I had no occasion to fear either the one or the other. My congregations at first were chiefly composed of pious soldiers; and it was in a room hired by them that I first preached Christ crucified in South Africa. Among the military, at this time, there were several men of deep piety; some of whom had been raised up to exhort their brethren, and were excellent local preachers. By the blessing of the Almighty upon our efforts, the number of our little society was very soon augmented, many were turned from darkness unto light, and from the service of Satan to that of the living God; and of a truth they caused the light which they had received to shine to all around. Here I met with the journal of *Sergeant Kendrick* of the 21st Yorkshire Light Dragoons; one, who in the capacity of a local preacher and leader, was, for several years, very useful among his fellow soldiers. He was convinced of sin at the Old Chapel in Leeds, under the ministry of the Rev. George Morley; and although much persecuted by some

of his superiors in the army, yet he remained stedfast unto the end.

He was truly a good man; and both the pious and profane who were near his dying bed were led to pray, "Let *me* die the death of the righteous." Among those, who then visited him, was the *Rev. G. Hough*, the senior colonial chaplain, who assured me that his death was one of the happiest of which he had ever heard. From the journal alluded to, I made copious extracts, which were forwarded to the editor of the Methodist Magazine; but these not having appeared, it is supposed that they miscarried. In a copy of his will now before me, dated November 9, 1813, are the following sentences taken down as they fell from his lips. "I am in a sound mind, —I have nothing to plead but my Saviour's merits:

> 'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me.'

"I leave my kindest love to every body; and *I die exhorting all to repent and believe the Gospel.*" Having divided his books, as tokens of love, among his comrades and others, he died in peace, on the 18th of the same month. His remains were interred in the military burying ground at Green Point, and his companions placed on his tomb the following verse:—

> "Live till the Lord of glory come,
> And wait his heaven to share:
> He now is fitting up your home;
> Go on;—we'll meet you there."

Wynberg is a village about eight miles from Cape Town. On my first going thither, I met with a few soldiers who regularly assembled for religious worship. They had erected for themselves a small chapel in the midst of a forest, which was beautifully adorned with flowers, by the taste of corporals Tate and Kirby, and in this delightful spot, I opened my commission among them. Previously to the erection of this chapel, they had built one in the village, which, by order of the colonel of the regiment,

had been burnt to the ground. An officer, however, of the same regiment, (Captain Proctor) *then* gave them liberty to build on his own private property; of which offer they willingly availed themselves. While digging for a foundation, they found a quantity of shining particles, both white and yellow, from which circumstance they conceived that they had discovered a *silver or gold mine*. Mrs. Tate, the wife of one of the corporals alluded to, a pious and active woman, immediately filled her apron therewith, and hastened to exhibit her treasure to Captain P., saying at the same time,—"Look here, Captain Procter, the Lord is blessing you for allowing us to build upon your ground—we have found a mine." As it had been reported that a silver mine was discovered during the time of the Dutch government; and as there is a place not very far distant, still called by that name, it was natural enough for the soldiers to suppose that they had hit upon a vein. The shining particles were well examined; and although better informed persons than the corporal's wife thought them valuable, after all, instead of gold or silver, they proved to be but pieces of common quartz and granite.

Simon's Town was the next place to which my labours were directed. Here I found Mr. Martin, of his majesty's dock yard, and others who were exceedingly kind, and preached in a room belonging to a sergeant of the eighty-third regiment. On proceeding the next morning to the top of the mountains behind the town, I met with a Mohammedan, and also an aged heathen, with whom I entered into conversation, and found them altogether ignorant of spiritual things. I longed to be able to speak with them more fluently, and to be employed in preaching to the Gentiles "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

As I had offered myself to the missionary committee for the *heathen*, and there was at present no prospect of my preaching to that class of persons in Cape Town, I resolved to memorialize his excellency on the subject of going into the interior, and received a favourable answer. At this

juncture, the *Rev. H. Schmelen*, belonging to the London Missionary Society, arrived in Cape Town, accompanied by a dozen Namacquas, among whom he had spent several years. Anxious to obtain information respecting the interior, I invited Mr. Schmelen and his people to tea. He spoke of the degraded state of the heathen beyond the Orange River, and offered to render me any assistance, would I accompany him. I now began to think that my way was opening into "*the dark parts of the earth*," but several obstacles presented themselves. I had no sanction from the committee, the expense would be considerable, and my partner in life was exceedingly delicate. These obstacles, however, were speedily removed; for, though I had not mentioned my views to Mrs. S., she turned to Mr. Schmelen and said: "We will go with you, the Lord is opening our way to the heathen." On adverting to the expense, she added, that the committee could not be displeased with it; and if they were, we could bear a part of it ourselves. After mature deliberation and prayer, we resolved to go "*far off to the Gentiles*;" and immediately made application to his excellency for a passport to proceed beyond the frontier. He expressed his regret at my wish to go to such a distance, and both himself and H. Alexander, Esq., the secretary, advised me to re-consider the subject, mentioning different places *within the colony*; or, if I would accept of the offer, an appointment as *minister* to one of the Dutch churches. I returned them for answer, that I felt obliged by their attentions, yet could not comply with their request; that had I been desirous of preaching to Christian congregations, I should have remained in England; and that having offered my services for the *heathen*, I hoped no impediment would be thrown in my way.

At length, having obtained a passport, we purchased a *wagon and twelve bullocks*, with every thing requisite for the journey; and in company with Mr. Schmelen, left Cape Town on the 6th of September, to take our route in the wilderness. Messrs. *Young*, *Evans*, and *West*, accom-

panied us to some distance, and then bade *farewell.* We travelled till almost midnight, and for a considerable part of the time through deep sands. On halting, we were about to prepare the wagon for our night's rest, but found the slaap kamer (bedroom) in such confusion, it being filled with bags and boxes of provisions, guns, saws, spades, articles of clothing, implements of agriculture, tea-kettles, pots, and pans, &c., &c., that we were constrained to desist from our purpose, and being extremely fatigued, we were soon asleep in a less agreeable place.

On the 7th, the great gun from Cape Town Castle announced the break of day. Mr. Schmelen, when I crept out of the wagon, was sitting under a bush with a cup of coffee before him, which he was stirring with a small piece of *stick.* He smiled as I saluted him, "goede morgen Mynheer," (good morning, sir,) and replied, "Dit is een Namacqua lepel," (this is a Namacqua spoon.) After breakfast we held Divine worship, when the Namacquas united in singing the praises of God; and all, during prayer, devoutly knelt with their faces towards the ground. We then passed through the sand towards Fishershok; but my wagon being heavily laden, and one of the bullocks restive, our progress was somewhat retarded. In the evening, we *stuck fast* in the bed of a periodical river; from which, neither the shouting of the people, the whips of the drivers, nor the application of our shoulders to the wheels, would move the vehicle. After some time, ten of Mr. Schmelen's oxen were brought to our assistance, and being united with mine, composed a team of *twenty-two;* yet even then it was not without much difficulty that we were extricated.

After having crossed the Berg River, we halted at de *Heer Marais,* where every possible kindness and attention were shown us; and on the Sabbath, a large congregation of white and black persons were assembled, to whom Mr. Schmelen preached with great animation.

19*th.* Passed the *Piquet Berg,* at the foot of which are beautiful gardens, orange-groves, and corn-fields, with an

abundant supply of water. At night we halted by Peter's Fountain, and purchased sheep for our consumption on the road.

22*nd.* We were in a *solitary place* by the side of a large mountain; when our situation vividly called to recollection the words of the poet Cowper.

> "The sound of the church-going bell,
> These valleys and rocks never heard;
> Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
> Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd."

Mrs. S. had for some time been indisposed, and could eat but little; I therefore, occasionally pursued hares, patridges, doves, khorans, &c., and on one occasion, I lodged the contents of my fowling piece in the body of a pheasant, which proved an acceptable supply in the wilderness.

24*th.* Yesterday we passed *Kotzea's place*, where we obtained a quantity of oranges; and to-day de Heer P. Van *Aarde* sent one of his slaves to our out span-place, to inform us that we might obtain supplies at his house. Mr. Schmelen immediately departed for Long Valley, to procure provisions, leaving me to conduct the morning worship. This was my first attempt to preach in the Dutch language, and the people were attentive. A few hours hence is the *Uitkomst*, the residence of de *Heer H. Van Zeyl*, who is a true friend to all who preach the Word of Life. We passed the Uitkomst in the night, but I have frequently been there since. On my last journey to Namacqua-land, we remained four days to rest the oxen, and though we were twelve in number, and all supported at his table, he would accept of no remuneration. At our departure, *Mrs. Van Zeyl* put loaves of bread into the wagon till we were compelled to beg her to desist. Mr. Van Zeyl also supplied us with a bag of meal, three goats, and five sheep, which I had purchased; but when I came to inquire the amount of payment, he said; "Niets Mynheer," (nothing.) On pressing him to allow me to pay, he answered; "*Moet my niet quuat maken*, (Do not make me

angry.) You come and dispense to myself and family the bread of life—it would be strange indeed if I could not give you a little provision to help you through the wilderness."

26*th*. *Heere Lodgement*, (Gentleman's Lodge.) We reached this place about midnight. Our cattle having had no water during the day, and the sands being very deep, the croaking of the frogs in the pools was to all a joyful sound. Here we halted some days to rest our oxen, during which the people were engaged in making bullets for the guns. The fissure in the rock described by *Vaillant* was visited, and the tree which he mentions, still spreads its branches over the floor of the so-called kliphuis, (stone-house.) The names of many travellers are to be seen carved on the rock, some of whom visited the place in the year 1712. Where are these travellers now? is a solemn question—

> "Time, like an ever rolling stream,
> Bears all its sons away."

Not far distant from hence is *Clanwilliam*, a village of neat houses rising into importance. *J. Ryneveld*, Esq., a gentleman highly respected, is the assistant civil commissioner, or chief magistrate of the sub-district, and my friend Mr. *Evans*, is a teacher employed by government. This village is surrounded with mountains and sandhills, which is the cause of its being one of the hottest places in the whole Colony. On some occasions, the thermometer stands at 94° at 9 A.M., and at 110° at 3 P.M. in the shade.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELEPHANT RIVER—THERMOMETER 110°—MEET A NAMACQUA CHIEF—CONSULTATION—CROSS THE KARREE—FORTY-FIVE OXEN DIE—ASCEND A MOUNTAIN—HARD WORK—MET BY NAMACQUAS ON OXEN—ARRIVE AT NAAMRAP—COUNCIL HELD—JA MYNHEER—MR. SCHMELEN'S DEPARTURE—LILY FOUNTAIN—NATIVE HUT—ADVANTAGE OF BEING WITHOUT FURNITURE—BABOONS—MOLE LOST—FIRST SABBATH—GARDEN SEEDS—EATING GRASS—BEGIN TO BUILD—CUTTING TIMBER—MASTER-BUILDER—NATIVES ATTEMPT SINGING—INTERPRETER—EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL—IGNORANCE—EXPRESSIONS OF THE PEOPLE—PRIVATE PRAYER—MANUAL LABOUR TO BE ATTENDED TO BY MISSIONARIES—CLOSE OF 1816.

October 3. Late last night we arrived at Elephant River, which, in consequence of heavy rains, was impassable: and this morning we were engaged in transporting the contents of our wagon across it, by means of a small boat belonging to *Juff: Van Zeyl.* In the afternoon the wagons were also brought through, but owing to the depth and rapidity of the stream, they were in great danger of being overturned. It was both imposing and painful to behold the oxen proceeding slowly onward—the drivers vigorously applying their large whips—and the people shouting, hallooing, and using every possible exertion to prevent the bullocks from being carried away by the current. The Great Namacqua men who led the oxen, being excellent swimmers, were as buoyant on the water as ducks, and all were brought over in safety. Yesterday the thermometer was 110° in the shade, and to-day the wind felt as if mingled with particles of fire; the heat, together with long-continued exertions, so relaxed every

nerve, that we were completely exhausted and could eat but little in the evening.

Oct. 4th. On leaving the banks of the Elephant River, we commenced our journey in the Karree or arid desert. When we had travelled for a short time, it was announced that the *chief* of the little Namacquas and four of his people were approaching. We immediately halted and entered into conversation with them, when they proposed that we should remain together for the night. This request was complied with, and the chief stated, that having heard of the *Great Word*, and other tribes having received it, he was also anxious to have it; and had commenced this journey in search of a teacher. They had already travelled about two hundred miles, and had designed proceeding to Cape Town, which would have been between two and three hundred more. It was certain that they could have obtained no missionary at Cape Town, and it appeared a peculiar Providence that we should thus meet with them in the wilderness; for had we commenced our day's journey half an hour sooner, or they theirs, half an hour later, we should have continued our route towards Great Namacqua-land, and should, consequently, have missed them coming from little Namacqua-land. As the finger of God was evidently perceptible throughout the whole of this event, it was proposed that I should accompany the chief to his kraal; at this he was highly delighted, and willingly accepted the offer. At our evening's service, he with his people, bowed their faces to the ground, and when Jesus was set forth as the Great Shepherd, who had *black sheep as well as white*,—having said, when on earth, "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd;" the chief wept aloud, and appeared to rejoice as one who had found great spoil.

Our course was now changed, and directed towards Little instead of Great Namacqua-land. The weather became very hot, and several of our oxen were so jaded, that

some were left behind. While Mr. Schmelen and a fellow-labourer were crossing the Karree some years ago, their oxen were so fatigued that *forty-five died;* in consequence of which they were detained several weeks in this dreadful wilderness. Here we experienced a great scarcity of water, and the little which was to be obtained, was of such a description, that nothing but necessity could have compelled us to drink it. Some, in colour, resembled the *blackness of ink*, being copiously impregnated with the excrements of the various animals of the desert; whilst that which was more inviting to the eye was *so salt*, that the other was preferable.

October 14*th.* We were led chiefly, because of the extreme heat and scarcity of water, to travel the Karree by night; and to-day, though being *the Sabbath*, we were necessitated to proceed. In the afternoon, we had to ascend the side of a mountain, in some places almost perpendicular; at the top of which was situated the Naamrap, or cattle place of the Namacqua chief. So rugged was the path, so steep the ascent, so many were the large stones scattered in the way, that every moment our wagons were in imminent danger of being overturned, or thrown over the edge of some frightful precipice. Every bullock had here to exert all his strength, as the failure of one might have caused the destruction of the whole. The enormous whips of the drivers were in constant application, the crack of which echoing amid the surrounding rocks, sounded like the voice of thunder. The poor animals, jaded and fatigued, often fell upon their knees; but it was not now the time to preach on mercy to the brute creation. Every ox was made to stand firm to the yoke; on shrinking an inch from it, the whip was applied with such violence, that it made him tremble like a leaf. With all this exertion, so difficult was the ascent, that we only proceeded by inches, and I began to despair of ever reaching the summit. At length, however, we effected our purpose, and could look back with gratitude, exclaiming, "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*" Having accomplished this

hazardous work, between twenty and thirty Namacquas were seen approaching, who rode upon beautiful *young oxen.* They passed us at full gallop, and after having pulled up, stood on the side of the road with their heads uncovered, saying, "Goeden dag Mynheer—Goeden dag *Juffrouw*—Welcom, welcom, aan dit land." The chief who had left us some days ago, had now sent these men to meet and salute us on our arrival, which they did with apparent delight, for their eyes sparkled with joy as they waved their hands, and shouted, "*Good day, Sir,—Good day, Madam.* You are welcome to this country." Having thus saluted us, they rode off at full speed to proclaim our approach. On arriving at the residence of the chief, we were soon surrounded with men, women, and children, who talked so incessantly, that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. In the evening we held divine worship, and then requested them to retire, in order that we might rest for the night.

A *council* was held on the 15th respecting my remaining among them. It was commenced with prayer, and a short discourse, from "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation,* &c." The whole assembly was at first still as midnight, but before the conclusion, several wept aloud. The Chief *Haaimaap* fell with his face on the ground, and was so much affected, that we had to wait sometime before we could begin our conversation. When he arose, his people surrounded him, and the following questions were proposed :—

Have you plenty of water, and a suitable place where gardens may be made, and cultivation attended to ?

"Ja Mynheer." (Yes, Sir.)

As the Missionary and his wife cannot live without bread as you do, will you allow him to cultivate corn for his own use ?

"Yes, wherever he pleases ; the land is before you ; you may choose."

Will you allow him to keep cows, goats, oxen, &c., for the use of the Mission ?

"Yes, as many as he pleases."

Will you assist in the erection of a place for public worship, where you may assemble to hear the word of God?

"Ja, Mynheer."

As the Missionary cannot live in huts like yours, will you assist him to build a dwelling-house, to make gardens, and in doing any other work?

"Ja, Mynheer."

Are you really willing and desirous to receive the Gospel or the Great Word?

"Ja, Mynheer."

This question was answered first by the *Chief;* then by the *men* who sat near him; and after them, both *women* and *children* caught the answer and repeated, "Ik ben gewillig, &c." (I am willing to receive it, I am willing to receive it, &c.)

October 16. Mr. Schmelen departed on his way towards Great Namacqua-land. The kindness of this German brother, and his excellent wife, is indelibly written on our hearts, and their departure exceedingly affected us. Though surrounded by Namacquas, we were truly solitary, as many of them spoke a language which we could not understand. All our earthly friends were far hence, our fellow-travellers had left us, and we could not refrain from weeping in this wilderness of savages. At length we were enabled to dry up our tears, and take courage, trusting in the veracity of Him, who hath promised, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

23.—After much difficulty in ascending and descending, we arrived at *Lily Fountain,* on the Khamies Mountain, the residence of the Namacquas, during the months of summer. The water by which the station is supplied, is found under the peak of one of the mountains, near which is excellent ground for cultivation, estimated at four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea. We took up our abode in a *hut* belonging to one of the natives, which had neither window, chimney, nor even a door, and withal was

of small dimensions. It is certainly an advantage that we have no furniture, possessing neither chairs, table, nor even a bedstead to encumber us; yet, when weary, we find no difficulty in sleeping on the floor.

On the morning after our arrival, an immense troop of *baboons* gave us a salute from the adjoining heights. They laughed, screamed, capered, frolicked, played all kinds of pranks, and yelled so hideously, that had we not previously seen them on other mountains, we might have been alarmed at their appearance. The sloping mountain was covered with long meadow-like grass, and beautifully adorned with flowers of every hue, forming a pleasing contrast to the arid Karree we had recently traversed. The African lark was beheld rising on the wing to the height of thirty or forty feet, and then suddenly descending, with its prolonged and melancholy whistle. I had hitherto felt nothing like fear, but must confess, that early one morning while occupying this hut, I was considerably alarmed. Feeling something in my pillow, and supposing it to be a serpent, I lost no time in rising, in order to expel the unwelcome intruder. Upon examination, however, I was pleasingly surprised to discover a harmless *mole* which had mistaken its path, and instead of proceeding underground, had found its way into my pillow. Every man commencing a mission among barbarians will have made up his mind to meet with trials: we were therefore partly prepared for our situation. Indeed the object which we had in view, was so great and important, that, were I seated on a throne, I would gladly descend from it to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to these African Gentiles.

On the first Sabbath, I preached "*Jesus and the resurrection*," to as many as understood the Dutch language. The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland, at first directed the attention of their hearers to the existence and attributes of the Deity; to the fall of man, and the requirements of the law of God, without any apparent success; but on beginning to preach "Christ crucified," the savages felt and trembled under the word. Being now in the midst of a

fallen race, where the Saviour had not been preached, and believing that he "by the grace of God tasted death for every man," I set up the banner on the *mountain top*, and cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

I had brought a variety of *garden seeds* with me, and also spades and other implements of agriculture. Believing that the earth would yield her increase to the hand of labour, I dug up a piece of ground, and formed several beds, on which I sowed lettuce, onions, radish, and other seeds. Several of the natives stood and gazed at me with astonishment, especially when they saw my jacket thrown off, and the spade in my hand. They knew not that our common father, even before the fall, was put by Jehovah into the garden of Eden "to dress and to keep it." When the seeds began to spring up, the plants were narrowly watched in their growth; and they exclaimed, on seeing us eat some of the lettuce, &c., "Mynheer en *Juffrouw*, kan opslaageten," &c. (What a wonderful thing is this, that the mistress and yourself can *eat grass*, you will never die of hunger.)

Having fixed on a site for the erection of a *dwelling-house*, I made enquiry respecting timber, but was told that there was none in the vicinity of Lily Fountain. Desirous of ascertaining for myself, I set off among the mountains, and wandered from one valley and ravine to another, till I was weary and faint, but could not find a single tree. I afterwards learnt that the mimosa, or thorn tree, could be procured at the distance of one day's journey, and therefore, accompanied by three or four natives, went thither, taking with me a cross-cut saw and some hatchets. On our arrival at the Naauwe River, one of the Namacquas and myself worked the saw, and in a very short time several trees were lying on the ground. The *saw*, with its numerous teeth, was an object of great curiosity to the Namacquas, and they were so delighted to see how soon two of them could make a tree fall, that even after we had obtained a sufficient quantity, I could not restrain

them for some time from using it. Many trees were consequently left behind, for which we had no room in the wagons. Mrs. Shaw had the honour of laying the foundation stone of the mission house; and it was laid in hope that she would ere long have a more comfortable dwelling than the hut of mud. Old *Adam*, so called, who had occasionally lived with some of the boors, came and said, "If you please, Sir, I will be the *baas bouwmeester*," (Master-builder.) He was allowed to commence, and took up much time in squaring his eye, and looking at the angles to see if they were correct; but after awhile I discovered such a bulge in the wall, that I was under the necessity of taking down a great part of it, and then undertook the business myself, and succeeded tolerably well. It was a source of grief to me, that my architect had thus failed, as I had so many other engagements, and he felt somewhat mortified at losing his situation; for though little in person, he thought himself far superior both in intellect and ability to those around him.

Whilst engaged in manual labour during the day, the evenings were set apart for religious instruction. Having on one occasion spoken of the "*water of life*," which is given "without money and without price," and invited the thirsty to partake of it, some of those who heard were much affected, and long after we had retired for rest, were heard attempting to pray, and to sing verses of the hymns, which they now began to remember. At the time here referred to, I called to mind, that it was the *first Monday evening in the month*, and believed that the Lord was answering the prayers of his people in England. Certainly some were heard,

> "To groan the sinner's only plea,
> God be merciful to me."

Many of the natives were unacquainted with the Dutch language, and my preaching to them was in an unknown tongue; I therefore attended to the command of the Apostle, "*Let one interpret*," (1 Cor. xiv. 27).* The chief,

* My first interpreters were J. Links and H. Smit, both of whom became remarkably clever in that office.

who knew nothing of Dutch, was asked after the service, if he approved of this method, and answered in the affirmative, while several others called out, "Het was al te lekker," (It was too sweet, or it was exceedingly sweet). The explanation and application of some of the *Gospe narratives* appeared to have a powerful influence upon the untutored mind. Such were those of blind Bartimeus, the woman of Samaria, and the poor Canaanite who cried after Jesus. While I was preaching on the latter subject, an individual fell on the ground, whose language was, "*Lord help me.*" She lay on the floor mourning and weeping, and on being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied, "Ik ben al te veel zondig," (I am so exceedingly sinful.) "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." Many began to experience the truth of this, and came to me, saying "Het woord gaat in onzer herten," (The word goes into our hearts.) I therefore appointed a time for meeting those who had any concern for their souls, which was the commencement of class-meetings in that country. The following and similar expressions, were made use of on the occasion. *Chief*—"All the sins which I have committed from my childhood to this day are put before my eyes. *Hendrick*—"I was one day going along the road after having heard the Gospel, and was constrained to go behind a bush to pray. In great trouble I fell on the ground, and my sins like a large nail seemed to fasten me to the earth." A woman said,—"I feel something like a serpent in my heart, which torments me, I hate it, but know not how to get rid of it." *Peter*—"I feel that I am a sinner, and I seek to be saved through Jesus Christ."

When the Lord said of Saul of Tarsus, "Behold he prayeth;" Ananias cheerfully went to visit him, convinced that if Saul were sincerely calling upon God, divine grace was operating in his heart. Going out one night into the garden with the design of shooting the hares which had destroyed some of our promising plants my attention was arrested by the sound of a human voice

proceeding from the cleft of a rock. Approaching nearer to the spot, I distinctly heard that it was the voice of *supplication*. A Namacqua, who had attended the evening service, had afterwards returned thither to wrestle with God. I never knew who the individual was, but he was seen and known of Him who heareth prayer. This circumstance led to reflection on the words of the Apostle,—"For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 12, 13.)

From necessity, as well as for the sake of example, I was daily engaged in manual labour. Like the other tribes of South Africa, the Namacquas are an indolent people, and except they can be rescued in some degree from indolence, as well as other vices, they will reap but little advantage from instruction. To "be diligent in business," as well as "fervent in spirit," is a divine command: even the Greenlanders, seeing their first Missionary only attending to the work of tuition, thought themselves by far his superiors. Mr. Egede occupied much of his time in endeavouring to instruct them in reading, &c.; but soon becoming weary, they told him that they saw no utility in sitting day after day looking at a piece of paper, making scratches with a feather, or crying A, B, C: whereas, by fishing, hunting, and shooting birds, they had not only recreation, but profit in their employment. In the midst of our labours, we had to endure privations, but nevertheless were happy and contented with our situation; and by the end of the year, we could make our own butter, soap, candles, and help ourselves in various ways. We had neither occasion nor time to utter any complaint, and never before could I say with so much propriety,

> "With us no melancholy void,
> No moment lingers unemployed,
> Or unimprov'd below."

As the summer advanced, the population of the station was continually on the increase, and the more we became acquainted with the natives, the more deeply were we convinced of their *deplorable ignorance.* They formed no correct notions of a Supreme Being, and indeed many were unconscious of the very existence of God. Some had heard from the colonists and solitary travellers, that there must be a Creator of all things, but of that number many disbelieved. An aged man, when spoken to by Jacob Links respecting spiritual things, angrily said, " If there be a God, why does he not take away the pain from my back." Another, who was entrusted with the care of a farmer's horses, on one occasion fell asleep, so that the horses were lost. After a long but unsuccessful search, he said at length, " I have heard that there is a God, and that if people pray to Him, he will answer them. I will now try Him, and if I find the horses I will believe; if not I will not believe." The study of phrenology never engaged much of my attention, but I am led to conclude that had any one skilled in that science examined the skulls of the Namacquas, there had not been an individual amongst them favoured with a very protuberant organ of number. Many of the leading men could not count to five, and they were a distinguished few indeed who could proceed as far as ten. Those who were thus clever, in general made use of their fingers for the purpose; and as they advanced in knowledge, they added the toes on each foot, till they arrived at fifteen or twenty. It is a remarkable fact that *Robert Kaffir,* who possessed three or four hundred sheep and goats could never count further than twenty, and yet, if on coming from the field, one sheep or goat were missing he was sure to find it out. If it were inquired how many are two and three or four and six when added together, their powers of calculation were severely tested, and in despair they would answer, "Ik weet niet—Het is al te zwaar." I know not—it is too difficult. On being encouraged to try, after having counted their fingers for some minutes, they then, one after another, as

though some lucid ray had glanced across the mind, answered perhaps fourteen or fifteen or twenty. Thereupon some of the young people who were under more regular instruction, would laugh most heartily, and the sages would shake their heads, exclaiming, "Eisey! Eisey!!! The children are become (meer slim) wiser than the old men." In our meetings for conversation, I have sometimes endeavoured to state as simply as possible some great doctrine of Christianity, as for instance, the doctrine of Repentance. Inquiring afterwards if they understood me, some would answer with a deep sigh, others with a significant shake of the head, while many would say, "Neen, neen, neen, ik kan niet verstaan." I cannot understand it. On endeavouring to impress the doctrine upon their minds, by repeating it again and again, and requesting them to remember till we next assembled, at least the three principal traits of Repentance; Contrition, Confession, and Conversion from Sin, they simultaneously exclaimed, "Ja Myn Heer—Ja Myn Heer." But to my great mortification, a few minutes were quite sufficient to obliterate every trace of what had been said, and when I again asked, not one individual in the place could furnish a reply.

CHAPTER IX.

CHILD'S GRAVE—ERECTION OF CHAPEL COMMENCED—PEOPLE INDOLENT — SUBSCRIPTION FOR FOOD — WORK PROCEEDS — TREADING CLAY — RECEPTION OF THE WORD — WANT OF SCHOOL-BOOKS — MAKING A PLOUGH — BATTLE-FIELD — FIRST BAPTISMS — FIRST MARRIAGE — VISIT TO A CHIEF — HORSE'S TAIL—TERRIFIC ROADS—LARGE PORTION IN A WOODEN DISH—SLEEP ON A MAT — MEETINGS FOR DISCUSSION — VISIT TO A FARMER'S PLACE — ANECDOTE — VISIT TO BUSHMAN-LAND — FEAR OF LIONS—TEDIOUS GRINDING—A NIMROD—FIRST LOVE FEAST.

Towards the conclusion of the year 1816, anxious to leave the native hut for our new dwelling-house, as soon as one of the rooms was finished, we removed thither. One side of the roof had been thatched; but we could not finish the other before the confinement of Mrs. S. The house was in this state, exposed to every blast, and as yet without door or window, when our second lovely infant was brought into the world; soon after which, it was my mournful duty, assisted by the sister of the chief, to consign its lifeless remains to the earth. We placed it in a solitary grave, situated at the foot of a rock, which was surrounded by straggling brushwood, putting stones upon it after the manner of the natives, both to prevent its being carried away by wild beasts, and to distinguish the place of sepulture. I felt grateful, especially under such circumstances, that the mother was spared.

In the early part of the following year, we commenced the erection of a chapel. Happily for us, we knew in this

solitary country, that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Hence, previously to this time, we had, on some occasions, held our services under "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" on others, beneath the spreading foliage of the mimosa, on the bank of a river; sometimes in the midst of the wildest bushes of the desert, and at others in the smoky hut of a Namacqua. How applicable and cheering were *then* the words of the Saviour—"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." The foundation was laid by myself, and a sermon preached from Zech. vi. 15—"And they that are far off shall come and build in the temple of the Lord: and ye shall know that the Lord of Hosts hath sent me unto you." Though the people appeared to be zealous at the commencement, yet partly owing to their former habits of indolence, and partly to a want of food, the work, after a while, went on but slowly. I therefore called the chief and his people together, in order to stir them up to diligence and perseverance. The chief said, that many of the people would not obey him, and some had nothing to eat, and were wearing their *girdles of hunger*—that he would willingly supply them with food while building, were it in his power, but could not, having himself but little. We therefore commenced a subscription, and raised several bushels of corn, and about thirty sheep and goats for slaughter. Some of them said that they were very poor, but as they gave their subscriptions in order to build "Een huis voor de Heere," (a house for the Lord,) they gave them cheerfully. The people now began to work with renewed vigour. The aged men, bending under a weight of years, came out of their huts, and assisted in making bricks. The young were employed in rolling large stones from the foot of the mountain, and bringing wagon-loads of timber. Many of the females were engaged in making matting for the roof, and cooks were appointed to officiate on the spot, that all might see the large pots filled with mutton. Even the little children were not left without employment on this

occasion. They were ready at every call, and when several loads of clay had been mixed with water for the purpose of making bricks and mortar, they joyfully leaped in, to tread and prepare it. While thus engaged, they were often so elated with the idea of having a chapel and school, that they sung at their happy toil, and enlivened all around them. When up to the knees in clay, and going round like a horse in a mill, they would strike up the following verse :—

"Uwe woord met kracht, geeftin ons dag," &c.

"Give now thy word with power divine,
Through the atoning blood,
Let all the Gentile nations know
The way to serve their God."

Our walls gradually rose higher, till the building was set apart for public worship, with praise and thanksgiving to God.

Savages have no idea of restraining their feelings; they dance when they are merry, and weep when they are sorrowful. Often, during their religious services, there were several mourning and weeping; on some occasions, individuals suddenly fell prostrate, and appeared for a length of time unable to rise. Upon asking one young man what caused him to fall thus, he said,—"On hearing the name of Jesus, I was so affected with my state, that I became as one drunken, and could not stand." The Apostle refers us to something of this nature, in the 14th chapter of first Corinthians, 24th and 25th verses, where he alludes to an unbeliever convinced of sin, falling down on his face in a public assembly. A female who had been seriously impressed while hearing of the Saviour, said, "I now believe that Jesus has more love for a sinner, than any mother for her child."

"Jesus, the name to sinners dear;
The name to sinners given;—
It scatters all their guilty fear—
It turns their hell to heaven."

Several *received the word* with all readiness of mind. Indeed I had no strong holds of idolatry to attack, nor deep-rooted erroneous doctrines to refute; but simply to preach the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. By proclaiming to all "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy," their attention was arrested, and their minds were attracted towards him, who said "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The love of Christ, in his incarnation and death—in his resurrection and intercession, became the subject of their serious meditation, and they began to mourn over their ignorance, depravity, and guilt. Some were in deep distress, and lay on the ground weeping aloud. Others sighed and complained, saying "Myn hart is zoodanig zeer," &c. (My heart is very sore, and the World is now too little for me, whither shall I go?) In this state, retiring to the rocks and bushes, there "they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder." By simple faith they received the grand and faithful saying, "God so loved the World that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish but have everlasting life." An aged man often laid his hand on his mouth, and said, with the deepest astonishment depicted upon his countenance, "When I think of the love of God in the gift of his Son—when I think of the sufferings of the Redeemer, and view him covered with wounds, and bleeding for me—when I think of these things my thoughts stand still, and I am dumb with silence." He would then call to those around him and give out a favourite verse—

> "Come sinners sing that song again,
> He died for us who caused his pain;
> God gave his son for us to bleed—
> For us he lives to intercede."

I was greatly at a loss for school-books, and was compelled to teach many by means of Dutch tracts, of

which I had a plentiful supply. Jacob Links, and three others, were soon able to read the New Testament, and several were exceedingly anxious to follow their example. Though I was daily engaged with the people, in superintending the erection of the chapel, yet about fifty, on the Sabbath, were learning to read. These were so attached to their books, that they carried them almost everywhere; some had them in a small bag under their arm, and others bound them on their heads, that they might be able to look into them every leisure hour.

Some have thought that Missionaries should take no concern in the temporal affairs of the people among whom they labour, but that they should be employed in promoting their spiritual welfare. This is correct, as it regards nations already in a state of civilization, but will not apply to the commencement of a mission among savages. He who goes to convert a wandering tribe to Christianity, must either collect them together for this purpose, or himself become a wanderer. If he collect them together, he must show them some method of obtaining subsistence, that they may *remain* with him; otherwise the few cattle which they possess will soon be slaughtered for immediate use, after which, they must either die of hunger, or again repair to the chase in search of food. Taking this view of the state of the Little Namacquas, I was desirous of keeping them together, by teaching them to live by agriculture instead of hunting. This led me to attempt the construction of a plough, in which I succeeded far beyond my expectations. I had taken the precaution, on leaving Cape Town, to purchase a ploughshare and coulter, as well as tools of various kinds. I had often seen men engaged in making ploughs, and though totally unacquainted with a carpenter's work, I resolved to make the attempt. The people flocked around me, enquiring, "What sort of a ding (thing) will that be?" and some of the Dutch farmers who passed that way, pronounced my efforts—labour in vain; but the plough was finished, and answered well. When the Namacquas saw it at work,

they laughed, and shouted, and with astonishment held up their hands, exclaiming, "Kyk, kyk zyn mond," &c., (look, look at its mouth, how it bites and tears up the ground.) The fruitful showers fell on the seed which was sown, and soon springing up, it produced above fifty fold.*

Near the spot where I commenced ploughing, the people showed me a place where the Bushmen and Namacquas, some years ago engaged in battle. The Bushmen took shelter in the clefts of the rocks, from whence they shot their poisoned arrows on their enemies below. This tribe of people are but thinly scattered, yet occasionally they take away sheep or cattle, to kill in some retired dell in the midst of the mountains. A few weeks ago, a Bushman shot a cow belonging to some of our Namacquas, after which he severely beat one of the boys who had charge of the cattle.

In the month of June, the first adults at Lily Fountain, were admitted as members of the Christian Church by the *ordinance of baptism.* Their testimony, as to the commencement of a work of grace on their hearts, was apparent in their deportment, as well as in their lan-

* When the late revered and lamented Missionary Williams, in the South Sea Islands, resolved on erecting a vessel, his first step was to make a pair of smith's bellows, which he found to be a more difficult work than he had anticipated. He examined dictionaries, encyclopædias, &c., but none of them gave explicit direction for the construction of so common an article. He, however, succeeded in making them, though they did not work to his satisfaction; he, therefore, took them to pieces, not, as was reported, to look for the wind, but to ascertain the reason why they would not blow as well as others. In doing this, he found out the mystery, and makes the following judicious remark:—"All persons going to uncivilised countries, especially Missionaries, should seek that knowledge which may be easily applied, as they have to do every thing themselves, and in situations where they cannot obtain the means in general use elsewhere. It may, by some, be thought unwise to go back a hundred years, and employ the tedious processes then in use, rather than embrace the facilities which the experience of succeeding ages has afforded. Such observations are specious but unsound. Let the circumstances of the Missionary, and the state of the people to whom he goes be taken into the account, and it must be at once obvious, that the simplicity of the means used two or three hundred years ago, could better suit both his condition and theirs, than the improvements of modern times."

guage. After an address, founded on Acts xxii. 16, "Arise and be baptized," ten of them received the ordinance. In the course of a few days, seven others were baptized, and eleven children. About the same time, the first couple were united in the bonds of *holy matrimony*, and the work of God steadily advanced. In July, the *Lord's Supper* was administered, when several were deeply affected, and many tears were shed at the remembrance of the Redeemer's agony and death.

Some of the people, at the commencement of winter, left the mountain to seek a warmer climate; and considering it my duty to *visit* them, I set out, accompanied by my interpreter Hendrick, who acted as a guide. He took me by what was termed a foot-path; but on such a path I had never travelled before. Frequently we had to alight and lead our horses over rocks and ravines the most frightful, while the mountain projections, hanging over our heads, seemed to threaten us with immediate destruction. On climbing these steep ascents, I found great assistance in laying hold of the long tail of my African horse, when, through fatigue, he was unable to carry me. After a tedious ride of some hours, we reached the spot where the chief and several of his people had pitched their temporary residence. They might, with the greatest propriety be termed *dwellers among the rocks*, and we had considerable difficulty to find them out. The sun was just setting when we arrived, and as soon as the cows and goats were milked, the people assembled for divine service. Having partaken of no dinner, I was very faint; a bamboo of milk was brought me, which, having stood in the vessel all the day, I could not drink; upon which, some of them ran and procured a supply that was new and sweet, to the amount of several quarts. After this repast, a sheep was slaughtered, and a large dish, or wooden bowl, was placed on the ground before me, filled with meat—a portion sufficient for half a dozen persons. Of this, likewise I could eat but little, having neither bread, nor vegetables, nor salt, and being at this time only

a novice in native customs. Before we slept, I was constrained to preach again, as some from a distance, having heard of my arrival, had come to hear the Gospel. I slept, in the hut of the chief, upon a clean mat, which had been brought for the purpose; and on the whole, had reason to be satisfied with my visit, though exceedingly laborious.

At stated periods, meetings *of discussion* were held, when every person present was at liberty to ask questions concerning any subject on which he might require information. The following were some of the questions proposed:—"Who were the Scribes and Pharisees? What kind of people were the Publicans? Who were the Sadducees? Where, or in what country, was the first man created? Where is the country in which Jesus Christ was born? What kind of being is Satan? How does the light of God come into the sinner's heart?" The greatest possible attention was manifested during these services, and I felt considerable satisfaction in imparting knowledge to the benighted sons of Ham.

Being requested to visit a *farmer's place*, and preach to his people, I gladly availed myself of the invitation; and some of those who served under him were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and became members of our church. That some of the Boors in remote parts of the colony, should be ignorant of spiritual things, is no wonder, as they have so few means of religious instruction. Hence, also, arises the prejudice existing in the minds of such persons against assembling in the same place of worship with the heathen.

Some years ago, a Missionary had halted at a farmhouse on a Saturday, and on the Sabbath morning, he proposed to the farmer to assemble the people and engage in divine service, which he assented to do, together with his wife and children. "Where are the Hottentots?" asked the Zendeling. "The Hottentots!" cried the farmer; "you would not have *them* with *us!* We are told in the Bible, that the *sheep* are to be separated from the *goats*, and I

cannot admit the Hottentots." "Very well," said the Missionary, "as I am sent to teach all mankind the way to salvation, I cannot consent to hold worship unless white and black join in it." The farmer would not agree to this arrangement, on which the Missionary very properly went out to his wagon, and calling his driver and leader, he prayed with them. Presently, he heard the people in the house singing a hymn, after which, when the door was opened, the farmer halloed to his people to bring the horses, and tread out the corn on the *thrashing floor*. And thus was the Sabbath spent! I am happy, however, to state, that in my journey to Cape Town, and other places, I have held service where white and black people were mingled in the same congregation. I know instances too, in which the Dutch farmers have themselves engaged in teaching their coloured servants the way of salvation.

In the month of November, affairs being somewhat settled at Lily Fountain, and viewing with commiseration the destitute condition of the *Bushmen*, who lived at no great distance, I set out, accompanied by Mr. S., to see if any thing could be effected for that despised race of people. Their country is much infested with lions, tigers, and wolves, so that we were constrained to make fast our oxen and horses by night, that they might not be devoured. The second night after our departure, we passed a spot where four lions had been seen at once a few days before. It was then nearly sunset, and our wagon-driver, evidently afraid, cracked his large whip most violently; the echo of which amidst the surrounding rocks, was so loud, that it appeared sufficient to excite terror even in the monarch of the desert. Our supply of bread was soon exhausted, and though we possessed a little corn, we had only a coffee-mill to grind it in, which proved a tedious machine, and required much patience in the use. On the fourth day, our people saw a few Bushmen, and invited them to come to the wagon. Peter Links told them, that a white man and his wife had come

across the great waters to visit them, and would be glad to talk with them. The next day, two of them approached, though exceedingly shy and fearful. They looked narrowly at Mrs. S.; probably the first European female whom they had seen. We proposed several questions, but found them extremely ignorant. They knew nothing of God, or a future state, and said they had never heard of the *soul*, but had always considered man the same as a beast. One whom we saw—a perfect Nimrod, said he had shot with his bow and arrows, one lion, two tigers, and one hippopotamus. Some time after our return to Lily Fountain, *Jacob Links* offered to go to the Bushman-land to endeavour to teach this people; he wandered with them in the desert, till he could obtain nothing to eat but dried goat's skin, when he was compelled to desist from the undertaking.

In the month of December, our first love feast was held. The people seemed to enter at once into its spirit, and spoke with great freedom and simplicity. The following extracts from my journal, are examples of the sentiments and expressions employed on such occasions:—

Peter Links said, "I was formerly an enemy to Missionaries, and when some wished to have one I opposed it; but I am now thankful for the Word, and love it. It has taught me, that I am a great sinner. When I felt this I wandered about eating bitter bushes, hoping thereby to make atonement for my sins; but I never found peace, till I heard that Jesus came to save the lost.

> 'Long oppress'd, I sought to anchor,
> On a sure and certain ground—
> But had no man to instruct me
> Where a Saviour might be found.'

I am thankful for what the book says, 'Come let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!' I am thankful that I heard that—

'Jesus, Jesus is the man;
This affected me so deeply,
That I to his Mercy ran.'"

Jan Links.—"When my brothers and sisters first began to talk about the Gospel, and met together to pray, I went near the house and shouted, in order to disturb them. One came to my house and spoke of the Gospel, and sung hymns, and prayed—this made me angry. After this, my sister was sitting in a house, reading in the book to several people, and they called me to hear. On coming, I heard the book say, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,' &c. I thought, this is certainly good, and began to pray, and now I love the Word."

Daars.—"When our Missionary came, the Boors said we must not hear him—that all Missionaries are deceivers—that we, after having been taught, should be sent over the blue waters as slaves. I thought this strange; but then I thought again, perhaps what the Boors say may be leugens, (lies,) I will therefore go and hear for myself. I did so. I came to hear, and soon felt assured, if my soul should be lost, the Missionary would not be to blame for it. I thought, if I continue in sin, he will be a witness against me at last. Some of the people began to pray in their houses; I went among them and often wept. I now hear the Word; it is good for my soul, and I am resolved to remain by it. I see none sent over the blue water and my fears are gone."

Adam.—"It sometimes appears, as if a cloud rested upon me, but the Sun of Righteousness breaks out again, and drives it away."

Peter Links, on another occasion;—"I have been like a poor little silly lamb, which is only just beginning to go. When the ewe goes from it a short distance, it turns aside, first to one bush and then to another. The ewe has her eye upon it, and goes back again to it, and does all she can to induce it to follow her, and will not forsake it. So the Lord has done for me. I at first began to seek for wisdom instead of salvation, the former of which I never found,

being still ignorant; but the latter, through divine grace, I live in the enjoyment of."

Links.—"To believe in Jesus Christ is, I think, to hold him fast. By the Gospel, the way to heaven appears so plain to me, that it seems like a large wagon-road."

Old Trooi.—"When I first saw my sin, I felt pain in my heart; and by night, when all the people were sleeping in their huts, I could not close my eyes; I got up and went out; I wandered to and fro; I lay down on my hands and knees to pray. When I found one who told me what I should do to be saved, I was so delighted in hearing, that I knew not how to go away."

A Shepherd.—"I cannot attend the chapel on the Sabbath, for no one will watch my flock. I often pray to the Lord in the fields and find comfort; then again, at other times, I see myself so great a sinner, that I fear I shall be lost at last."

A Female.—"My expectation is not to be saved from my sins in death, but *now*; if I think of putting off till death, the Lord might not then hear me."

Another.—"I was born in sin—Jesus shed his blood for me, and I can only be saved by faith in him."

Another.—"I love the Lord because he first loved me, and gave his Son to die for me. I also love all men; but those who partake of the Lord's Supper with us, I love the most."

An Old Man.—"My children have for some time heard the Gospel, and they came and told me what to do. I therefore left the Karree Mountains, and prayed, as I came on the road, that God would direct me. I came here on purpose to hear the Word, (between 100 and 200 miles,) and yesterday was the first Sunday I ever heard it. It was very sweet for me, and made me both sore and warm."

CHAPTER X.

REV. E. EDWARDS—SONGS IN THE NIGHT—FIRES BRIGHTEN—HARVEST—HORSES THRESHING—CHILDREN CONCERNED—DEATH OF A FEMALE—MOUNTAIN-TOP—CHILDREN DELIGHTED—DEATH OF ANOTHER CHILD—A DAY OF WONDER—CURIOUS DIALOGUE—DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE—FROG SWALLOWED—JUVENILE FEMALE MISSIONARIES—MULATTO'S DREAM—JAN HAGEL—LOST IN BUSHMAN-LAND—TWO DIE OF THIRST—SLEEPING ON SAND—PUFF-ADDER—NATIVE-CUPPING—HOT-BATH—REV. J. ARCHBELL—REED FOUNTAIN—EARTHQUAKE—BETHEL IN THE WILDERNESS—OLD NAMACQUA—CHILDREN RACING—BUSH-BOY GAINS A PRIZE.

About the beginning of 1818, the *Rev. E. Edwards* arrived to assist in the mission, whose efficient labours contributed greatly to the improvement of the station. Soon after his arrival, the natives cheered us *with songs in the night*, for they were exceedingly glad on seeing a klein Mynheer, (young Missionary.) It was nearly midnight, when on awaking, I heard the sound of singing at a distance. I repaired to the window to listen, when all nature seemed to favour the song. The moon shone resplendently, and the stars glittered in their spheres. There was no bleating of sheep, or lowing of oxen; no howling of wolves, or screaming of jackalls; the night birds were still, nor did a dog move his tongue. The midnight music was so sweet, that, at the time, I supposed I had never heard any thing to equal it. The singers were going from hut to hut, uniting in the praises of God, who had brought them "out

of darkness into marvellous light;" and as they approached the Mission-house, I could distinguish the subject of their song. It was a hymn of praise to the Saviour of men, one verse of which according to their custom, was often repeated:—

"'T geloof bemint Hem en beschouwt,
Zyn martling dood en pyn," &c.

"Faith loves the Saviour and beholds
His sufferings, death, and pain;
And this shall ne'er be old nor cold,
Till we with him shall reign."

The nightly fires brightened up as the singers went onward, and they called on the head of each family to engage in prayer. In their state of ignorance, they had often danced to the sound of the *rommel pot*, while the moon was walking in brightness; but by means of the Gospel, they had learnt a *new song*, which reminded me of the words of *Isaiah* xlii., "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." May the whole church of Christ continue to pray,—

"Display thy salvation, and teach the new song,
To every nation, and people, and tongue!"

The *harvest* was a plentiful one, and a time of great joy. When the wheat was brought home, it was threshed on a floor after the manner of the ancients; with the exception that we made use of horses instead of oxen in treading it out. It was then separated from the straw and chaff, by being thrown against the wind; and last of all, the jaagbezom (fan) was brought, by which it was thoroughly cleaned. This abundant harvest not only filled my granary with wheat, but the process afforded a beautiful illustration of the words of the Baptist, *Matt.* iii. 12, "*Whose fan is in his hand*," *&c.*

Several *children* who had been attentive to the Gospel, began to show an extraordinary attachment to the house of God; and one of them came to ask if they might not be

allowed to assemble together, separately from the adults, for the purpose of worship. On enquiring why they desired this, they answered, "Wy zyn ook zondaren" (we are also sinners, and wish to meet that we may call upon God.) Their request was granted, and the young ones, in their carosses of sheep-skin, bowed before the Lord their Maker, and sung joyful Hosannas to the Son of David.

"It is appointed to men once *to die*," and it is a fact that men die in every country, and in every clime. How much soever they may differ in colour, in language, or in circumstances, all must submit to the stroke of death. A female, about a mile from the station, was taken ill, and appeared to be approaching her latter end. The Namacquas, in their heathenish state, feared to visit the sick and dying, so that they were generally left alone, but now many accompanied me to see the dying person. Several of them entered the hut, and talked to her of the great promises of the gospel, in her own language. We then knelt down and prayed, some inside the hut, and others around it in the open air; a hymn was sung, in which all appeared to unite, and to me it was a most affecting season. We were on the top of a mountain, from which the great Atlantic is seen at the distance of forty or fifty miles. An immortal spirit was about to quit the vale of tears. A company of natives surrounded me, who had but just emerged frrm Gentile darkness. Their voices echoed in the adjacent mountain glens, as they sung and wept. They had never witnessed the death of a believer in Christ before, and some appeared as if they were desirous to accompany her over Jordan. The delightful words which were sung, as their sounds died away on the evening breeze, were almost overwhelming—

"Ik heb den regten grond gevonden," etc.

"Now I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away."

The dying woman said, "I see there is but one way, I see the way open to me, and the angels are ready to bear my soul away."

Mr. Edwards and myself, on visiting some of the people at one of the *outposts*, were pleased and profited. As soon as the children heard that we were about to have religious service, they ran to inform all around, while we sought a shade from the scorching rays of the mid-day sun. We were soon surrounded by a congregation, who delightfully sung—

"O dat ik duizend tongen had," &c.

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace."

Solemn prayer was then offered to Him who "filleth heaven and earth," and a short discourse delivered on the necessity of sinners fleeing to Jesus Christ as their refuge. The feathered tribe of this solitary spot sat chirping around, the little kids anxious for the return of their dams from the pastures, now and then bleated. A gentle breeze occasionally wafted through our rural temple, but nothing moved our coloured assembly of hearers; they were attentive and grateful.

On the second of June, the Lord blessed us with another *infant*, but, on the 6th, he breathed his soul into the hands of Him who gave it. It was a trying season, but especially for my dear partner in life. The flower, which was so beautiful, fairer than spring, and on which our hopes were fixed, was cut down and left to wither in the field. The remains were interred within the walls of the chapel by Mr. Edwards, who sympathized with us; and some of the Namacquas were exceedingly distressed on the occasion. It was our duty to hear the voice of Him who cannot err, and we endeavoured to listen to it. "Be still, and know that I am God." May we be enabled submissively to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

The Namacquas, having seen that the last harvest had

furnished us with plenty of wheat and barley, became desirous of more *extensive cultivation.* In this, Mr. Edwards and myself, gave them every possible encouragement. The missionary committee having sent out a forge, we were able more effectually to meet their wants, and render them assistance. After the erection of the smithy, all the people were anxious to see the operations about to take place. When the bellows was blown, and the fire began to blaze, they laid their hands on their mouth in wonder; but when the iron was taken out, and the hammer applied, the sparks dispersed them, and they ran in all directions, shouting, 'neen, neen, myn lieven tyd, ik heb nooit iets desgelyks te vooraan gezien," &c., (wonderful, wonderful, I never saw anything like that before; the fire flies after us, &c.) As soon as the iron was again in the fire, they returned, looking on the smith with a kind of *jealous awe;* and they evidently considered him superior to any individual they had ever seen. When the iron was again placed on the anvil, they began to look for a hiding place, some squatting behind a door, others creeping together into a corner, while many fled to a distance. It was to them a day of wonder, and as the Greeks bemoaned the lot of their ancestors, who had not lived to see Alexander on the throne of Darius, so the Namacquas seemed to lament the lot of their fathers, who had died before a forge was set up in the midst of their camp.

As I was going to preach *at a farm* some distance from the station, several of the people accompanied me; when the following dialogue, or conversation took place, between a Boor and some of the Namacquas:—

Boor.—"What kind of singing and praying is this you have had? I never heard any thing like it, and cannot understand."

Jacob Links.—"I think master, you only come to mock at us, as many of the farmers say we ought not to have the gospel;—but here is a chapter, (John iii.) pray who are the persons that must be born again?" (handing the Testament.)

Boor.—"Myne oogen zyn niet goed, (my eyes are not good,) so that I cannot see very well, but I suppose Jesus Christ."

Jacob.—"No master, no such thing;—Jesus Christ says we are all sinners, and that we must be born again of the Spirit, or we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Jan Links.—"But master you once told me that our names did not stand in the book, and that the gospel did not, therefore, belong to us Namacquas. Will you now tell me master, whether the name of Dutchman or Englishman, is to be found in it?" (no answer.)

Jacob.—"Master, you who are called Christi mensche, (Christians,) call us heathens. That is our name. Now I find the book says, that Jesus came as a light to lighten the Heidenen (Gentiles.) So we read our name in the book." (farmer silent.)

Hendrick Smit.—"That master cannot understand many things in the book, is not strange; Paul says, 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

Boor.—"Who is then the natural man?"

Hendrick.—"All men in their sinful and unregenerate state, so that we can only understand spiritual things by the help of the Spirit of God."

Boor.—"Ik ben geen zendling, (I am no missionary,) therefore cannot explain scripture passages."

Jacob.—"But master, do you ever teach your slaves and servants any thing of the gospel?"

Boor.—"Neen, volstrekt niets, (no, certainly nothing at all,) for were they taught, it would make them equally as *wise as myself.*"

At the time of our going into Namacqua-land, most of the distant farmers not only disapproved of the heathens being instructed, but some of them endeavoured to *turn all into ridicule.* One of them declared to me, that he believed the Namacquas were only a species of *wild dog*, and had *no souls;* I therefore called Jacob Links, who was with me at the time, and offered to prove, that Jacob, though a dog,

could both *read and write* better than the farmer. I believe the farmer could do neither, and finding himself in an awkward situation, he called for his horse and hastily rode away.

In the month of May, 1818, it was excessively cold, so that the natives were almost paralyzed, and allowed their cattle to rove among the mountain glens, or wherever their instinct might lead them. We had not only mist and rain, but the most bitter storms of hail and snow. At length we had a complete hurricane, and one building after another found its way to the ground. On the nineteenth, we feared that our dwelling-house would have fallen upon us, but happily it weathered out the storm. Many of the *huts* were upset by the wind during the night, while the natives with their children, in the midst of teeming floods of rain, took shelter in the chapel, the granary, or any other place which was sufficiently dry upon which to repose their heads. On looking out in the morning, we found, to our sorrow, that the winds had sported themselves with the *smith's shop*. We called the people to assist in removing the forge and its appendages, but they were so wet and cold in their sheep-skin cloaks, that they were almost as helpless as little children. Mr. Edwards and myself had therefore most of the work to perform with our own hands. Notwithstanding these hindrances, *six ploughs* were got ready for action, and the Namacquas gladly put their hands to them, ploughing in hope.

Andries Orang possessed, according to his own opinion, a very good ear for music, so that although with others he was very passable as a singer, yet to his more refined taste, there sounded a certain grating in the throat, very far removed from that sweet mellowness so charming to the lover of this art. In truth he was placed in the pitiable dilemma of a skilful musician, who is required to elicit strains of sweetness from an imperfect instrument.—Accordingly, when Mr. Edwards and I were, on one occasion, engaged in preparing the ploughs for seed time, Andries appeared among the admiring and inquisitive by-standers,

and presently asked, with great seriousness, if anything could be done to remove the unpleasant hoarseness of voice with which he was troubled. I intimated having heard that the swallowing of a frog was employed for this purpose by some of the professed singers in England. Andries forthwith, though unknown to the party, proceeded to the fountain, and so strong was his desire to be rid of this his thorn in the flesh—caught and swallowed one of the croaking species. He then returned to our working place, and said with evident delight, "Now I have swallowed it, and I shall soon know if it be of any service." The Namacquas, astonished that he should have swallowed a living frog, enquired how he felt, for some of the frogs of Lily Fountain are very large. Hereupon Andries with such characteristic oddity described, both by words and gesture, the descent of the frog,—scratch, scratch, scratch, as it went, that a simultaneous burst of laughter ensued, and I could not refrain from joining with the rest.

Whether or not Andries was really improved by the experiment made I know not, but he sung most heartily at the evening service, and declared to the people the following day that he could now sing like old Myn Heer—Indeed he was ever ready to say, "*Come let us sing unto the Lord,*" and he especially considered it a duty and a privilege to join in the praises of God in our public congregations. At our Mission Stations we have what may be properly called *congregational singing*, such as I believe would have delighted Martin Luther, Charles Wesley, and the primitive Methodist Preachers. Since my return to England, I have frequently been grieved to hear so few, in some large congregations, uniting in the praises of God. "If singing be a duty which we owe to God, why do not all join in it with the whole heart? How is it made out that only the singers owe this duty? that the duty only extends to one pew? while all the people in all other parts of the place are quite at liberty either to sing or not, as they please? Or may the singers be our proxies and do this work for us? But if so, ought we not to contract with them to do so

and with God to accept their services in our behalf? Then indeed we might with some show of reason take upon us to applaud or reprove our representatives. But I can no more comprehend how another man can pay to God my tribute of praise, than how I can pay his; or how it can be his duty to offer this sacrifice, more than it is mine."*

Some of our people went on a visit to a tribe of *Mulattos*, about sixty miles distant, among whom were two little Ardnes girls who had learnt to read. These little girls of Lily Fountain, sung hymns, and engaged in prayer among the people of the tribe, with which many were so delighted, that they scarcely allowed them any rest, but kept the girls reading, singing, and answering their questions, almost day and night. A desire was awakened in several to go and hear the gospel for themselves; thus out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the Lord can ordain strength. One of the men of the tribe soon arrived at our station, and said that the people living near him, who never heard a sermon in their lives, or saw a Missionary, were longing for the gospel. He mentioned a peculiar instance, by which he had been stirred up to endeavour to procure a preacher. "I was," said he, "one evening lying in my house, but had not closed my eyes in sleep; nor could I, when supper was ready, either eat or drink. After having lain some time, there were two ships presented to me, which appeared to be sailing on the great waters. Some one informed me that the one ship was filled with believers, who were holy people, and on their passage to heaven; and that the other was full of impenitent sinners on their passage to hell. A person then asked me, 'In which of those ships will you go?' but before I could give an answer, the ship loaded with sinners, began to sink, gradually descending out of sight, and I saw her no more. Whence these things came I know not; or who he was that appeared to speak with me, I know not; but I was sore afraid, and determined, as speedily as possible, to procure a Missionary, that we

*See "Vocal Melody," by Daniel Isaac.

might be taught how we could be saved. This is the only end I have in view in coming to invite you to visit us, that we may know the way of salvation." I promised the individual, that in the course of a few weeks, I would visit their place of residence; and on my arrival, I met with a most friendly reception. A company of people were assembled, and the word of life was administered in the thinly inhabited Bushman-land, to those who had never previously heard the gospel. Among those present was an aged man, called Jan Hagel, (*hail* because of his being white,) who sent his oxen to assist on our journey.

Some years ago, Jan Hagel, with his large family, and several Hottentots and Bushmen, were removing to another part of the country, when they missed their way, and wandered afar in the desert. All their water was exhausted, and the sun almost scorched them to death. The wagon driver told me, that he became so weak, that he could not keep his seat, but lay down allowing the oxen to go where they pleased. The cattle watchers crept under the stunted bushes, where they lay panting for breath. One man, and a poor bush-boy, died of thirst, as did also seven of their dogs. While thus in distress, they saw the thunder clouds at a distance, where showers of rain were falling, but not a drop fell near them. Jan Hagel, at length, fainted also, and fell by the side of the wagon: his children wept around him, but he could not speak; yet in the midst of their extremity, one who had been in search of water, returned with a calabas full of it, some of which being poured on the breast of the fainting individual, he revived. At night, the rain descended in such torrents, that the country was deluged with it, and both men and cattle were plentifully supplied. Old Hagel was so pleased with our visit, that on leaving him, he ordered some of his sons to accompany us to a considerable distance, while others remained to fire salutes as we departed.

Having been suffering for several weeks from severe

pain, I went to the sea for a short time, for the benefit of bathing. While there, our mattress was laid under a bush, where we were accustomed to sleep, as being the best lodgings we could procure on the spot. Towards the evening of one of those days, as I rose up from the mattress, the wind having changed, Mrs. Shaw said, "We will remove our bed to another place:" she immediately began to take away some of the bedding from the place where we had lodged, when, to her great surprise, a large *puff-adder* was curled up under the end of our bolster. I had been sitting within a few inches of this venomous creature more than an hour, this being the place were we had always slept. Had not the wind changed, doubtless one, or both of us, would, during the night, have felt the sharpness of the serpent's teeth, of which there were two, formed after the manner of fishing hooks. We could not, therefore, but acknowledge the providential care of Him, who said, "Even the hairs of your heads are numbered."

On returning to the station, being no better for my journey to the sea, the chief and some of his people came *to consult what should be done.* They all sat around me in sorrow and the chief at length proposed that the knee of which I was lame should be blistered: this was to be done by a piece of iron, well heated, and then applied to the seat of pain. To this method I objected, as I could not stand *fire.* He then said, I must be cupped, to which immediate consent was given, and Jacob Links, assisted by his father, performed the operation. Several incisions were made in the part affected, from which old Keudo Links sucked a quantity of blood. This greatly alleviated the pain, but left the joint quite stiff, so that I had to walk with a crutch and stick. I afterwards tried the hot bath of the Elephant River, the temperature of which is 110 degrees. After a few days' trial, the stiffness of the joint was removed, though it left me in a state of comparative weakness.

The *Rev. J. Archbell,* with his excellent wife, arrived at Lily Fountain in July, 1819. After a few weeks' residence with us, he set off for *Reed Fountain,* in the Bushman-land, to make a trial among the scattered people of that country. Reed Fountain is surrounded with large mountains, from which it may be supposed, that, in the months of summer, a considerable degree of warmth will be experienced: the valley, however, by which we descended with the wagon, being a long pass between two mountains, will doubtless ventilate the whole place. The *Fountain* appears to be of considerable strength: but the water is somewhat sweet, yet good for use. One advantage is its situation, it being on an eminence: on which account, the streams may be led over a portion of land, which can easily be converted into a garden. A sufficiency of corn may likewise be sown at no great distance, for the use of a Missionary and his family. Along the stony sides of most of the mountains grow many trees, which are a species of the *aloe;* each branch is divided and subdivided into pairs; each of these subdivisions is terminated by a tuft of leaves, and the whole forms a large hemispherical crown, supported upon a tapering trunk, which is generally of large diameter, but short in proportion to the vast circumference of the crown. It is here called *Kookerboom,* or quiver tree, its pithy branches being employed by the Bushman Hottentots, as cases for their arrows. The wild Bushmen were formerly the inhabitants of this part of the country and still it is generally called the Bushman-land, though but few of that race of people are to be found in its vicinity.

Early on July 30th, 1819, we were awoke by a tremendous shock of an *earthquake;* it appeared like a loud peal of thunder, and then as if a part of the mount behind the station had fallen. The mission-house shook to its foundation. Being the first shock of an earthquake we had ever felt, our fears were considerably excited. I endeavoured o improve the event from Num. xvi. where it is said,

"the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up Korah and all who appertained to him." On the 4th of Dec., 1809, Cape Town and its vicinity was visited by several tremendous shocks. A memoir of the late Mrs. Thom, the beloved partner of the Rev. G. Thom, of the London Missionary Society, who died a short time previous to my arrival at the Cape, contains a brief account of this visitation.

Mrs. Thom, (then Miss Meyer,) was on a visit at the time with a lady, behind what is called the Lion's Mountain. The house at which she was remaining is far distant from any other residence, and the biographer says, "The day had been unusually warm, but the sun went down without a cloud, and shed a glare on every object with his fiery beams. At ten o'clock, the stillness of the night was disturbed by a noise resembling that of distant thunder, yet so loud that it appeared as if a thousand cannon were fired behind the hill over the town. Many were aroused from their sleep, and were soon made sensible that something more than ordinary had occurred in nature, by the shaking of every thing around. The earth was like a drunken man, and reeled to and fro. Immediately behind the house were vast masses of stone on the declivity of the hill. One of these, of huge dimensions, seems to have been torn from the top by the hand of nature, in some rude convulsion, and threatens, with its ponderous weight, to fall upon the contemplative traveller. This terrific object produced the greatest alarm, and was expected every moment to roll upon the house, in which case, it would have been crushed as easily as the pebble beneath the wagon wheel. Imagination heightened the alarm which the dread realities of that tremendous night justly occasioned. The mountains seemed about to be carried into the midst of the sea, and universal nature to be dissolved. The two females, overwhelmed with horror, ran to the place called the Stoop, or Veranda, and with their slaves and servants, fell prostrate before Him

who ' weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,' and most earnestly did they all supplicate that God for mercy, before whose tribunal they expected shortly to stand, and from whom, in a few moments, they might probably receive their everlasting destiny.

" To those who know the spot, it must be evident that nothing could be needed to heighten the tremendous grandeur of the scene.* All around was solitary and romantic. The great southern ocean was dashing its foaming waves before them, with a fury that fancy might deem too potent for the inaccessible rocks below to resist, and while the impending and jagged mountains, before described, threatened them from above, these threatened them below. The voices of a thousand wild beasts appeared to be howling, in every quarter, responsive to the groans of labouring nature, and there was no way of escape to the town, but by a narrow road on the side of the mountain, where, even in a calm, the scene is so terrific as to appal the beholders. It is not, therefore, a matter of wonder, that, with a sensitive mind like Mrs. Thom, she should ever after, when under the genuine influence of religion, have an unusually reverend sense of the majesty and power of the Deity, under whose control are all the wildest elements of nature."

The event proved the means of her conversion to God. It was as the tempest of Sinai, and the leading of her soul, " to the mount that might be touched, and which burned with fire," before she reached the hill of Calvary, and received pardon and peace from the sight of a bleeding Saviour. Mrs. Thom adorned her profession as a Christian; she was active in the school for the heathen, and when her eyes were closing in death, she said to one who wept bitterly, " Why do you weep? I am going to heaven —I long to be gone, to be with Christ—I go to my Father —precious Jesus! At God's right hand are pleasures for evermore—Hallelujah! May He who caused the earth to

* The Author of the Memorials knows it well.

shake before His Majesty, alarm all the heathem who are still careless, that they may tremble at his word, and acknowledge that 'the Lord reigneth.'

> 'The war proclaims the Prince of peace;
> The earthquake speaks his power.' "

The account of a visit to one of the out-posts may be given as sent to the Missionary committee:—

Sep. 12th, 1819. *(Sunday.)*—A short distance from the kraal stands an amazing *rock:* its length is nearly two hundred feet, its breadth forty or fifty, and its height sixty or seventy. In former ages this has been one solid stone; but by the mouldering hand of time, or some convulsive shake of the earth, it has been separated into three almost equal parts.

Yesterday, while teaching the children, the heat of the sun was almost insupportable; in consequence of which we, this morning, repaired to the large rock, to seek a shadow from his scorching rays. At the beating of the gong, (an instrument exceedingly melodious, and used instead of a bell at our last out-post,) the sound of which echoed in the mountains, the young people and the children teemed from their huts, and accompanied us, while the aged and infirm hastened after.

Every thing seemed to invite us to worship and adore. The grand luminary of the world beginning his mighty career in the heavens, pointed out Jesus as "a Light to lighten the Gentiles"—the immense mountains by which we were surrounded, shewed us the power of God—the decayed and tumbling rocks on every side, seemed to remind us that no earthly thing can withstand the waste of all-consuming time—the cows, sheep, and goats grazing around, brought primitive times to our recollection, and encouraged us to believe in the God of Abraham.

All being seated on the ground by the side of this rock, that verse—

> "Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
> That bids our sorrows cease," &c.

was sung by a great number of voices, and with much spirit. No cordial on earth could, in this wilderness, have given me such consolation. While prayer was offered to the God of all grace, the Namacquas reverently bowed with their faces to the ground, and worshipped. Under the cooling shade of so grand an appearance in nature, it was scarcely possible to pass over that beautiful passage in Isaiah—"A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and as *the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"

After service, the children were all ready with their books, and waited to be taught. The chief, and a number of old Namacquas, sat smiling on their children, and children's children, while seeing them learn to read the best of books. On saying to the chief, that the Lord had provided us with a place of worship, without any labour of ours, he answered, "Yes, and it is good to sit under its shadow." On explaining to him the meaning of the word *Bethel*, he said that the rock should thenceforth bear that name.

While remaining at Bethel, an old Namacqua belonging to *Bethany*, had come far out of his road to hear the gospel of Jesus: he said to our people, that he had come to seek some refreshment for his soul, as he had great need of it, having travelled so many weeks in the wilderness without any instruction. He said he hoped that they would help him with a little *water* from their calabasses: at which, orders were given for water to be fetched; but he said immediately, "not that sort of water, I mean the *water of life*, of which you have now abundance: I want help for my soul." He spoke very highly of brother Schmelen, and said they would never part with him, as the word preached by him was from the Lord. He said the surrounding tribes were anxious to have the gospel sent; and one chief, who had occasionally visited their station, was become a true penitent. He said when he thought of the sins which he had committed, previously to brother S. going among

them, it always brought heaviness upon his soul, and thankfulness for the gospel. This old man was quite active during the day that he remained upon our place, in exhorting his old companions in sin to flee from the wrath to come.

A few days ago I received a letter from *Mr. Schmelen.* He goes on his way preaching Jesus, with satisfaction to himself and profit to his hearers. *That part* of his letter which refers to my going into Great Namacqua-land, I will give you in his own words. "As brother Edwards is now with you, and is able to instruct the people, &c., I beseech you and sister Shaw to pay us a visit. As soon as I hear of your coming, I will send my oxen to meet you. I should like much to speak with you respecting what can be done here for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ, and the *spread of his gospel.* I have sent my people towards the sea; and before their return they will, if possible, find out *Angra Piquena;* they have been away nearly a month, and I now begin to expect them. If the Lord should on that side open to us a door, the gospel may then be spread abroad with but little expense; but when you come we shall be able more fully to enter into these subjects."

Jacob Links, being of an enquiring mind, and diligent in reading the scriptures, often came to ask questions. Among others, he enquired what is the meaning of "*I press towards the mark,*" &c. I endeavoured to give him an idea of it; but all I could say fell short of what I wished him to comprehend. To-day we had a feast for the children of the school, and great was their joy on the occasion. All having partook of the repast, and thanks being given, a number of the boys were selected to run for a little fruit, or bread, in which a few raisins had been scattered, and also for rewards sent from England for the heathen schools. Before the boys began, the people were exhorted to attend to the scene, and endeavour to reap instruction. A course was appointed—the starting-place fixed—the goal set before them—and the prize held up to

view. A multitude of people were also present who stood as witnesses. Among the competitors was a poor little Bushman, who was considered by the Namacquas as far inferior to themselves. He also engaged in running, but won nothing. Among the articles sent from England was a good *clasp knife*, and I was especially desirous that the Bushman should win it. Hitherto he had run with an *old skin* about him, while the other boys were free from any incumbrance; I therefore pointed out the necessity of laying the hindrance aside, if he designed to succeed. He took the hint; and immediately throwing aside the skin, entered the course. Little Bushee strained every nerve, and obtained the prize. He bore away the knife in great triumph, never before having possessed any thing so valuable. At our evening service, I took Heb. xii. 1. by way of text, exhorting all to lay aside every *weight*, and run with patience the race set before them, looking unto Jesus. The circumstances of the day, in connexion with the discourse, gave them a much clearer view of several passages of Scripture than they had before, and many keep them still in remembrance.

CHAPTER XI.

GOVERNOR'S ORDER—HATTERY COMMENCED—FAMILY WORSHIP—SABBATH EMPLOY—BELL RECEIVED—"OUD MAMMA"—JOY OF HARVEST—QUICK PROCESS—FINE CAKES FOR REAPERS—WOMAN SICK IN BUSHMAN-LAND—DEATH OF A CHIEF'S WIFE—SEASON OF SCARCITY—EATING HIDES—DRUNK WITH HUNGER—EUROPEAN CLOTHING—CONGREGATIONS CLEAN—HORRID MURDERS—COMPARATIVE INDUSTRY—REV. T. L. HODGSON'S SPEECH—PLENTY OF CORN SOWN—GOOD STIMULANT.

In the year 1824, his excellency Lord C. H. Somerset, expressed his desire to render any assistance to the station, and, therefore, gave instructions to the magistrates of the district, to order the field-cornet to Lily Fountain, and deliver the following message: "That his excellency the Governor had been pleased to order that all the affairs of the Wesleyan Institution, on Lily Fountain, should be under the management and direction of the superintending Missionary there stationed. The following particulars were specified:—

1. The power to receive whom he may think proper, as residents.

2. To expel any who may be disobedient and unruly.

3. To give out portions of land, for sowing corn, and making gardens.

4. To erect substantial dwelling-houses, which must be built on the spot, and according to the plan pointed out by the Missionary."

His excellency also gave instructions, that the Namacquas should be permitted to graze their cattle on any of the unoccupied grounds in the vicinity of the

institution, without molestation from the surrounding farmers.

A manufactory *of hats* was commenced, for the purpose of affording employment to the natives, and of creating traffic with the tribes in the regions beyond. Mr. J. Allison was engaged for the purpose, and several boys began to learn the business, with whom he was perfectly satisfied. The trade, according to expectation, employed several persons; some in procuring wood, and others in preparing charcoal; some in cleansing the wool, and others in binding the hats. I was therefore sorry to learn, that during my visit to England, in 1828, the works of the hattery had been *suspended.* As a building was erected for the purpose, and the tools of different kinds are still on the spot, I am not without hope that the business will be *resumed* and carried on, with advantage to the station.

The pious natives of Khamies Berg, continued to improve both in temporal and spiritual matters, and were as a *city set on a hill,* which cannot be hid: their light shone in worshipping God in their *families.* Often have I heard them engaged in prayer, before the sun had gilded the the tops of the mountains, nor were their evening devotions neglected. As I have stood by the mission-house, with the curtains of night drawn around us, I could hear them uniting in singing their beautiful evening hymn—

> "O Christ, eternal light divine,
> Who constantly on us dost shine;
> Thy presence shall be with us here,
> Though neither sun nor moon appear."

Then falling around their family altar, though in a smoky hut, they felt the presence of the Most High, and the fulfilment of his promise, "The habitation of the just shall be blessed." On their fathers, a sabbath had never smiled; and they could remember the time, when all their days were days of darkness, and when the shadow of death was brooding over them. But now, at the sound of the church-going

bell, they poured from their huts to the house of prayer; and the sabbath was a day of joy and thanksgiving. During the intervals of public worship, various groups might be seen sitting together, conversing on what they had heard, and examining the Holy Scriptures. An aged man, who had long tried to learn to read, but never succeeded, would sit among the children, requesting them to instruct him. "Hoe zegt het boek," (what does the book say?) was a common question; and on receiving an answer, he was delighted, and often expressed himself to me thus,—"Mynheer, before we received the gospel, we were like an *egg*, before the chicken is hatched; we were surrounded with darkness, and could see nothing; but when the gospel came, it broke the shell, and we now see the light of day."

At the commencement of the mission, various methods were adopted for *calling the people* to public worship. For a time, the cross-cut saw was suspended, and struck with a hammer; afterwards the large wagon-whip was made use of, the stock of which is from fourteen to sixteen feet in length, and the lash from eighteen to twenty. This whip, when used by an expert wagoner, caused the mountain caverns to echo, and was heard at a considerable distance. Sometimes a young man would climb upon the roof of the chapel, and sound a large *bullock's horn*: but when John Irving, Esq., of Bristol, kindly sent us a bell, we dispensed with every other method, and its sound caused many a Namacqua to sing for joy. After the bell had been hanging for some time, Jan Willem, an eminent and devoted man, said in a public meeting, "Als ik in de bergen zy, (when I am in the mountains,) and hear the sound of the bell I consider it as the voice of God, calling me to worship; it is a joyful sound and I hope that I shall never live to see the day when it will be silent."

It is a divine command, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." All the pious, whether aged or young, delight much in singing the praises of God, and some of the females have voices the most agreeable. By day or by

night, on sabbaths or week-days, both "young men and maidens, old men and children," were ready to unite in acts of adoration. One morning, an aged female Namacqua came, and desired that I would teach her the new tune she had lately heard: as my engagements were already too numerous, she was referred to the children of the school: she appeared to be at least seventy years of age; and in the afternoon of the day she was surrounded by a group of children, who had undertaken the arduous task, of teaching "*oud mamma*," the new song of thanksgiving.

For several years our people had been greatly at a loss for *Hymn Books*, the Dutch ones at Cape Town being of such a price that we could not afford to purchase them, but now our wants were supplied. The liberality of Mrs. B., of Raithby Hall, enabled the Committee to reprint the regular Reformed Dutch Hymn Book, with a Supplement, suited to our native congregations. This book was received with great joy, and has had an extensive circulation: at our different stations may be found persons making use of it, both in their family and public devotions, nor is it a rare thing to see the School children engaged in teaching the aged and infirm the *Songs of Zion*. Thus,

> "Infant voices now proclaim
> Their young Hosannas to his name."

The *joy of harvest*, has been spoken of by all nations who cultivate their soil, and was now felt at Lily Fountain. After a season of great scarcity, the fields became white for the harvest, and I went to see the people thrusting in their sickles. It was a charming sight, and gladness beamed in every countenance, created by the hope of bread after a season of hunger. The beautiful waving corn, with its full and fruitful ears, bent to the reaper's hand, and being formed into sheaves, some of them were soon carried to the end of the field, where a party of women were engaged in threshing them, on skins laid down for the purpose. That which had been thrashed, was given

to others, who immediately commenced the winnowing and cleansing operation. Another party sat hard by, waiting for the precious grain; which, when given them, they began the work by grinding between two stones, one of which was placed on the ground, and the other held in the hand. Some were busily kneading the meal into cakes, while others were bringing wood and making fires, that the bakers might have them ready at noon, for the men engaged in reaping. Thus the wheat which was growing in the field at eight o'clock in the morning, had been cut down, and had gone through the process of threshing and winnowing, grinding and baking, before twelve; when cakes were served up for eating.

The Holy Oracles give direction suited to the circumstances of all who receive them. "Is any *sick* among you? let him call for the elders of the church. Pray one for another, that ye may be healed." A poor woman was sick in the Bushman-land, and desired much to see some of the people, that they might converse and pray with her. It was a great distance from the station, and in their heathenish state, they would have left her to the wolves; but they had put on bowels of compassion, and a party set off to visit her. They conversed with her on the plan of salvation, engaged in prayer, and sung some of our hymns. The afflicted female rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God, and said, "wanneer gy van Christus zingt, (when you sing of Christ,) it does my heart good; —it not only does my heart good, but seems to alleviate my bodily pain." In the month of June, 1824, the wife of the chief died of consumption. She was a fine looking Namacqua, from the vicinity of the Orange River, and became truly pious. On going to visit her, shortly before her death, she said, "I feel I am going,—the Lord has been with me during the day—the Lord has shewn me groote en wonderlyke zaken, (great and wonderful things,) but I am too weak to speak of them." Jacob Links, faithful to his post, remained with her to the last. On repeating several promises of the gospel,

and saying to her, "God will send his angels to conduct, and bear you through," she lay down, and said, "I am satisfied, I feel it to be so," and gently fell asleep in Christ.

Sir J. E. Alexander mentions the natives asking of him, when passing through Great Namacqua-land, the hide of an ox, for the purpose of eating. He says, "We had not got any game for some days; a sheep was made to go a long way, and none of us had ever sufficient to appease our hunger. The Namacquas asked for a bullock's hide which we had kept to make shoes of, and roasting it at the fire, they pounded it between two stones, and devoured the whole of it. I partook of it also, and found it very tough, but not disagreeable to the taste: to be sure, at the time, I could have eaten my saddle for hunger; and I certainly thought, that our leather trousers must soon furnish a meal." The year 1826 was a time of great scarcity at Lily Fountain, in consequence of the long and continued drought. Several lived chiefly by hunting, and some on bulbs and roots, while others picked up parts of bullock hides, which for years had been thrown about the place. They pounded them in the way mentioned by the traveller, and then boiled them for several hours. One evening a Namacqua came to me and said, he had been hunting the whole day, but could obtain nothing. He added, "Mynheer, ik ben dronken van honger, (I am drunk with hunger,) and ready to faint and fall to the ground." I was enabled to supply him with a little corn, which he received with gratitude and joy. Providentially, I had preserved a good quantity of wheat and barley the preceding year, which I so managed to eke out in small quantities, that none died of hunger. Indeed the Namacquas bore up with amazing patience and fortitude, till the rains commenced, and they obtained supplies of milk from their cows and goats.

On beginning this mission in 1816, many of the people were so disagreeably greasy, and so strongly scented with boocho, that I have frequently been ill with the effluvia of a congregation, and glad to escape from it. But no

sooner did they receive the Gospel, than they began to wash themselves, and were anxious to obtain European clothing. Indeed, they were so desirous of this, that they would put on and wear almost anything they could obtain, however strange and grotesque they might appear in it. Jacob Links would lay aside his caross when he came to the chapel to interpret, instead of which, in cold weather he put over his shoulders his mother's *red baise petticoat*, which answered as a gown, till we were able to procure him suitable clothing. My wagon driver, on going to Cape Town, procured several common cotton handkerchiefs, and might be seen wearing three or four of them on his head and neck, of different colours, at the same time. Old Trooi, the sister of the chief, having received the present of a neat *white cap*, put it on her head, and with considerable consequence, repaired to the chapel. She took her seat facing the pulpit, and had such a different appearance from her former self, that she became a gazing-stock for the whole assembly. The colour of her hands and face was such a contrast to that of her headdress; her high cheek bones were so exceedingly prominent; she sat with such an appearance of superiority; that it was with great difficulty I could maintain the gravity requisite in the house of God. Since that time our people have improved so much, that our congregations are now in general decently clothed, and will vie, in this respect, with many assemblies in some of the country villages in England.

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations *of cruelty*." In the year 1826, one of the Namacquas came to inform me of a Bushman, then on a visit to Lily Fountain, who could give information respecting *some murders* lately committed in the vicinity of Reedmond. I immediately called for him; and he stated that some Bushmen having taken away several sheep, a party of Mulattos went in pursuit of them; he also accompanied the party, being servant to one of them. Having seen the Bushmen's fires by night, they hastened to the spot, in order to surprise

them early in the morning. The Bushmen were sleeping on their arrival, and the men fired on them at once. Alarmed at the report of the guns, the Bushmen rose up, one of whom cried: "The bloodsuckers are upon us, we must either 'fight or flee.'" Four of them were shot, and two females were wounded. Then the *man* who related the circumstance was sent to the hut, where he dispatched the two wounded women with a gemsbok *horn*. He said he felt no regret at what he had done, as he was ordered to go and kill them; that the place was covered with blood, which, on smelling, he could have killed many more; that if any one made him angry, he should feel no hesitation in *killing him at once*. There were eleven men in this company, most of whom were armed with guns, so they could have had no difficulty in securing the Bushmen as prisoners; but with such characters human life is of no value. I wrote to the magistrate respecting the affair, the field-cornet having refused to do anything in it; and rather than appear at Clanwilliam, to give an account of it, they all, I believe, *fled beyond the Orange River*.

When we say that the people belonging to our Mission Stations have become *industrious*, we speak comparatively. An English labouring man would do as much as three or four of them. But they are industrious compared with those around them, and with what they were themselves previous to their receiving the gospel. When the Rev. T. L. Hodgson visited Lily Fountain, he expressed himself as highly pleased with it; but had expected that more of the natives would have built themselves good and substantial dwelling-houses. I proposed our having a public meeting, in order again to stir them up to the work of building, and brother Hodgson made an *eloquent speech* in the Dutch language on the occasion. He showed clearly the comfort and convenience of good habitations, and their great superiority over Namacqua huts. He also offered the reward of a new spade to each of the first ten persons who should finish their work. The natives gave their assent to all that was said, by answering, "*Ja Mynheer*,

dat is waar, (Yes, Sir, that is true,) *Ja Mynheer, dat is waar.*" At the conclusion of the meeting, I engaged to give to the same ten persons in addition, each an axe and a mattock. After the departure of Mr. Hodgson, some commenced the work of building, but *they* soon grew weary and gave up. I then adopted the following plan: I advised them *to sow large quantities* of corn, and provided many of them with seed for that purpose. The rains were plentiful, and the harvest so abundant, that many of the Namacquas had *no room* for their wheat and barley. They then came to me, begging that I would preserve it for them, which, for a time, I refused, giving them a lecture on the absolute necessity of providing houses, which would not only contain their families, but in which they might also preserve the fruits of their labour. They felt the force of this lecture, and it stimulated some to finish, and others to commence the work of building. Several obtained the *promised rewards;* the friends of missions at Sheffield having enabled me to give the axes, &c., by a plentiful supply which they kindly sent as a present for Namacqua-land.* Although it requires a great deal of patience, perseverance, and labour, to convert a wandering and pastoral people to an agricultural life; yet it is possible, and has in many instances, been accomplished. Of many a spot in South Africa it may now be said: "There he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation, and sow fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase."—*Psalm* cvii. 36, 37.

* In the collection of these useful articles, the late noble-minded and highly-esteemed Rev. DANIEL ISAAC, who was then travelling at Sheffield, took considerable interest; a subject not forgotten by his biographer.

CHAPTER XII.

TRAVELLER'S TESTIMONY—MR. HODGSON'S VISIT—VISIT ALSO OF G. THOMPSON, ESQ.—OF THE AUTHOR IN 1827—GOES BY SEA—LOST IN THE SANDS—EXTREME THIRST—SCRIPTURE APPROPRIATE—LYING ON SAND—SUPPLY OF WATER—BOOR'S ASSERTION—ARRIVE AT LILY FOUNTAIN—REV. R. HADDY'S STATEMENT—NEW CHAPEL OPENED—AUTHOR AND FAMILY GO ON A VISIT——AN AGED WOMAN DANCING—OLD KEUDO IN BLACK COAT—CHILD'S GRAVE—MISSIONARY MEETING—NUMBER OF CATTLE—SIR JAMES ALEXANDER—OLD WOMAN WITH SPECTACLES—PRESENT STATE.

In 1821, Lily Fountain was visited by *Mr. Freyer*, an *English* gentleman, who remained sometime on the station, and on writing to his friends in Cape Town, gives the following testimony :—

"You know I was formerly averse to Missionaries, thinking that they came out to get a living; but I have now learned to correct my opinion. I do assure you, that theirs is a most laborious life, and I should prefer being a slave to the being obliged to teach the Namacquas; yet the good done among them is astonishing. They are now, for the most part, in a state of civilization, of which you can form no adequate idea. They have learned to reason most acutely, and put the most pertinent questions. A considerable number of them reside at this place the greater part of the year. They have cattle in abundance, so much so, that the place is not large enough to feed them."

In the year 1824, the *Rev. T. L. Hodgson* visited the station, on his way to Cape Town. He remarks,—"April

5th. We reached Khamies Mountains, where we were welcomed by brother and sister B. Shaw, with expressions of much pleasure. 6th. We spent this day in viewing the institution, and I was gratified in finding it much superior to what I had expected it. The dwelling-house is convenient and comfortable; the chapel commodious and suitable; the garden is large and productive; and I was also pleased in seeing the people occupied in making eight ploughs, preparatory to seed-time. Several of the natives also cultivate a large piece of ground, which is enclosed by a stone wall, and they are engaged in thatching a building to be used as a granary. 11th. Attended the prayer-meeting in the morning, and preached in the forenoon: heard Brother Shaw in the afternoon, and was much gratified at the lovefeast in the evening, as also by the prayer-meetings held in different private houses to close the Sabbath. On the 21st we left this interesting station, which reflects great credit on those by whose successive management, under the divine blessing, it has attained its prosperous state."

In the same year, *George Thompson, Esq.*, a respectable merchant in Cape Town, whose "Adventures and Observations, published in two volumes, are well worthy of attention, visited the station of Lily Fountain, when I was on a journey to Cape Town. In his journal, at the period above mentioned, he says,—"Utterly unconnected as I am with Missionaries or Missionary Societies of any description, I cannot, in candour and justice, withhold from them my humble meed of applause, for their labours in South Africa. They have, without question, been in this country, not only the devoted teachers of our holy religion to the heathen tribes, but also the indefatigable pioneers of discovery and civilization. The settlement at Lily Fountain appeared to me a well-selected and well-conducted Missionary station, highly creditable to its founders, and beneficial to the people under their control. Large herds of cattle are possessed by many individuals, and the two native superintendants who entertained me, mentioned

that upwards of four thousand head belonged to this little community. The extent of land cultivated is very considerable: about ninety muids of wheat had been sown this season, covering from three to four hundred acres, and from which, if the season were favourable, a return of from thirty to fifty-fold was anticipated. Were there any accessible market for their surplus produce, a much larger quantity might be raised; but as there are at present no means of disposing of any large quantity of grain, the cultivation is necessarily confined to the immediate wants of the inhabitants. Let those who consider missions as idle and unavailing, go and visit Genadendal, Theopolis, the Kaffir stations, Griqua Town, Khamies Berg, &c. Let them view what has been effected at these institutions, for tribes of natives, oppressed, neglected, or despised, by every other class of men of Christian name; and if they do not find all accomplished which the world has perhaps too sanguinely anticipated, let them fairly weigh the obstacles that have been encountered, before they venture to pronounce an unfavourable decision."

May, 1826. I received notice from the late Rev. R. *Watson*, to proceed without delay to take charge of the Cape Town station. The Lord's Supper was administered on the 7th, to a deeply affected congregation, and four adults were baptized. One of them was a female of the Bushman tribe, who said, before her baptism,—"The Lord has heard my prayer, and ik kan niet mier uithouden," (I can hold out no more.) How similar to the language of our own sweet singer:—

> "Nay, but I yield, I yield,
> I can hold out no more."

The number of adults baptized was ninety-seven.

On the 8th, at ten o'clock in the morning, the wagon was packed, and the bullocks put to the yoke. All being in readiness, the bell was rung for prayer, and the chapel filled. *Mr. Haddy*, after a few verses had been sung,

attempted to pray, but he was soon overcome by the sobbing and sighing of the congregation. *Mr. Wimmer*, of the London Society, an old soldier of the Cross, then commenced, but he was soon conquered also. The chapel indeed became "*a bochim*," from which I was forced to hasten away; and having, with difficulty, got Mrs. Shaw and the children into the wagon, I immediately cried,—"Trek, trek,—Loop, loop," and the oxen set off at full speed. It was an affecting scene. Some of the Namacquas were weeping aloud, and others shouting, "goeden dag Myn Heer, goeden dag Juffrouw." Some were lying on the ground in distress, and so many climbed upon the wagon, and clung to the after part, that I feared some misfortune would happen them. Many followed us the first day's journey to our halting-place, and slept among the bushes around the wagon.

9th. This morning, the *same tragedy* was reacted, the scene having commenced immediately after our worship. Some gave full vent to their feelings, by which they were quite overpowered. Others endeavoured to restrain them, and scarcely uttered a sentence. I was glad when the wagon began to move from this sorrowful place, and looking back as we proceeded onward, we saw the people standing with their hands raised towards heaven. There was *a general cry;* some shouting, others weeping and waving their hands, till a turn in the road hid them from our view. May the choicest blessings of Jehovah rest upon the congregation of Lily Fountain! and may they be found in the day when—

> "To gather home his own,
> God shall his angels send;
> And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
> In deathless triumph end!"

After having taken up our residence in Cape Town, I was unexpectedly called to visit the station in Jan., 1827. A Cape merchant designing to commence an establishment on the coast of Namacqua-land, offered me a *free passage* in his vessel which was bound for St. Helena, and

desirous of promoting the welfare of that country in every possible way, I accepted the offer. The son of the merchant, Mr. H. Munting, and our Delagoa boy William, were my travelling companions.

Jan. 7th, 1827. *Captain Aam* put us on shore some miles to the southward of the Spoog River. Having supplied us with some ship's provision, and each a bottle of water, he sailed for the place of his destination. About nine A.M. we commenced our journey in the wilderness, with the expectation of finding the first farmer's house before the setting of the sun. We travelled onward till mid-day, and then sat down to rest and eat a little biscuit: the sands being very deep, we had already begun to be weary. In the afternoon, in consequence of the high sand-hills, we had lost sight of the ocean; and towards evening, having discovered no dwelling-house, as we had expected, we agreed to lie down for the night. Our water being nearly exhausted, we were faint with thirst. Before laying down in the bushes, a fire was made on the top of a hill, in hope that if any human beings were near they would come to our aid; but alas! it was a land not inhabited. Having scratched holes in the sand, we lay down to rest: but the jackals screamed loud in the night, and drove away our six merino sheep, which his excellency General Bourke had sent with us, as a present to the station.

On the 8th, I awoke my companions early, in order that we might walk in the cool of the morning. We tried to eat a little biscuit, but could not, our supply of water being exhausted, except a little that we had saved to moisten our parched lips. The sheep were gone, but we were too weary to search for them, and therefore we set off again, over hills of sand, and amid straggling bushes; but the exertion greatly increased our thirst, and filled us with anxiety as to the future. Again and again we sat down to rest; repeatedly we climbed the tops of the hills, to try if we could discover any flocks or herds, or the smoke of distant fires, but all in vain. At length Mr. M.

threw himself on the sand, apparently in despair, and declared that he believed we should perish in the desert. He said,—"Our water is done, our strength is exhausted; we cannot return to the sea: if we could, the vessel is far away; we have no prospect of finding water; without it we cannot exist; there is nothing but death before us: Ach, myn vader, myn vader! (Oh, my father!) if he could see me now; but he will see me no more. My brother was hunting some time ago, and his gun burst and shattered his hand. He was far from any medical aid, and my father carried him on his shoulders. They reached a farmer's place, but it was too late; my brother bled to death. This was the very hat (holding it in his hand) he wore at the time. Oh, my father! you will never see me again."

Though I had been in that part of the country before, and at the farmer's place we were in search of, yet we were so completely bewildered among the sand-hills, that I was constrained to *acknowledge myself lost.* It was a trying season; but Mr. M. was far my superior in bodily strength, being a fine youth about nineteen years of age. In this dilemma, I opened my Bible, and read, (Gen. xxi. 15, 19,) "The water was spent in the bottle, &c. She saw a well of water, &c." This beautiful account, and a few remarks upon it, seemed to revive the youth; we therefore resolved to trust to that divine Providence which supplied Hagar, and to try to proceed. On rising to renew our efforts, Mr. M. said, "Let us leave these deep sands on the left, and aim for the karree, or hard country on the right. If once out of the sand, we might walk a little further; the sands are killing us." Having acknowledged that I was lost, though still believing the farmer's place to be in the sands, I acceded to his request, and we trudged onward. We had not proceeded far, when to our great joy, I discovered several *bullocks* at a great distance; Mr. M. never saw them, as they were nearly as far as the eye could reach, and his sight was defective. Our hopes were now raised, and we ascended the top of a hill, hallooing as loud as we were

able, and waving our hats; but there was no person to answer us; and to our great sorrow, the oxen disappeared, and we saw them no more. This circumstance greatly depressed our spirits, and the wilderness became more solitary than before. Our lips were so parched with thirst, that we could speak but little. Our weary limbs were stiff and sore with dragging through the sands, and there stole upon us a kind of melancholy *gloom*. Now and then a vulture, or crow, was seen in the air, and occasionally a little bird sat chirping on a solitary bush; objects sufficient to excite the wish—"O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest" by some fountain of water.

While thus dejected, I again saw some distant objects, which appeared to me as *sheep or goats*, but scarcely dared to mention them, lest they should prove only to be a number of ostriches. Anxious to be certain respecting what was beheld, we quickened our pace so much that I became quite exhausted, and fell powerless on the sands. By this time, however, I was fully satisfied that the objects of my vision were really a flock of sheep and goats belonging to some farmer of the country. My boy William, though an African born, was gedaan, (done) and lingered far behind. I was unable to proceed any further; it was therefore agreed, that my young companion should hasten on till he should come up with the shepherd of the flock, and bring him to the place where I was lying, that we might make enquiries respecting water. That they might know where to find me, I made a large fire, the *smoke* of which afforded sufficient direction; and after a while the Hottentot shepherd came up with Mr. M.; and William also arrived. The Hottentot had seen us for some time, but said he thought we had come *out of the sea*, and was afraid we should kill him, which caused him to drive his flock onward, in order if possible, to keep out of our way.

At a *small pool*, not far from the place, our bottles were replenished with water; and filthy as it was, we drank it with inexpressible pleasure. The farmer's house, which

had been the object of my pursuit, was at no great distance; but near as it was, I was unable to walk to it, my strength being quite exhausted. Mr. M. set off, and though he could walk but slowly, he reached the house, leaving William and myself lying on the sand. The farmer's son soon came up with *two horses*, and addressed me thus;—"My father says, as the one hand must always *help* to wash the other, he has, therefore, sent you a horse, that you may ride to the house." I gratefully mounted the steed, and was kindly received by the family of *Engelbrechts*, where, for some time, we feasted *on tea and milk*. The farmer addressed us on our arrival, "It is *the Lord* who has wonderfully delivered you this day.—In the morning, when I rose, it was my design to send my sheep to the *northward*, but the Hottentot had taken them away to the southward, and so far distant, that I could not make him hear by calling to him; I, therefore, reserved my orders for to-morrow. But had the sheep been sent to the north, instead of the direction in which you found them, nothing could have saved you from perishing. When you *left the sands*, to proceed towards the karree, you were going into a country where there is no water, and which is destitute of inhabitants. The Lord, therefore, kept me *asleep half an hour* later than usual this morning, to save your lives." Mr. M., on hearing this, cried aloud, "de Heere, heeft ons verlost," &c., *(the Lord has delivered us,)* the Lord has delivered us; and engaged, as long as he should live in the world, to keep the 8th of January, as a day of *thanksgiving to God*. And surely I may sing with our poet—

> "Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
> He gently clear'd my way."

The farmer supplied us *with horses*, and on the evening of the 9th, we arrived at the house of an aged female, who has been playfully mentioned by Campbell and other travellers. She is of immense bulk; hence being unable to walk, she sits nigh unto the door with a long stick in her hand, that should any slave be disobedient to her orders,

summary punishment may be inflicted upon the offending culprit. She kindly invited us to supper, for which she had the head of a large Kirpater Bok.* On commencing operations, she took hold of the nose and handed it to me, saying, "Vat hem, Mynheer,"—"Take hold of it, Sir," which having done, I then handed it to Mr. M., the expression being repeated, and so the head went the round of the table. We were very hungry, and required no compliments, knowing that we were heartily welcome. It was very hot in the house, and fearing an attack would be made upon us in the night, by the two regiments of vermin,† very common in that country, we went out and slept among the chaff near the thrashing floor, where all was clean and pleasant. The traveller who lately returned from Great Namacqua-land, halted here, and says,—"Kaatje Varden Hever was the name of this lusty dame. She had not walked for some ten or twelve years, her fat had so increased upon her. I found her sitting up in bed in the middle of the day, dirty with snuff and grease, and more resembling a hippopotamus under a quilt than a human being. Before her, and by the side of the door was her arm chair, in which I was lost. On one of the arms was fixed an iron spoon, on which Kaatje was in the habit of hammering marrow-bones, and then scooping up the rich morsels with her delicate fore finger. In a choking voice she told me she was eighty-four years of age."

On the morning of the 10th, we arrived at Lily Fountain. My visit being quite unexpected, before I could reach the mission-house, I was surrounded by Namacquas:—old and young ran from their huts to meet me, so that I could not proceed. Some were shouting, others were weeping, and many enquiring from whence I had come. Poor Delia, from the Karree Mountains, who had not seen me for a long time, was quite overcome, and could only express her joy by weeping aloud, and crying, "oud Mynheer, oud Mynheer, is weder gekomen," (our first teacher is come again.)

* Goat. † Flooyen en luizen.

I was glad to find Mr. Haddy, who had been left in charge of the station, and his family well, and felt thankful to see him so much *interested in its prosperity*. The harvest had commenced, and I rejoiced to see the people generally engaged in labour. The *hattery* lately established, was likely to answer. The peach trees were laden with fruit, and the vines had produced plenty of grapes. The natives appeared to be prospering in spiritual things also. And here the words of the prophets were clearly fulfilled, "I will say unto them which were not my people, thou art my people; and they shall say, thou art my God." I could not but call to mind our entrance among them:—then they were "without Christ, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, having no hope, and without God in the world; but now in Christ Jesus, they are made nigh, having become fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."—To God be all the praise!

In the course of the year Mr. Haddy wrote to the committee as follows:—"The natives have been greatly benefited in temporal things, have been taught useful arts, and to cultivate land. They have been collected together, and form a sort of village, which, for the number it contains, though not in the mode of its formation, may be *compared* to many in England. The number of persons who regard Lily Fountain as their home, is between seven and eight hundred; and though the Namacquas are naturally addicted to wandering, yet now they seldom leave the institution, unless circumstances compel them to it. The gospel, the means of grace, their property, friends, &c., all tend to give them *an interest* in the place, and to unite them together. A rare sight this, in this thinly inhabited, and barren part of the globe. They have derived another great advantage from the peace and quiet which they now enjoy, the absence of those wars and hostilities, which none of the tribes of Africa, yet discovered, in a purely heathen state, are free from. Before Christianity was introduced here, their neighbours, the Bushmen, were frequently making attacks on them, and stealing their cattle; the consequence of

which was, that much blood was shed. But since they have been concentrated into a body, and have had a Missionary residing among them, they have had nothing to fear, either from enemies without, or from any who might be disaffected within. For on the one hand, the Bushmen *dare not* venture to attack the Namacquas now; and on the other, the Namacquas *will* not attack the Bushmen, having been taught by the gospel, to regard them as the offspring of the same common parent.

"Their spiritual and moral improvement, is seen in their regard to truth and sincerity, in their intercourse with each other, and with all men. While enveloped in darkness, having 'no fear of God before their eyes,' but little, if any regard was shown to honesty; but on the contrary, he who most excelled in deception, judged himself the most praiseworthy.

"Their *veneration* for Jehovah, as the God of providence, and the sovereign Disposer of all things, is great and affecting. Although the Namacquas were not idolaters in the common acceptation, yet many degrading customs and ridiculous ideas prevailed among them. Divine light has shone in their hearts, and most, if not all, of these are laid aside. They have been taught to look above the earth for fruits, and higher than the clouds for rain; even to Him who gives both the former and latter rain, and commands the earth to 'yield her increase.' Of many it may truly be said, their 'conversation is in heaven, from whence they also look for the Saviour.' Their souls breathe after God. I have been frequently struck with gratitude and admiration, while hearing them in their rudely constructed huts, offering praise and supplication to the God of Israel; and several times late at night, after I have gone to rest, I have heard them continuing to sing the songs of Zion.

"I do not mean to convey the idea, that they have all received and obeyed the gospel; no, much remains yet to be done; but surely these fruits of 'the gospel of the grace of God' call loudly for gratitude, and furnish the most

encouraging motives to be 'steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.'

"You have heard how much the country has suffered from the *late drought*, the crops of corn have greatly failed again the last summer: many whose principal dependence is on the produce of the land, are reduced to great want and distress. Notwithstanding this distress, the cause at Khamies Berg still continues to be encouraging, and affords ground for thankfulness, and for renewed and more ardent devotedness to the great work in which we are engaged. Before I left the station, I had the pleasure of witnessing a concern for the welfare of their souls, in some who had long been negligent, and in many respects immoral. Several young people, (especially the boys who are learning the hat-making business,) gave well-grounded proofs of a work of grace begun in their souls. I also felt it my duty, and a work in which my soul delighted, while at this station, to labour to impress on the minds of the young people who had been taught to read, in the school, the necessity of 'remembering their Creator in the days of their youth,' by reminding them of their obligations to fear and serve God, and not to be contented to live as their fathers had done, who had not been favoured with the light of God's word in their youth, as they were. Indeed, much of our future success, will, doubtless, depend on the character of those who have been taught to read the scriptures in the school, and dedicated to God in their infancy; for the manner in which they conduct themselves, after knowing the truth as far as it can be taught them by man, will give in some measure, shape and figure to the mission, and form, as it were, a new era in it; as they will possess the advantages arising from the preaching of the gospel, and the administration of religious ordinances. May they be a generation to serve God."

In 1828, Mr. Edwards raised the walls of the *new chapel*, in which work the natives gave their assistance, and early

the following year it was consecrated for the worship of Jehovah. The following are extracts from his Journal.

"*Jan. 15th*, 1829.—This afternoon I had some conversation with one of the *Bondle Zwart* people. He says, the tribe to which he belongs is numerous, and has long been without a Missionary; and, at present, they have no kind of public service among them.

"*Feb. 22nd.*—Our chapel was well filled with hearers, besides a large number of persons on the outside, not able to obtain admittance. In the afternoon I administered the Lord's Supper to a larger number of communicants than I had ever before seen at Lily Fountain, on a similar occasion. In the evening I catechised the children, and was much pleased with the questions asked by several of the school girls.

"*March 1st.*—This afternoon I held divine service in our *new chapel, for the first time.* My subject was Haggai ii. 9:—'The glory of the latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Host.' This afternoon I spoke from these words,—'Consider what great things the Lord has done for you.' (Sam. xii. 24.) The congregation both times was remarkably large for this country. Oh! may the solemn truths this day delivered, have their desired effect on the minds of all who have heard them! Oh! for more strength to labour for our adorable Redeemer!"

In 1830, I went to visit Lily Fountain, and had the pleasure of being present at *their first Missionary Anniversary*, held the 2nd of November: J. Evans, Esq., of Clanwilliam, kindly took the chair. In the course of the meeting, the following addresses were delivered with great animation:—

Jacobus Bukas rose up and said,—"My beloved brothers and sisters, we must understand that we have come together to-day for a great purpose; we are come together to help in spreading the gospel among a people who have never heard of Jesus. I thank God that I am a witness of the power of the gospel. I feel it is the word of God.

Brothers, I was formerly blind, but now I see. I was formerly polluted and sinful; I was worse than a contagious dog. I knew not that I had a soul; I knew not that there is a God in heaven. I am now thankful that the gospel has taught me that God is the Creator of all things; and it has taught me to know that man is a great being, that he is possessed of an immortal soul, and that Jesus 'loved us, and gave himself for us.' I am now anxious for my children; I want them to be brought up under the sound of the gospel. I want all my friends to be acquainted with it, that they may be brought to true repentance, and faith in the Saviour of sinners. Brothers, I stand here to-day with the same desires and designs as I had at the meeting of last year. I am ready to help, according to my ability, to send the gospel to every part of the world. On the Sabbath, we heard from our old teacher, that 'all flesh is grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.' We ought, therefore, to do something now. I am thankful that I ever came to Lily Fountain. Here I first heard the word which abideth for ever. I trust all my children will learn to know it also. Day and night the gospel is preached unto us. Many of us profess to believe it: but, as the apostle James says, let us, 'shew our faith by our works.'"

Jan William said: "Yes, brethren and sisters, by means of this society we have obtained the gospel; it is, therefore, our duty to do something for others. I feel as willing to help to-day as I did the last year. It is our duty to help; and though we may not be able to do much, we must do what we can. Brothers and sisters, I feel thankful that we sit in life; through the word we have come to life; by His grace we live; God has given his grace to us; we have it in our hands; we have it in this house which has been built; this house of God. Here we can worship; here we can pray; here we may receive the everlasting gospel. Brothers, I am thankful to the Lord who brought our teachers over the sea; that is a great

and mighty water, but they came safe, and here we see them to-day. Brothers, let us examine ourselves. We have the great word, the word of salvation, which always remains the same. Other things change, but the word of God abideth for ever. Let us pray that we may all receive it. Yes, he who never prayed before, let him begin to-day: he who never knew anything, let him begin to know to-day: he who never believed, let him believe to-day: he who never thought, let him begin to think to-day."

William Sneuwe,—"Yes, my friends, it is the work of Jesus that we are here to-day. In former days we knew nothing of these things. We had never seen nor heard the Missionaries; but now we both see and hear. There they are; they have left their fathers and mothers, their sisters and brothers,—they have left their country and friends to preach the word to us. They came over the sea; they had seen the sea before; they knew there was no path in the sea that a wagon could go on; they knew that there were mountains in the sea; they knew the great waves would roll around them, yet they came, and Jesus took care of them that they might preach the gospel to us—they came on account of our souls. When old Mynheer first arrived, I was ill, but knew not that I was a sinner, and that my soul was sick; but Jesus, by his word and Spirit led me to know myself. Brothers, let us call upon Him; let us pray in faith; let us give him our hearts. When I go and knock at the door of a friend, he opens to me; if we knock, the Lord will open to us—His word is truth. Brothers and sisters, I see no refuge but in Jesus; He is the friend of sinners. The Lord gives us rain and fruitful seasons,—how great is the goodness of God! We plough our fields and sow our seed, of which we knew nothing before we had the gospel; but now we know these things also. Above all, we hear of Jesus Christ, and though the ground of our hearts may be dry and unfruitful, yet when they drink in the rain of the gospel, they shall live and become green. I thank God for hope—I have good hope: of this I was formerly ignorant, I had

no hope. Faith in Christ Jesus, and the influence of the Spirit of God are as hands to help us. God has given us hands, and they are given that we should help others. He that believes the gospel says amen, and is diligent in all things. How long have we had the gospel? There sits the old teacher who came to us first; the Lord has brought him back again. If you would receive the word you must change your course. When a man is going on a wrong path, another calls to him, 'come here.' Thus the Lord called us by his gospel; thus he is still calling —'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, I will give you rest.' Brethren, we must turn about,— we must change our course and come to him. We hear and know that there are yet many in darkness. We know what that darkness is; we have felt it ourselves. We hope, therefore, that this word may go to the Damaras, &c. that they may hear and come to Jesus."

Jan Jacobs,—"Yes, my beloved brothers and sisters, when I was in my old state, I neither knew anything of God, nor that I had a soul. I now feel thankful for the gospel. By this the way has been opened to us, so that I know I have a soul to be saved or lost; I wish others to know this also. Though I am very poor, and cannot do much, and many here are like me, yet we can all pray, and thus help a little. In former days we were active in our old sports, and they cost us something, and profited nothing. Let us now be zealous in that which is profitable to all things."

Jantje Samsam,—"Beloved brothers and sisters, I am thankful to God that I know I have a soul; the word of God has taught me this, and I wish to be more grateful to the society which sent it. The society has been very powerful to send the gospel so far; I hope God will help, and it shall yet be more powerful. What do we see to-day? I never thought of seeing a chairman from a far country sitting here among us; but God is almighty, and Jesus the Son of Mary, shall yet do greater things. I love him, —I love Jesus; yes, as sure as I am standing here I know

I love him. Jesus loved us; he died for us on the cross; he shed his blood for us; he helps us in all our difficulties; he has helped me. We see great things to-day. Who among us ever thought of seeing such a church as this on Lily Fountain? Who ever thought of seeing our old teacher again? Here he is, now sitting among us. Who ever thought of seeing so many teachers here? Yet all our teachers preach the same gospel; yes, though there are many teachers, the word is the same, the prayer is the same, the school is the same."

Frederick Cartenaar,—"My brothers and sisters, my heart rejoices to-day: yes, I rejoice in the God of my salvation. Thank God for the grace which has been shewn to us. What do we witness to-day? Most of you know that I was born in Cape Town; I was baptized by the minister; my school-master did his best to teach me; my ministers, the reformed teachers of Cape Town, preached in the church which I attended; but, alas! I knew nothing: I felt nothing; I was as hard and as stupid as the stones under my feet. Yet I gloried in my baptism; I was proud of being a member of the church, and I thought myself great in being called a Christian. But, alas! my eyes were shut, and I saw nothing. I was in the dark, and yet proud. I was just like a sack which has been stuffed with chaff, and is hanging up in the wind. Yes, my brothers and sisters, I was a mere chaff-sack. I now thank God that I came to Lily Fountain, and heard the Missionaries. My beloved mother often warned me, but I would not believe; I would not hear; I went on in sin, and was worse than a beast. I am sorry to-day that I so often grieved my poor mother to the heart. To-day I see my sinfulness. If I had died in the state I was formerly in, what would have become of me? I should have been lost,—lost for ever. I was like a criminal fastened with fetters of iron; but the gospel has proclaimed liberty to me. I thank God for Jesus. Jesus says to all who hear the gospel,—'Come unto me—come

* Eva Bartels.

unto me.' He says,—'He that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' My brothers, this is the living water: you may all partake of it. It is my desire, above all things, to make known the love of Jesus. His love to me; his love to sinners; his love to the whole world. Oh! that I could be the means of bringing some, yea, though it were but one or two, to Jesus!"

There were so many persons to speak in the morning, that the meeting was adjourned till the afternoon. In the evening, brother Edwards was engaged in receiving subscriptions: the little children were running with their pence, while their parents and others offered sheep, goats, grain, &c. Having known this people in their heathenish state *more than fourteen years ago*, I have had a fair opportunity of seeing the mighty change produced among them by the preaching of the everlasting gospel. Their beautiful fields of corn, which are now ripening for the harvest, speak a language which all may understand—they say, "Godliness is profitable to all things"—behold, here "he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation, and sow the fields, and plant vineyards." &c. The trees of several years' growth, which are now adorned in their summer dress, and many of them laden with the choicest fruit, point to the words of the Prophet: "The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them." The new chapel lately finished by brother Edwards, which I doubt not will stand when this generation shall have passed away, reminds the observer of that promise,—"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever." The different groups of Namacquas bending their course towards the house of prayer on the morning of the Sabbath, and frequently singing the praises of God, while they ascend the holy hill, reminds one of the following delightful prophetic description: "And many people shall go and say, come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach

us of his ways; therefore, they shall come and sing in the height of Zion." The peace and good-will which prevail at this institution, and reign among all classes of people, is to me an evident accomplishment of the highly figurative prophecy of Isaiah,—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid," &c. The support which several have experienced on quitting this vale of tears, and the confidence which they have manifested in the promises of the gospel, are an excitement to pray—"Let me die the death of the righteous," &c. A *poor widow*, with whose husband I was formerly well acquainted, informed me that shortly before her partner died, he got up, and by the help of his staff he walked into the midst of his hut; he then called his children around him, and most affectionately warned and exhorted them. Before he concluded, he said, "The *staff* of Christ is in my hand; on this I rest: no man can ever take it from me." Soon after this he breathed his last, leaving a blessed testimony behind of the power of the gospel.

In 1832, the number of cattle belonging to the people of Lily Fountain was—3,000 sheep, 3,000 goats, 150 horses, 125 oxen, 250 cows, &c.

My *last visit* at the request of the Missionary committee was in 1833, and Mr. Edwards having sent the wagon to Cape Town, Mrs. Shaw and the children accompanied me on the journey. With peculiar feelings of pleasure and gratitude to God, we arrived at the institution on the 10th of October. It was the spring of the year, and all appeared gay with its return. The corn-fields were clad with a living green, and waved delightfully in the wind; the valleys were adorned with the choicest variety of flowers; the mountain birds were lavish of their notes; the trees which I had planted so many years before, had put on their summer dress, and many were richly laden with fruit. The proudest monarch on earth was never so beautifully arrayed as the fields of Lily Fountain were at this season. Several companies of Namacquas having

heard of our approach, came to meet us. At one place a *woman* who appeared to be seventy or eighty years of age, on seeing Mrs. Shaw and the children, after so long an absence, began to dance for joy. She was in the ancient Namacqua costume, had a child on her back, and must have been very unfit for such exercise; however, nothing could restrain her till she had finished her salutation; this, I suppose, was a real sincere, and scriptural dance. Old *Keudo*, the father of our late Jacob Links, also made his appearance. He said he could not live without the "blyde klank." (the joyful sound.) He is getting weaker, but is evidently ripening for a better world; I gave him the coat sent by the late Rev. Dr. Townley, which he received with great pleasure, and soon put it on: it was not a very excellent fit, but he was never before so highly honoured as to wear a garment belonging to one who had been the *President of the Conference.*

The 16th of October was the anniversary of my consenting to remain among the Namacquas; and though seventeen years had rolled away, several of them remembered it still. While remaining on the mountain, we were led to visit the *grave* of our second beloved infant: it is by the side of a rock of granite, and a solitary bush of the wilderness marks the place of sepulture. We could not refrain from adopting the custom of some of the Namacquas, who, on passing the graves of their friends, put on them additional stones. Our own children, Charlotte, and Jane, with Samuel, and Daniel,* engaged in bringing stones to place on the tomb of their little sister; and several native children joined them in their labour of love. The voice of the archangel and the trump of God, shall one day break open the mountain sepulchres, and the dead, small and great, shall appear before him. The following day the missionary meeting was held, and the natives spoke with great freedom and genuine missionary feeling.

Mr. Edwards sent an account of this meeting to the missionary committee.

* So named, after the late excellent Rev. Daniel Isaac.

"Little Namacqua-land, Khamies Berg, *Oct. 29th*, 1833. —I am sure it will afford you considerable pleasure to learn that we are doing well in *this part of the Lord's vineyard;* and also to hear that the general attendance of our Namacquas upon the preaching of the word, and the ordinances of religion, affords us satisfaction.

"The *Rev. W. Robertson*, colonial clergyman of this district, lately favoured us with a visit. He preached three times in our chapel, to large and attentive congregations. His sermons were strictly evangelical, delivered with much zeal and energy, and well calculated to convince the careless and unawakened sinner. I pray that his labours here, and among the neighbouring farmers, may answer the end designed by them. We have also recently been favoured with the company of brother and sister Shaw, our old friends and fellow-labourers in this distant part of the world. I scarcely need say, that the Namacquas were exceedingly glad to see their old teacher among them, who, under God, was instrumental in bringing the Gospel to this place, upwards of seventeen years ago. During brother Shaw's stay with us, we held *our missionary meeting*; and I am happy to say, it was one of the most interesting we ever had. Although the collection in money was small, owing to the want of a circulating medium among the natives in this part of the colony; yet, the speeches delivered by the Namacquas on the occasion, excited our gratitude to Almighty God, and constrained us to say, "What hath the Lord wrought!" The following natives spoke on the occasion, as follows:—

"*Peter Links* (a brother of the late *Jacob Links*) stood up and commenced thus:—"My beloved friends, the Bible is the word of God; yes, I have found it to be so. The word which was sent to us is truly God's word. I am exceedingly glad it was sent to us, and hope to remain by it to the end of my life. We have heard to-day that it is now seventeen years since we received it. I rejoice exceedingly that I have heard it, and hope that you will re-

joice with me. We have now in our possession that which is true; the word which teaches us that God is almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth. The word tells us also of a Saviour, who came into the world to save the lost. Is not this cause of joy? Before you received the Gospel, you knew not why you were born; you knew not for what end you came into the world. The teachers who came first told us; they told us what was in the Bible. I have heard several preach, and the word is the same; it is the same as I read in my Bible. Here we are told what we are to do, and what we are not to do. The way is set before us, and that way is Jesus; yes, it is Jesus, and there is no other way. Brothers! what I said before, I say again. I am full of joy, and this is one of the happiest days of my life. Yes, I am full of joy, for 'Jesus receiveth sinners still.' Our teachers have told us this joyful news, and we hear it daily. But the apostle James says something in his epistle, to which we should also take heed: 'What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith and have not works?' If he who is hungry, or in distress, asks you for something, and you say, 'Be warmed or filled,' and yet give him nothing, but send him away, where is the comfort he sought? He has none. We have heard to-day that praying and working must go together. So says James also, and declares that 'faith without works is dead.' I read that Jesus said, 'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?' Jesus himself is our example; and said, as we have heard this morning, 'I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day.' Yes; to-morrow, as one of our hymns says, it may be too late. 'Procrastination,' we have been told, 'is the thief of time:' it steals one day after another. Paul, when preaching before a certain man, was told to 'go away;' and so he did. There was putting off! but I do not read that Felix ever sent for Paul again. We have also heard of the Samaritan who had compassion on him who had been left half dead. Two people who saw him passed by; neither the Priest nor the Levite helped him;

but the Samaritan bound up his wounds, and set him on his own pack-ox, or beast, on which he rode; he had a compassionate heart, and did many things for the man who had fallen among thieves; and we are called upon to act as he did. If I understand aright, we all come from one father, Adam, and are, therefore, brethren. From Adam to Noah we are one; and, when God destroyed the world, I read of Noah and his family only who were saved, as a seed, to people the earth. We, therefore, come from that family. It has been said by some, that we are the descendants of Ham. Of that, however, I shall not now speak, but rather attend to the words of Him who said: 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' Whether we are descended from Shem, Ham, or Japheth, I care not, if we are only believers in Jesus, and obey him. Jesus is the head. He is the Saviour, and there is no other. Brothers, if you go to any other, you go in vain. You should all come to him; he invites you all. Brothers and sisters, to whom will you go? Now is the time for you to seek, while you have health and strength; then shall you find; and, 'though your sins are scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' What is to hinder you? Is it the world? The world belongs to Jesus: yea, the world is his, and he says: 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.' Seek now, for in the grave there is no repentance. No man ever rose from the dead to make all right. It was said to the rich man, who wished one to be sent to his brethren, 'Let them hear Moses and the Prophets.' We have heard to-day, that what we do we should do with our might; let us then, not only pray, but work; let us go on praying and working. What were we before we had the Gospel? We were like the dry bones; yes, we were very dry; there were no sinews, no flesh, no skin, no breath. Those who have not the Gospel are now as we then were; they are dead, and must remain so till they obtain the Gospel. All are now called upon; yea, old and young are called upon to work and pray.

"*Moses Smit*,—I am thankful, brothers and sisters, that I have found Jesus; and that Jesus is the true God and my Saviour. I hope to continue in his word, and be thankful for it.

"*William Sneuve*,—Brothers, I was convinced, by the preaching of the Gospel, that there is a Saviour for sinners: that Saviour is also my father and friend. If I have adversity and trials, he comforts me. Formerly I knew not where to find peace, but now I have it. We have heard that Jesus is the living water. In a dry and barren land who can live? Who can live without water? So without Jesus our souls cannot live. Jesus, the living water, is here; and, as many assemble together where a fountain is springing up, so are we assembled. It is true, I am poor; but I have one thing,—the grace of God,—and with that I am rich. Some think that they can do without the Gospel; but, my brothers and sisters, the Gospel is requisite for all. There is but one water, one salvation, one life, one Saviour. This Saviour is for all; and what I can do to send the Gospel, I will do with my heart. Behold now this Gospel! It is one word; it is the same; it is never either old or cold. When you have got food for your bodies, you eat and are satisfied; here, now, is food for your souls. Here is peace, love, joy! How did you obtain these? Surely, by the spread of the Gospel; and by this Gospel I will remain. We must remain by the water; yes, and I will do all that I am able that the nations who never yet heard it may also hear. There are rich men in the world, and they are highly esteemed; but I would not exchange with the richest man on earth, who has not the Gospel and the true riches. Man needs rest, and for this purpose he takes a pillow, on which he lays his head. Now we need rest for our souls, and Jesus says, 'I will give it.' Jesus, my friend, is my resting-place; he is my pillow; and his love which I experience is unspeakable. When I was brought to know Jesus, I felt a desire that others also should know him. If the Lord were to call me to visit those who are yet in darkness, I

could leave all to go amongst them. I could go amongst the wildest and most savage to tell them of Jesus. I could take up my carosse, and go amongst them. And though I should be murdered, what then? Though they should take my bodily life away, there is something that flies; there is one thing which they cannot kill or destroy. If a letter was sent from the Cape to call us to some service, we are ready to go, and should expect a reward. Here we have God's letter: he calls to us, and the Gospel must go further. What a great thing is this! Our teachers left fathers, and mothers, and all their friends; they came over the sea, and here we behold them to-day. The teachers, we know, are our friends; but what did we know of friends before their coming amongst us? We can all help a little in sending that word which teaches Jesus to be 'the way, the truth, and the life.' We have heard that little streams flowing together make a river; that rivers flow towards the sea, and, meeting there, make a great water. So, my beloved brothers and sisters, let us all do something. I see many other things before me, on which I could speak, but must now sit down.

"*Jan William*,—I feel myself constrained to give to this cause, for we hear there are so many without the knowledge of Christ. By means of God's servants, whom he sent to us, we have obtained our knowledge. Why, then, can we not help? We have promised the Lord. Why, then, are we behind? for his word is yea and amen. We are now members of the church: we are, therefore, called upon to pray; we are called upon to be peacemakers; we are called to be faithful; we are called upon to labour; we are called upon to love all men. There are many who are yet ignorant; so I hope we shall fix our purpose to help them, and do them good.

"*Joseph Jokkum*,—The Lord has sent his word to this country, and I thank him for it. I am glad that we have received it, and hope we shall bring forth fruit. Let us take hold of the Gospel, and work with it. It is a pure word, and shall remain for ever. Let us pray with our

hearts, that we may have God's blessing, and that others who are ignorant may seek to know it.

"*David Caffer*,—Though I am very ignorant, yet I am convinced that the Gospel which we hear is the truth. I trust this meeting will have the blessing of God. I did not know at first why such meetings were held, but now I see their design; and, as far as I can, I will help the Missionary Society.

"*Keudo Links* (father of the late *Jacob Links*,)—My beloved brothers and sisters, what shall I say? The Lord is gracious and merciful, and I rejoice that all may now hear and understand. God be merciful to me! Where, O Jesus, should I have been this day, if I had not had thy word? I see, my brothers and sisters, that this world is nothing. Why will ye not believe? Why will ye not depart from iniquity? My children, what a blessing that we hear of Jesus! that he has all power, and that he can save us! He says: 'Where two or three are gathered together, I am in the midst.' Children, hold fast; yea, my children, hold fast. Keep your ears open. Why do you complain? I have now no complaints, for day and night we hear the Gospel. What can we have more? I feel, children, that I have nearly done. Lord, teach and support us. But, my children, be not slothful. Labour on: obey your teachers, and it shall be well with you. I cannot say much, and fear lest I should say anything wrong; yet I say, sinners, come! What is to hinder you? What do you want more than this? Who ever thought that we should thus meet together? Brothers and sisters, there is salvation in Jesus. He says: 'Come, come to me.' To him I am thankful, and can say: 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.'

"*Piet Africaner*:—Before I heard the Gospel, I was stupid and knew nothing. After I began to hear, I could not understand till I began to pray to God. Then he opened my eyes, and gave me to see. It is good for us to call upon God, and I feel willing to do something, that all nations may hear the Gospel.

"*Gert Links*:—Jesus, my friends, is worthy: it is not by me, or through me, but of his mercy. We are unworthy, unworthy sinners, but he has sent us his word. In this word he promises to help; yes, he is a helper. What did our teacher say to-day? The first sentence he spoke to us was, 'My beloved friends.' Thus, we, who had formerly no friends, have obtained them through the Gospel. What farmer in this country ever said to us 'My friends?' Let us be joyful to-day. The word of God is a word of truth. And let us learn to do the will of God.

"*Gert Bukas*:—I am glad that the Lord sent us the Gospel. Let us fall down on our knees before God, and thank him for his servants who brought it. They left their country and people for us. When the minister came to preach in this country, the people were expecting to hear some wonderful things. They said the parson was coming to preach to the farmers, and that he would preach to us also. Many thought he would say something new, but he only told us what we have heard from the beginning. It was just the same thing; it is but one Gospel. You know that I have been one of the greatest beer-drinkers on this place. Thus have I gone astray, and sinned against God; but I here engage, before God and his people, that the dop (part of a calabash which serves as a cup) shall no more pass my lips. Beloved brothers and sisters, whether you are young or old, learn from the Gospel.

"*Adam Adams*:—When I heard of the Gospel, I put on my veldschoen, (a sort of sandal,) and set off to hear what the news was,—to hear what was in the book. I found it to be a great word, and all the glory of the world is no thing when compared to it. Brothers, we are getting nearer to eternity. Let the beer-drinkers (or drunkards) repent, and trample all beneath their feet. It is now, 'the day of salvation,' and the teachers proclaim it; yes, and the parson who was here preached it also. Some

* One who came with the Chief to meet us at first.

thought there would be a difference between his teaching and that of our own teachers; but there was no difference at all. It was just the same as we have been hearing for many years. It was the same as that by which we were brought out of darkness into wonderful light. I see, then, there is but one Gospel, one way, one Saviour; and we shall never have another." He also added, "What the minister said in his preaching was delightful. Some of the farmers themselves called it very good, but others were offended, because he would have the black people into the farmer's house to hear the Gospel. Since then, they have given him the name of 'Hottentots' Parson.' Thus all the teachers tell us the way; Jesus himself teaches us. Brothers, let us turn to Him who calls. Some of you smother yourselves with drinking; but now let young and old turn to God, and repent of their sins. Brothers, where will you go? Whither will you creep to hide yourselves? Will you go into the sea? He is there. Will you hide yourselves in the rocks? He is there also. You cannot hide yourselves from him. Stand up, then, and depart from iniquity, and so shall the Lord be your helper."

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Cook, the excellent wife of the Rev. E. Cook, shows the view which they formed of Lily Fountain on their arrival at that station:—

Namacqua-land, February, 1835.

My dear Mrs. Shaw,

After a journey of many mercies, we arrived here on the 20th instant, and took possession of your old house, leaving the new one to be ready for Mr. Jackson. We find it exceedingly pleasant —the weather is delightfully cool—the trees are loaded with fruit, and altogether the place wears a very bright aspect.

Yesterday the Missionary meeting was held, when the people manifested a great deal of good feeling towards the Mission cause, and expressed their desire to do their little all to assist in sending the Bible to other Heathen tribes, in order to their enjoying the same blessed privileges with themselves.

We had a large concourse of people *on Sunday*, assembled to hear Mr. Edwards's farewell sermon: the large chapel would not contain them,—therefore service was held at the same time by Mr. *Cook*, in the School-room.

Of course, Mr. Edwards's departure is quite an event in this part, after such a long residence.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

MARY F. COOK.

Sir James Edward Alexander, K.L.S., on his expedition to the Great Namacqua and Damara countries, in 1836, remained for a time at Lily Fountain, of which he speaks in his first volume, page 57:—"In the sloping mountain valley is found a good church, school, mission-house, and out-buildings; a productive garden watered by an abundant fountain, overshadowed by poplars. My worthy friend, the Rev. B. Shaw, first formed this station, in 1816. He was succeeded by the Rev. E. Edwards, who laboured here for fourteen years, most successfully. There are eight hundred on the books of the institution; and I was quite surprised and pleased to see the quantity of land they cultivate, stimulated as they are to exertion by the Missionary, under whom are two corporals and six councillors, or heads, annually elected by ballot.

"The Namacquas of Lily Fountain had sown latterly about one hundred muids, or twenty thousand pounds of wheat annually, and had raised from this fifteen hundred to two thousand muids. Mr. Edwards was absent at Cape Town when I arrived at the station, and a thin looking corporal (Bukas) received me. I thought that he was very *poor* from his appearance, and I intended offering him the head and liver of a sheep I was about to kill, to keep him from starving, when I found, to my surprise, that he grew forty muids of corn annually, had a span of fourteen oxen, a wagon, twelve horses, and seven hundred sheep and goats.

"Once a month, disputes are settled here *in council*, which are principally for cattle trespassing on corn-land; and those brought before the council can of course appeal from its decision to the field coronet of the ward, or magistrate of the district. Yearly a herd is appointed, and yearly the ponds must be cleaned out for the cattle. Thus the Missionary, besides having his spiritual duties to attend to, has much to do with the temporal matters of the people, as farming, carpentry, and smith's work. The winters are very severe on the Khamies Berg; but for eight or nine months the temperature is delightful on the mountain. I found it sixty-five and seventy generally at mid-day,—with clear skies, the perfume of wild flowers, the constant rustling of the leaves of trees, and the notes of birds to soothe one in this retreat from the vanities of the world.

"Walking up the green slope behind the station, to a gorge between the two summits of the mountain, I saw wave after wave of hills declining towards the sea, over which a mist hung, and on which, at night, an occasional ship could be distinguished by its lights. There were numerous traces of rock rabbits, and the Cape *lark* whirred aloft, and dropt to the ground with its melancholy note."

Sir James having taken an excursion in the neighbourhood, upon his return to Lily Fountain, found Taylor, one of his men laid up with severe pains in the face. He says,—"I tried all sorts of remedies, without effect,—hot water, laudanum, &c., and he got no relief, till I made an old Namacqua cup him with a small horn, which he applied to his scarified cheek, and sucked at the small end till the blood flowed.

"A 'brandy Boor' now came on the mountain; that is, a farmer with a wagon load of wine and spirits, who tried to dispose of it to the Namacquas. This Boor was commonly known by the *soubriquet* of *Cobus Bulb*, as he was a big, red-faced man with very coarse manners. He sold his wine for a rix-dollar, or eighteen-pence the bottle, and

his brandy at two shillings. I gave a hint to the corporal to look after the people, and prevent their drinking at the brandy wagon; and accordingly Cobus Bulb wended his way from the station, complaining of the badness of the roads, the cold of the mountain, and above all, of the armoedigheid (poverty) of the people, which prevented their dealing with him.

"Thus I spent my time at Lily Fountain, variously employed during the day, and occupying my solitary chamber at night; and I enjoyed great calm and peace during these halcyon days,—far too serene to last.

'Non numero horas, nisi serenas.'"

After having been at the Orange River, the same traveller remarks,—"I rode by Woolfpoort and the Cardow, to Lily Fountain, where all my people were well, and anxious to proceed; and here I now found the Rev. Mr. Edwards, with his wife and family returned from the Cape, and the chief Abram, of the Bondle Zwaart Namacquas, with three men waiting to see me.

"I said before, that many of the *old farmers* consider the coloured classes in so inferior a light, that they think them quite unworthy of worshipping the Deity in common with themselves, saying that the Bible is only for white men. I now saw another striking proof of this ignorant feeling. Whilst I was hearing the mission-school examined, (and certainly the proficiency of the children in reading and understanding the Scriptures was very great,) I remarked an *old woman* with spectacles, sitting besides two or three other women, and attentively reading the sacred volume. I asked who she was, and the missionary told her to answer me. She informed me that she had lived with a farmer who would not allow his people to hear the family worship which he occasionally held, but that she used to listen at the window, and behind the door, and thus learnt something by stealth; could repeat the Lord's prayer, and could sing a hymn or two. Still she wanted something more, and she searched

for it in vain; but after a time, she overheard an old man praying in a wood, and thus she was first instructed in her religious duties. She came to the Missionaries, learned to read when she was advanced in years, and now seemed to take a wonderful delight in religious exercises."

From a recent letter written by *Mr. Jackson*, dated May 2, 1838, we extract the following communication:—

"The reception given to the Gospel here, and the statements which I have frequently heard from our people, have many times filled my heart with gratitude. You have, unquestionably, ground for encouragement, and should persevere, until that which remains to be done is accomplished, many have obtained that which has made them happy, and which has enabled them, with the knowledge of an eternal state of existence, not only to die without fear, but to exult in the prospect of dissolution. I observed in the *Watchman*, that Lieutenant Colonel Alexander has communicated with you, and has recommended three places suitable for mission stations, on the North side of the Orange River. I am happy to see that you regard the proposal favourably. I earnestly pray that the God of Missions may plentifully furnish you with both men and means. I have given my views and feelings, in reference to going *further*, in a former letter. I felt my missionary zeal again fanned, the last Sunday in our love-feast, while listening to the statements of our people. I was led to contrast their present with their previous circumstances, when they were 'without God, and without hope in the world;' and I felt willing—

> 'To spend and to be spent for them,
> Who have not yet the Saviour known.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARE TO VISIT GREAT NAMACQUA-LAND—SPEECH OF OLD LINKS—STEINKOPFF—IN A WASTE WILDERNESS—ALL LOST—HIGH-COLORED COFFEE—ORANGE RIVER—SCENERY—BUSH-WOMAN—A HUMAN VOICE HEARD—WOODEN HORSE—LEAKY SHIP—EAT A BULLOCK—LION'S FOOTSTEPS—MR. SCHMELEN—OX-RIDING—FED BY A LION—SOUR MILK—TSAUMAP'S VILLAGE—PRESENT OF A BULLOCK—A NOVEL SIGHT—COOKING—EATING MARROW—SAVOURY MEAT—CHIEF ON A COW—CLOUDS OF DUST—GAMMAP'S VILLAGE—PREACHING BY MOONLIGHT—CONSULTATION WITH CHIEFS—COLD LODGINGS—A BOLD BEGGAR—HARD RIDING—A TORMENTING THIRST—WATER—REACH BETHANY—MR. AND MRS. SCHMELEN.

EARLY in the year 1820, I began to prepare for a visit to the country of the *Great Namacquas*, in order to judge of the possibility of extending to them also, the truths of the gospel. As soon as the natives of Lily Fountain perceived this, suspecting that it was my design to *remain* in that country, an aged man named Links, was delegated to speak with me on the subject. The old man having asked permission, commenced his address; which partly ran thus:—

"Mynheer,—we cannot think of allowing you to go to Great Namacqua-land, lest you should not return to us. The *believing children* have spoke with each other, and they have spoke to me. They are all sorrowful, and resolved, if possible, to prevent your going. You, Sir, have planted a *tree* here, a beautiful tree;—you have watered that tree—you have taken pains with it—and it is growing, and bears fruit; if you go and leave us, this beautiful tree will

droop: if it be not watched and watered, it will *die away*, —How can you go and leave it?"

On the 25th of March, all being in readiness, we bade them farewell, and commenced our journey. The usual *salute* was fired on the rising ground near the institution; after which we drove forward with all possible speed. We passed the spot where the mortal remains of the late Mrs. Albrecht, and Mrs. Sass, are mouldering in the dust; and on the 31st, arrived at Steinkopff, the station of the *Rev. Mr. Kitchingman*, a London Missionary, who resolved to accompany us.

April 8th.—We were in the midst of a *waste howling wilderness.* No rain having fallen for several months, all vegetation seemed at an end. Scarcely anything was visible but the shrivelled stems of dying bushes, and here and there a brown, sickly-looking heath, interspersed with a few succulent plants, apparently struggling for life. Here were no traces of cultivation to attract the attention, no hills clothed with verdure to relieve the eye, no trees or bushes to shelter from the mid-day sun, no fountains inviting to their friendly streams; but as far as the eye could reach, all nature appeared to be languishing, and was destitute of objects to enliven the dreary uniformity. In the coolest place that could be found, the thermometer stood at 110°. This extreme heat produced langour of body, and depression of spirits, altogether indescribable. Never, till this time, had I so clearly seen the beauty of that passage of sacred writ, "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, as a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the *shadow* of a great rock in a weary land." This place is called *Sand Kraal*, a name strictly appropriate, as the disconsolate traveller, wherever he directs his eye, beholds nothing but a gloomy and barren waste.

April 14th.—Last night we arrived in the bed of a periodical river, which was destitute of water. A little was found among some rocks which were near, but it was too *nauseous for use.* This morning we continued our route

along a range of mountains, which appeared to defy our further procedure. At noon we were on the sloping side of a terrific rock, over which the wheel of a wagon had never before been put in motion. The poor oxen had dragged us along over sharp stones and shelving rocks, till some of them fell with fatigue. We were at length so completely hemmed in on every side that we could proceed no further: our *guide* acknowledged that he had missed his way, and we must now return. To extricate our wagon from this perplexing situation, necessity drove us to make a path; in the doing of which, many a stone which had lain at least for ages, was rolled from its ancient bed. The wagon was almost shattered to pieces,—the bullocks were beginning to fail,—yet, after hard toiling, we found ourselves at sunset, at the *very spot* we had left in the morning. For the water, which in the morning we could not take, we were now extremely thankful. Though salt, bitter, and horrible to the aspect, I lay down and drank heartily of it, and Mrs. S. soon made some coffee, and drank also.

On the following day, our guide appeared no longer at a loss respecting the road, but led us with certainty across the mountainous heights, and before sunset we had a distant, but pleasing view, of the *Orange River*. The prospect which we thus enjoyed, from an elevated situation, led us to suppose ourselves much nearer than we really were; fatigued, and parched with thirst, every fathom appeared a furlong, and every furlong a mile. The labouring oxen gave many a groan; the relays bellowed around us; and the pedestrians who drove the loose cattle, were weary with trudging in the sand. About midnight, however, our desires were accomplished. Our little Namacquas, unaccustomed to see the swell of a mighty river, or hear its tremendous roar over precipitous rocks,* hesitated to approach the rapid stream. Some said it was very

* The Agate, and other precious stones are found in abundance, in different parts of this river. Part one of these Agates—a *fortification*, beautifully lined, is now suspended to my watch. The other part was presented

angry, and might take them away; others feared lest wild *beasts* should be lurking by its side: thus, though we were all parched with thirst, none would go down to the river for water; I, therefore, took the water vessel myself, and hastened to the stream, when they immediately followed, each manifesting the spirit of Jacob Links, who once said to *Mr. Archbell*, "waar mynheer gaat, daar zal ik ook gaan, (where you go, Sir, I will go also." After this long day's journey, having taken some refreshment, our eyes were speedily closed in sleep.

As soon as we had shaken off our slumbers, we were delighted with the view of this immense body of water. Its beauty is increased by contrast; for the eye no sooner loses sight of the river, and the foliage of the trees by which it is skirted, than it is fixed on mountains, rising indeed in majestic grandeur, but gloomy and barren as the desert of Zaara. This death-like sterility, on each side of the finest river in South Africa, tends to depress the spirits, and create a gloom, and a melancholy train of reasoning, such as I never felt in any other part through which I have travelled.

We had waited here several days, and the river, though it had somewhat subsided, was very deep, when two of the best swimmers went in, to try whether it would be practicable to cross on a raft. Each of them had a piece of wood two or three feet longer than himself, on which he lay down, taking hold of a peg with his left hand, while the right hand and feet were engaged in swimming. Mr. Campbell has aptly termed this contrivance a wooden horse. But the wooden horses and their riders were driven to a great distance by the force of the current, and on coming out, pronounced it dangerous, as yet, to attempt crossing. Here several tame Bushmen came to visit us, and ask for something to eat. One of the females, in

to my respected friend, the Rev. Daniel Isaac. It was cut by a lapidary, and worn as a seal. This I find, is now in the possession of his biographer, the Rev. J. Everett; who also possesses other beautiful specimens, presented to him by the Rev. J. Archbell.

order to obtain a supply, directed us to look at her *legs*, saying, "look here, my legs are like those of an ostrich, and now you see me lean and meagre, but when the rains shall fall, and the grass grow, so that our goats may have plenty of milk, I shall become *plump and fat*."

On the 22nd, to our great surprise, the sound of a *human voice* was heard from afar. By the aid of a glass, two persons were seen on the top of a high mountain; not knowing, at first, whether they might be friends or enemies, happy were we, on their approach, to receive a *letter* from Mr. Schmelen, who had sent both men and oxen to our assistance. In the course of a few days, we had prepared a raft, which consisted of a number of poles fastened together with the bark of the mimosa, and though a rudely constructed vessel, and withal very leaky, we got safely across. Two people swam before, two or three on each side, and four were pushing behind. Many who assisted in ferrying us over were Bushmen, who being very hungry, an *ox* was slaughtered, and soon cut up and suspended on the bushes. On each side of the water, cooks were constantly employed; and they did their *duty well*, for before we left the river nearly the whole bullock was consumed.

Leaving the Orange River, after having travelled through a barren desolate country, in which the footsteps of the *lion* were frequently seen, and his voice heard, we reached Bethany, where we found Mr. Schmelen and his family all well. This enterprising Missionary has undergone innumerable hardships in these dreary regions; yet, when speaking in reference to his trials, he said,—"Should I be asked that question, 'When I sent you forth without purse or scrip, or shoes, lacked ye any thing?' I should answer, *No, nothing*." Surely he has meat to eat which the world knoweth not of—*Forty days* had now elapsed since we left Steinkopff, during which we had not seen a single dwelling-house of any description, and had passed through a country, which, with the exception of a few Bushmen and Namacquas by the Orange River, is entirely destitute of inhabitants.

On the 11th of May we resumed our travels, with the design of visiting some of the tribes *on the north-east* of Bethany. There being no roads of any description, and, in many parts of the country, the mountains being impassable, we were constrained to leave our wagons behind We would gladly have made our tour on horses; but, as Bethany could not supply us with those animals, we conformed to the custom of the country, and *mounted our oxen.* To train a young ox for riding, it is thrown on the ground, and a short stick, forked at one end, is thrust through the cartilege of its nose; to the ends of the stick a thong is attached, which forms the bridle; sheep skins are placed on the back, and secured with reins or thongs; the ox is then mounted by a good rider, who holds fast by the belly thongs, and allows the ox to plunge with him or to run off, till it is tired; and thus, after a time, its spirit is broken, though some ugly falls are got, and much scratching is endured among the bushes by the rider, during the process. Thus equipped, accompanied by Mr. Schmelen, and twelve Namacquas, we set out, leaving our wives at Bethany. Some of our company went as guides, some as marksmen, and others were allured by the hope of obtaining flesh to eat, and fat with which to besmear themselves. A short distance from the institution, we passed innumerable beds of stone, as exactly suited for building as if cut by the tools of masonry.

The next day we travelled to the bed of the river Kakoorip. The bold mountain scenery on either side was majestically grand, and everywhere the footsteps of lions, which had gone down the river before us, were apparent. About noon we sat down to await the arrival of some of the hunting party, who were yet missing, when owing to the intensity of the heat we *involuntarily fell asleep.* We were afterwards much affected with the headache, resulting from exposure to the rays of the sun. When the hunters arrived, they brought with them the hind quarters of an antelope, which had been *killed by a lion.* He had eaten what he thought proper, and left the remainder

for us; thus we were literally fed by the king of the desert.

14th. This was the rest of the holy Sabbath; *but not so to us.* While our friends in England were entering the courts of the Lord's house, and drawing water from the well of salvation; we were faint and weary, wandering in a dry and thirsty land, and anxious to reach some cooling stream. In the afternoon, we arrived at a small horde of Namacquas; and sitting down under a tree, the *chief* came and conversed with us. The men of his kraal were gone out on a hunting excursion, (for there are no *sabbaths* there,) and on being told that we were hungry, he himself ran and brought us two or three bowls of *sour milk*, which, though not given in the cleanest vessels, was very acceptable. Having spoken to them of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, we proceeded on our way, and before sunset reached the horde of *'Tsaumap.* A message was sent to some at a distance inviting them to our worship, but they returned for answer, that they had *never seen white men*, and were afraid to come, for 'Tsaumap was absent. Here we observed a party of men gaming for beads,—the first instance of the kind that I ever witnessed among the Namacquas. When about to leave the place, a large *fat ox* was presented us, by a kind of deputy chief; in consequence of which we had to remain another day to kill and eat. I gave him in return some small presents; he was very desirous of having a *shirt*, so I took off my own and placed it upon him. With this he was mightily pleased, and attracted many admirers. The shirt did not long retain its colour, for the man apparently had never been washed since he came into existence. This was with our hungry attendants, a high day; from morn till midnight, their fires were continually enployed in cooking. Our cook roasted for us a part of one of the sides of the ox, which he suspended on sticks, over a large fire. For *plates* we sought ourselves flat stones; for *gravy*, we had the marrow from the large bones; for *bread*, we had slices of

liver; and for pepper and salt, the ashes which adhered to the meat.

Leaving this, we came to the kraal of the Chief *Kenna-map Koebib.* He and some of his people, had once been at Lily Fountain, and were greatly delighted at seeing us again. Here some hungry dogs, during the night, stole the *shoes* of Mr. Kitchingman, and would, doubtless, have taken mine also, had I not kept them on my feet.

On our way towards the residence of the head chief, we were *met by Tsaumap,* who readily changed his course, and became our guide. By the addition of his party, our company was considerably augmented, amounting to thirty or forty persons. The chief, who rode upon a beautiful *cow,* set off at full gallop. The heat was intense; the sands were deep; the wind blew; and though almost suffocated with clouds of dust, yet we galloped on. In the afternoon we arrived at the village of *Gammap,* the acknowledged head chief of the country. Gammap, and so many of his people, came to shake hands with us, that we were wearied with their politeness, and requested them to desist.

In the evening, we sounded *our trumpet* (a large bullock's horn) to collect the people for divine worship. The chiefs first came, and sat on the ground near us; afterwards, men, women, and children crowded behind, till we had a large concourse of hearers. It was my lot to open our commission to these benighted Gentiles, in a country where *Christ had never before been named.* A fine full *moon* lighted up our patriarchal temple, and a becoming attention, on the part of the hearers, was everywhere manifested. The taste of the females for *music* was such, that they readily joined us in that part of the service; and any person at a distance, might have supposed that our concluding hymn had been sung by an English assembly.

The following day was the Sabbath, when, after service, we held a consultation with the chiefs respecting Missionaries.

Gammap said,—"It appears that we have gone astray

ever since the time of Adam and Eve. We wait every day for the great Word. I, as the first, shall say, Yes."

Nannimap:—"As Gammap is the oldest chief, he will first have a teacher; but I shall come and hear him, and will afterwards have one for myself."

'Tsaumap, who had been our guide, seemed a more sensible man than any of the others. He had paid great attention to what he had heard, and said,—"I am hasty to have a teacher; I am afraid that it will be long before he comes; cannot one of you remain with us now?" On being informed that we should have to return and consult our wives, and make other preparations,—"Then," said Gammap, "I am sure you will be long, for a woman *is a werf*, (village,) and cannot easily be removed."*

By way of encouragement, I told them that perhaps the wind which blew so high was then wafting towards the shores of Africa, the *ship* which was bringing them a teacher; when Tsaumap said: "I am afraid it will be long before he comes, *for my soul is smothering in sin.*"

During the night, the rain poured in such torrents, and the wind was so high, that our lodgings proved comfortless, and we were necessitated to wrap our skin carosses very tightly around us. The oxen, cows, and calves, were bellowing continually, and the sheep and goats were bleating, so that we enjoyed but little sleep. I rose early to seek for some warm milk; but the natives were also cold and wet, and did not like milking in the heavy rains. A present, however, being offered, they soon bestirred themselves, and I obtained a supply.

Towards evening, the old chief Gammap came to beg for *more clothing*. Being expostulated with on the impropriety of thus troubling us, and reminded of what he had already received, he replied: "What you say is true, but then the *hat*† sits upon my head like an old crow upon a bush, and calls for a shirt and other things belonging to it. My old greasy carosse and the hat do not agree to-

* Vid. Chapter on Hottentot Family—Namacquas.

† I had previously given him my *Hat*.

gether at all." This reasoning was so powerful that he obtained a shirt, and other articles. Some of Gammap's people appeared much more inclined to devotion than himself; for during the hours of the night I had heard some of them among the bushes, endeavouring to sing the praises of God, and to pray in broken accents to Him of whom so lately, for the first time, they had heard.

On the 26th we commenced our *return* to Bethany, and having changed our oxen, travelled till near midnight. Between twelve and one we again set out, but owing to the darkness of the night, lost our intended course. Our guide refused to halt, stating that we were so far from water. We, therefore, continued to follow him, moving slowly on till sunrise. The light of day discovered to us a country covered with huge stones, so confusedly thrown together, that our way, at times, seemed entirely blocked up. The whole of the day was spent in crossing this miserable country; nor could we lose time to make one single halt to refresh the oxen. Never had I passed such a day as this before. *Scorched* by an almost vertical sun; *torn* by the prickly bushes; *jolted* by unruly bullocks; *parched* by a burning wind; *pestered* by swarms of flies; *faint* for want of sustenance; and *tormented* with an indescribable thirst, we began to be impatient, and somewhat dejected. We had travelled nearly *thirty hours* with but little intermission; *eighteen* having been passed without water. Our voices became harsh, and it was with difficulty that we could speak to each other; and the cattle were rendered lame by the sharpness of the stones. While reflecting on our situation, and ready to give up the hope of getting through the wilderness, we heard the *hoarse* voice of a native, and could just distinguish the words—"*Water in de rock*," Water in the rock. Hastening to the spot, what was our joy to behold a large *lake of water*, sufficient to supply thousands of men and beasts! Thus refreshed, we proceeded with renewed courage; the sun having left the horizon, the air became more cool; and our cattle soon finding themselves in the fields in which they had so often

roamed, were more willing to proceed. About eight in the evening we reached the house of Mr. Schmelen, thankful to Him who "had preserved us in all the way wherein we had gone, and among all the people through whom we had passed."

At Bethany there is a beautiful *fountain*, whose streams are led over a considerable piece of garden ground; and the natives possess numerous herds of cattle. Mr. Schmelen laboured long and faithfully at this post of difficulty; but at length, in consequence of frequent disturbances, was constrained to leave the country. He is now residing in Little Namacqua-land, at a place called *Komakas*, with a tribe of Mulatto people, who are improving in knowledge. Mrs. Schmelen, (formerly Miss Bamm, of Cape Town,) in whose school I have often preached, is one of the excellent of the earth, and will not fail to make herself useful to the *rising generation*.

CHAPTER XIV.

APPLICATION TO GOVERNOR—MR. ARCHBELL GOES TO GREAT NAMACQUA-LAND—SAILS TO WALVISCH BAY—SIR J. E. ALEXANDER'S ACCOUNT OF IT — CLIMATE—SUPPLIES — DESIRABLE PLACE FOR A MISSION STATION — MR. ARCHBELL REMOVES — LITTLE NAMACQUAS' DESIRE—CHIEF ABRAM—HIS INTERVIEW WITH MR. HADDY — HIS ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN — JOSIAH NISBETT, ESQ. — DONATION OF TWO HUNDRED POUNDS — THE REV. E. COOK OFFERS HIMSELF—THE REV. R. WATSON'S LETTER —MR. C. GOES TO GREAT NAMACQUA-LAND—MEETS A CHIEF— NAMES THE STATION NISBETT BATH — REQUESTS ANOTHER MISSIONARY—SIR JAMES ALEXANDER'S VISIT—REV. J. JACKSON —A CONGREGATION—SCHOOL TAUGHT—CHAPEL BUILT.

In order to comply with the requests of the *chiefs* whom I had visited, and commence a mission beyond the boundary of the colony, it was requisite to apply to the colonial government. Mr. Archbell and myself consequently waited on Sir *Rufane Donkin*, the deputy governor, who spoke as a Christian uponthe subject. "Gentlemen," said he, "your work is far more important than that of any colonial governor, and though my predecessor, in some measure, opposed Missionaries going to those distant tribes, yet I will not. If you wish to go, do so; and I wish you every possible success."

Having received so favourable an answer, Mr. Archbell immediately left Cape Town for Great Namacqua-land, taking with him Jacob Links, as an assistant missionary. On his arrival at Bethany, Mr. Schmelen wished Mrs. Archbell and the children to remain, for a time, at his station, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country. But she resolved to accompany her husband; and Jacob cheerfully observed, "*Where Mynheer goes, I will go also.*"

They proceeded to Bush Fountain, but found every thing in confusion, on account of the various wars existing between the Bushmen and Namacquas.

Mr. Archbell, consequently, having returned to Cape Town, was anxious to have an opening into Great Namacqua-land by sea; we therefore consulted with *Dr. Philip*, of the London Missionary Society, who readily offered to bear a part of the expense of a small vessel which we might hire for the purpose. *Daniel Philip, Esq.*, a respectable merchant in Cape Town, offered also to bear his part. The *Julia* was therefore engaged, and Mr. Archbell, together with Jacob Links, sailed for Walvisch Bay in October, 1822. The account given by him of the Bay, and the natives residing in the vicinity, *agrees* so well with that of Sir James Alexander, who was there in April, 1837, that I shall take the liberty of giving it in Sir James's own words.

"On the 19th of April, after allaying our hunger and thirst with some ripe 'naras, the entire support of the Bay people, for two or three moons or months,—at least so they gave me to understand,—we continued our march among the sand hills; and on descending a high one, a plain covered with reeds and grass was spread before us, on which were hummocks of sand covered with bushes, and on the horizon gleamed the welcome ocean, now reached for the *first time*, at this point, from the Cape, from which it is distant twelve degrees of latitude. We halted at a number of empty huts, near a pool of brackish water, and pitched our tent not far from Pelican Point Walvisch Bay, in lat. 22° 55″ south.

"Walvisch Bay is a considerable indentation in the line of the west coast of South Africa: its length from north to south, along the coast, may be about twenty-five miles. The most secure part of the Bay is that beyond Pelican Point, (a long spit of land alive with wild fowl,) which prevents the west wind rolling the billows of the South Atlantic over the anchorage behind it. There is a broad sandy beach round the Bay, sand hills are

heaped up in various forms inland, and the general aspect of things here is very wild and Arabian-like. The quantity of sea-fowl we saw on the shores of the Bay, winging their way, and screaming over its green waters, was immense; pelicans, with snow white plumage, and a slight blush of red on the wings, appeared in vast flocks; flamingoes, with out-stretched necks and drooping bills, stalked along the beach, and not having been fired at for a long time, they allowed us to approach them; wild geese in long strings flew over head, out of reach of our guns; and sand larks, useless to us, owing to their diminutive size, hurried along the wet sand before us.

"Substantial food was what we craved, and a *dead fish* we had no objection to, provided it was not too far gone. At last we got a great prize in a stranded cabaljao, fifty pounds weight, like a huge salmon, and which took two men to carry it on a stick between them. By the gills it appeared not to have been dead many hours, and had ventured too far into the shoal water after the small fry.

"Further on we fell in with large muscles of excellent quality, and digging with our hands in the sand, we collected a quantity of clarns. This change of food was to myself and my white men, a very great treat; all the biscuit was used, and of course we had had no vegetables, and it is only after much rain, (which we had not yet experienced,) that roots are to be found. Of flesh we were quite tired; and though we had not had enough of that of late to keep us in proper condition, I myself was disgusted with its endless repetition; and yet I believe that our Namacquas, not caring for fish, and even disliking it, would have willingly gorged themselves with flesh alone, *from one year's end to the other*, if they could have got it.

"The bay people catch and eat fish after the 'naras is out of season, and the carcases of whales killed by the crews of whaling ships, afford them *savoury repasts* in the months of May, June, July, and August, or during the

time the whalers are about the Bay. After this, they hunt, obtain roots after rain, and kill an occasional heifer or sheep, till the 'naras season again comes round. Thus they make out the year *without cultivation of any sort*, not even melons or tobacco, of which last they are extravagantly fond, two or thee sticks being the price of a sheep.

"On our first arrival at the Bay, the wind was often S. S. W., with thick fogs, and small drizzling rain; so that the appearance of our encampment, in the midst of a sombre plain, with some hills indistinctly seen about it, reminded me of a dreary scene in the arctic seas. Towards the end of April, the wind chopped round to N. N. E. For three days we had a gentle gale from the S. W., during which the thermometer was at 70° at noon, and we were now, (half roasted as we had been formerly,) quite benumbed with cold, and my Namacquas became quite impatient to leave the coast.

"I was twice landed, with three or four of my people, at Pelican Point, the best place to dig for clarns. It was rather an odd employment to go down on one's knees, as the tide was receding, and black shags and white gulls were screaming around one, and wingless penguins were shuffling along the beach of the dark main, and to dig with one's hands in the wet sand, and at half a foot under the surface to find the desired shell-fish. I have not much of 'the kid glove or silver fork' in me, still this occupation rather spoilt my nails; but what will not one do for *dear life*—for *food!* We got bushels of clarns at Pelican point, and they ate very sweetly at the tent.

"At last, after a good deal of negociation, the Bay people, (who were now in considerable numbers, men, women and children,) brought some *lean sheep* and *goats* to barter. We exchanged beads and cutlery for them, and again made up a small stock.

"As we are about to leave Walvisch Bay, the question naturally arises, is it well adapted for the establishment of a *religious mission, or of a factory for trade.* Beside Angra

Piquena, it is the only bay on the south-west coast of Africa, of any size, until Saldanha Bay is reached. It is a very *safe bay;* the holding ground is good; nothing can hurt a vessel anchored behind Pelican Point; and there is plenty of brackish water and fire-wood. It abounds with fish and wild-fowl, and must be a favourite resort for whales, or the *American* whalers, some times two or three together, would not remain here for *four months* as they do. The tribe which inhabits the shores of the Bay is a large one,—that is, some hundreds in number; for I saw many groups of their huts among the sand hills; and though a wild people, they might be conciliated with kindness. They have flocks and herds, though we saw few of them, and those only of the worst description; for they were, doubtless, afraid of tempting my Namacquas to make a foray among them on a future day.* It might be worth while to ship cattle from Walvisch Bay to St. Helena. In the time of Napoleon, they used to be sent from Benguela. Seven hundred ships put in annually to St. Helena, and cannot obtain there the supplies that they want. One hundred and fifty or two hundred miles N.N.E. of the Bay, the country is full of fine cattle; and even the Bay people can produce a good many from their sand hills, when they think there is no danger of showing them. There is a possibility of much ivory being obtained at the Bay, as, further north, the country is certainly full of elephants.

"The climate of the Bay is *healthy and good.* It is hot in the beginning of the year; but in May it was cool, and it would continue so till August. There is no *stagnant* water, and nothing to *cause fevers* about the Bay. The great drawback to a settlement here would be the light and sandy nature of the soil. Yet it is astonishing what the pure sand of Africa produces, with the addition of a few decayed leaves, and with moisture. The people said

* A Captain of a Whaler who has often been at the Bay, informed me that the largest number of Cattle he had ever seen, was at this place.—*Author.*

there was plenty of mist (or small rain) in the cool months, which would bring forward vegetables, though there is no stream which could be led out over the land. I sowed some melon and pumpkin seeds by a pool.

"If missions were established further in Great Namacqua-land than the Warm Bath, it would be necessary to have a station *at the Bay*, to assist and communicate with those in the interior. It would be too far to send to the Cape for supplies with wagons, for stations about the sources of the Great Fish river for instance; and therefore a bay station would be indispensible; and perhaps, with prudent management and caution, tempering zeal with knowledge, the fine race of the *Damaras of the plains* might be communicated with, and without danger, from the Bay."

Mr. Archbell, upon his return to Cape Town, signified in a letter to the committee, his willingness to proceed to Walvisch Bay, should a colleague be granted him; but no colleague arriving from England, and in accordance with a letter of instruction from the late Rev. Richard Watson, the Mission in Great Namacqua-land was suspended, and Mr. Archbell sent to supply the place *of a sick brother*, among the Bechuanas.

Wheresoever the true love of God is implanted in the heart, it cannot fail to beget commiseration for the perishing condition of those who are living in sin; thus in the the year 1825, the Namacquas of Lily Fountain, and especially *Jacob Links*, were desirous that something should be done for the spiritual instruction of their benighted brethren in Great Namacqua-land. In case of no European Missionary being sent, Jacob was willing to go with another of our people, and live among them.

At this same time, the *Rev. W. Threlfall* was residing at Lily Fountain for the benefit of his health. Though often exceedingly ill, yet, when able, he was indefatigable in labour. When perfectly restored, he requested me to allow him to accompany Jacob and Joannes Jagger to the Fish River, to assist in forming a correct opinion as to

the possibility of commencing a mission there. This journey I had designed undertaking myself, and had purchased a pack-saddle and other requisites for the purpose. But having left Mrs. Shaw in Cape Town, a few days after her confinement, she and the children would have been necessitated to travel in the wagon to Khamies Berg alone; I therefore consented to his proposal, and towards the end of June, they departed. The tragical result of this journey will be detailed in brief memoirs of the three persons above mentioned.

During the time that *Mr. Haddy* was at Lily Fountain, the *chief* of the Bondle Zwaart people took a journey thither to request a teacher. The circumstance is described by Mr. H., in a letter to the committee, bearing date *August* 18, 1826.

"I think it is my duty to send you without delay the following extract from my journal, as it will doubtless be interesting to those whose benevolent minds and praying hearts are engaged and concerned in the diffusion of divine light, and the spread of the gospel in heathen countries; and as I wish to lay before the committee a case, which from its affecting nature seems to recommend itself to their pious care, in order that they may judge of its claims, and if possible, afford the help solicited.

"*August* 11*th.*—To-day the chief of the Bondle Zwaart, with ten of his people, from the Warm Bath, Great Namacqua-land, visited us. As soon as he arrived in the place, had unloaded his oxen, and greeted in the customary manner those who were near, he desired to be introduced to me. He said his object was to fetch me to come over and live among his people. He said, they had heard from two of their people, whom he calls Klaas or Kivol, that I was here *waiting for* him. This, I think, must have arisen from the following circumstance:—The past summer, about seven months ago, one of the Bondle Zwaarts being here, I asked him some questions relative to the Warm Bath, the views of the people with respect to Missionaries, &c.;

and might (though I do not exactly recollect it) signify my willingness to visit them, in case they were willing to receive a Missionary. This man, it appears, made known to his friends what he had heard, and on the grounds of this report, the chief had come with raised expectations of obtaining a teacher, and appeared very sorry and quite disappointed, in being obliged to return home without one.

"12*th*.—The chief came to me in the garden, to endeavour to *persuade me* to accompany him, seemingly resolved to move me to it if possible. I related to him my situation: as being alone, and unable to leave this place until some one came to relieve me; and that I should be obliged to go first to Cape Town, in order to purchase some articles that we should want, before I could go there with any prospect of remaining any considerable time with them. When he saw clearly that he should be obliged to return without a Missionary, he said, 'Although I go to-day without a teacher, it is *contrary to my desires;* it is *hard for me;* it makes me *sorrowful;* for I wish to have my people taught, and governed by better principles than those tribes are governed by which are near me: I do not like to live as others do.' The scene was truly affecting; we all sat on the ground, and several of our people joined us to hear the conversation. All appeared to sympathize with the disappointed applicants, and I was affected to the very soul, to see their downcast looks, and the sorrow occasioned by disappointed expectation, which was so visibly depicted in their countenances. O ye benevolent-hearted Christians, who enjoy an abundance of spiritual food, be mindful of these destitute souls, for whom the blood of Christ was shed!

"13*th*, *(Lord's Day.)*—I preached from 1. Tim. 15: 'This is a faithful saying,' &c. The strangers appeared to listen very attentively to the joyful sound. O Lord, make thy word a lasting blessing! In the afternoon, the 139th Psalm was the subject of our meditation: two of our people prayed, one of whom was so much affected

while addressing the divine Majesty, that his words were lost in sighs, and 'groanings that cannot be uttered.' Blessed be the Lord for interceding grace.

"14*th.*—The chief asked me how long it would be before he should be able to have a missionary? I promised that I would make his desires known, as soon as possible, to those who had the management of our missions, and would come if they were willing to send me, as soon as the necessary arrangements were made.

In *August*, 1830, the above mentioned chief came to our residence at Cape Town, and requested that I would introduce him to his excellency *Sir Lowry Cole*. He made several complaints against the people of Africaner, all of which the governor attentively heard, and gave him a staff of authority, acknowledging him as the legitimate and only chieftain of the country from which he had come. His excellency recommended him to be kind to any Europeans, whether missionaries or travellers, who might visit him, and advised him to keep up a friendly intercourse with the colony. Before the departure of the chief, he said, as soon as they should have peace in their borders, he hoped a missionary would be sent to teach them.

In the year 1832, *Josiah Nisbett, Esq.*, from India, kindly took the chair at our Simons Town Missionary Meeting. This gentleman was so much affected with the awfully dark description which was given of Great Namacqualand, that he came to me after the meeting, and with *deep emotion* said—"Can you not do something for that miserable country?—can you not send them the gospel?—will you write to your committee, and inform them, that if they will commence a mission there, I will give them *two hundred pounds* to assist them in so doing. Do you think this will be a sufficient inducement?—if not, I will give them three hundred pounds; and should I fall short in any way, while remaining at the Cape, I will dispose of my *carriage and horses;* I had rather part with these and trudge on foot, than that Great Namacqua-land should remain without the gospel."

The *Rev. E. Cook*, on hearing this, offered himself to go into that field of labour. The missionary committee agreed to send him, and he was accordingly appointed, when the following letter was received by the author, from the late Rev. R. Watson.

"London, *December* 14*th*, 1832.

"My dear brother,—I shall write you soon, God willing, more at large; but the packet, I have just heard, is going, and I only have time to say, that we have appointed brother C. to Great Namacqua-land, and shall reinforce you when we are able. Love to Mrs. S.

"God grant to this new enterprise and to your old one, his abundant blessing. Amen.

"I am, yours affectionately, R. WATSON.

"P. S. We are very glad to hear that something is likely to be done for the slaves in and about Cape Town."

In the year 1834, Mr. Cook commenced his labours among the Namacquas, in the country where the bones of our late beloved brethren Threlfall, Links, and Jagger, are mouldering in the dust. The following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Cook:—

"Mr. Edwards and I have visited Great Namacqua-land. We had not gone more than one stage, in that part of the country which belongs to the Bondle Zwaarts tribe, before we met *Abram the chief*, and a number of men, all mounted on ox-back. Our meeting was providential, and highly interesting. We were quite in doubt as to which way we should proceed; and Abram from his own account, was on a journey to Khamies Berg, to try to get a missionary, whom, he said, he was so impatient to obtain, that he could wait no longer. Had we missed each other at this place, it would have involved great inconvenience and labour to both parties. The scene of our meeting made a deep impression upon my mind, and I may venture to say upon the minds of all present. The spot on which we met was near to a fountain of water, and was shaded by a camel-thorn tree; two of the most important things which

this barren country produces. While we made known to them our purpose in visiting them, the chief, who is of a fine manly figure, and the principal persons who accompanied him, all stood ranged in a line, listening with the most profound attention: and Abram, from his lowering and softening countenance, was evidently much affected. From this, our meeting-place, the chief conducted us to the Warm Bath, a place so called from its having a warm spring of water in its vicinity.

"This place the chief recommends to us; and, on account of the plentiful supply of water for cattle, which is almost the only recommendation of it as a station, it seems advisable to commence here at least. However, there is another place where the chief and a part of the people are at present lying, and which Mr. Edwards and I visited, which seems much more promising for cultivation, &c. It is at such a distance, that I can ride either to visit people living there, or to try experiments in the way of cultivation:—but more particulars at a future opportunity."

The following statements were made by Mr. Cook to the committee, after having been settled some time in Great Namacqua-land.

"In my last letter, written from Khamies Berg, it was mentioned that this place abounds with water. Amongst others, there is a hot spring, the heat of which is 101°, from which circumstance, and in honour of our warm friend J. Nisbett, Esq., we have given to the station the name of *Nisbett-Bath*. But the fountains are so situated as to render cultivation very limited; however, there is a supply of water for the cultivation of a good-sized garden for the missionary, and for a considerable number of gardens, containing upwards of six hundred square yards, to be distributed amongst the people. Some of these proportions have already been measured off, and the chief, with a few others, have commenced operations. These gardens, if well managed, with their little milk and meat, will be a very great help to them. Corn land, which is a great essential, is still wanting: and it does not at present ap-

pear probable that the vicinity of Nisbett-Bath will ever supply it. In fetching wood for building, we have discovered a piece of arable land, situated on this side of the Great Orange River, at the mouth of the Bath River, and about a day's journey, on horse-back, from this place. This land can be partly inundated from the river, and partly irrigated from the fountains, which break out on the higher ground: and although I am not entirely without doubts about it for corn, yet I think it promising. The banks on each side of the river, too, are excellent for *gardening* and for *all kinds of trees;* it is well situated for cattle, and will supply, close at hand, every convenience and material for building. Should that place answer for corn, the experiment of which I am now trying, then it should be the principal residence for the missionary and people; but this would be still necessary to resort to in the heat of summer, when, from the confined situation of the river, it would be scarcely possible to exist at that place. In these important steps to render a station permanent and efficient, I feel deeply sensible of the need, not only of counsel from those who are more experienced than myself, but also of wisdom from above: and am persuaded, that nothing but the leadings of an all-watchful Providence can make the best concerted plans succeed.

"You will be glad to hear, that we have a good-sized substantial room so far completed as to be able to get into it, which is a great comfort in this desert place; though we are, as you will suppose, still without a place for religious services, which exposes us to much inconvenience from the sun, and sometimes from the cold of the evenings which have been, during the winter, nearly as cold as in England. However, we hold, in the best way we can, school on Sunday morning, and again in the afternoon; also divine service morning and evening; on Monday evenings meeting for temporal concerns; on Tuesday, religious service, and again on Thursday and Friday; on Thursday afternoon, too, we hold school; and in my labours, especially in the school, I am much encouraged. At my

request, *Peter Links*, from Khamies Berg, has accompanied me both as mechanic and interpreter; and, on account of his piety, industry, and ingenuity is a very valuable acquisition; but in case of his continuing, some arrangement must be made with him, as he has a wife and five children. Could he not be employed as an artisan?

"We are preparing a temporary building for divine services and the school, which will be ready in a few days, when I have decided to hold school every forenoon; and an invitation, sanctioned by the authority of the chief, has been forwarded to the people in each direction, to repair to the station as early as possible, that they and their children may be taught. However, it is probable that they will wait till the rain falls, that there may be grass before they come. I suppose that the whole of the tribe, including children, will be about 1600 people. These lie about in parties, under separate leaders, and are scattered in some directions within a circuit of 100 miles. There are besides this, seven or eight other tribes, distinguished by different names, and acknowledging their respective chiefs. In the whole they form a great number of people, and are scattered over a vast extent of country beyond us, bounded on the east by the Corannas, on the north by the Damaras, and on the west by the sea.

"In the foregoing remarks, I have aimed at giving as good a general view of the work here, as the limits of this sheet would permit, partly with a view to propose to your consideration, the sending of a *second missionary*. Unwilling to incur further expense, I would gladly have laboured alone till further experiment could be made, but I doubt the propriety of it, as I should not be able to give it a fair trial. I propose one missionary to remain at the station, and the other to itinerate from party to party. He should travel in an ox-wagon, which is the only proper way of travelling in this country; in which case he could stay out from one to three months, if it was necessary, or return in a fortnight. While he was employed in teaching the benighted Namacquas, he might make useful

experiments for their temporal benefit, and perhaps make important geographical discoveries. With one person alone, these things can scarcely be thought of. However, though our cause at home should, in some degree, suffer, it will be indispensably necessary to spend some time at the Orange River this autumn. If a single young man, of experience and general information, would offer himself, it might save a little expense; however, perhaps in the end there would not be much difference, and we would do everything in our power to make a brother and sister comfortable. In reference to health, there seems nothing to fear;—Mrs. Cook and I have both been exceedingly well; and, what is still more important, we find that God has come with us, which makes us as happy as if we were in the midst of our dear friends."

On the arrival of Sir James Alexander at Nisbett-Bath, he says,—"It was convenient for me to *set up my staff*, here for a time, that I might wait for the thunder rains. I got my people comfortably placed in a large shed, whilst I occupied one of the rooms of Mr. Jackson's house.* On Sundays, I hoisted the union jack on the wagon. Mr. Jackson preached in Dutch to a crowded Namacqua congregation, and his sermon was interpreted, sentence by sentence, into the Namacqua language, by a native schoolmaster. (Peter Links.) The people were fond of singing, though their voices were rather shrill. Mr. Jackson, assisted by Mrs. J. and the schoolmaster, taught a school of children on week days. The people at the Bath amounted to five or six hundred, but these were not all the adherents of Abram; the others lay at different places, at some distance from the Bath. Perhaps his people amount to *two or three thousand souls*. Abram's people had plenty of cattle, sheep, and goats among them. I parted with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, with many thanks for their civility and kindness to me and my people."

The state and prospects of the mission at Nisbett-Bath

* Mr. Jackson was supplying the Bath, while Mr. Cook was on a journey to Cape Town.

are highly satisfactory. A large chapel has been built for the better accommodation of the people, and important openings for usefulness among some neighbouring tribes have been embraced, while still more distant fields appear to be whitening to the harvest.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPE TOWN — MR. EDWARDS COMMENCES PREACHING — CLASS FORMED—AUTHOR BEGS FOR A SCHOOL—DUTCH LADY—MESSRS. HODGSON AND THRELFALL—CHAPEL OPENED—SCHOOL CHILDREN—MR. BEAVAN'S DEATH—PRAYER-MEETINGS—DIFFICULTIES—A COLOURED WOMAN—MILITARY—DEPARTURE FOR LILY FOUNTAIN—RETURN TO CAPE TOWN—LEPER INSTITUTION—GENADENDAL—REV. W. SHREWSBURY—DEATH OF MARIA WARY—PASSAGE TO ENGLAND — NATIVE VILLAGE — AGED PARENTS—POETRY BY MONTGOMERY—FAREWELL TO PARENTS—LEAVING HULL—ANCHOR IN TABLE BAY—SIMONS TOWN CHAPEL.

It has been stated in the seventh chapter, that in the year 1816, there were in Cape Town several pious *soldiers*, of whom the congregations at that time were chiefly composed. Soon after my departure for the interior, the regiments were ordered to India, and thus the little society at the Cape became altogether extinct. A few of the pious military remained in other parts of the colony, who are now ornaments to the cause of Christ; and others, who returned to England, still abide steadfast in the faith. Seeing that it has pleased the omniscient Disposer of all things, that a few devoted soldiers should thus be the means of more extensively disseminating the light of truth in a benighted land, let every true Christian at home interest himself in promoting the spiritual welfare of that class of men.

In the year 1819, I again waited upon his excellency the governor, when the colonial secretary was likewise present. Feeling assured from that interview, that there

would then be no hindrance to the commencement of a mission in the metropolis, *Mr. Edwards* was immediately appointed to it. He hired a store to be occupied as a place of public worship, and, by subscription, fitted it up with pews and pulpit. The congregation was composed both of civilians and soldiers, and a class of sixteen members was then formed. Mr. E., on the sabbath afternoons, repaired to the place where the slaves were accustomed to dance, and by persuasive methods, induced many of them to attend the services. The members of the class, at my arrival, were all soldiers, with the exception of Mr. West their leader.

In 1821, our heathen school was so well attended, by slaves and free persons of colour, among whom were several children of Mohammedans, that I resolved to purchase premises for the erection of a school and chapel. To obtain the means wherewith to carry this project into effect, I went from house to house, asking subscriptions, and was sometimes accompanied by the *Rev. S. Broadbent*, who was then remaining at the Cape for a time. Frequently was I amused with the variety of character we met with, and the opposite views which were taken of our design. On one occasion, having called at the house of a Dutch lady, and made known our object, the slave woman who attended the door returned and said, "If you please, gentlemen, the mistress says that she is asleep." Whereupon I replied, "Well, if your mistress be able to talk whilst asleep, she can also read," and handed her the list. She soon returned with a donation of five rix dollars, and we were encouraged from the circumstance to proceed with our work. The *little slave children* likewise exerted themselves in collecting, and one evening brought in their pence, which altogether amounted to more than one pound sterling.

While I was thus engaged, the *Rev. T. L. Hodgson* arrived from England, and immediately commenced his labours. He willingly accompanied me in my begging excursions for the chapel. His sermons in English were

animated and impressive, and though unable to take any Dutch services, he delighted in assisting in the heathen school.

Shortly after the arrival of Mr. Hodgson, the *Rev. W. Threlfall* landed at the Cape, and gave the following brief account of the mission, in a letter to the committee.

"I found the brethren and their wives in tolerable health. The chapel is nearly finished, and will be a convenient place for the slaves. The school for the slaves is pretty well attended, and the children are kept in good order. The missionaries are indefatigable. They have either the school or preaching to attend to every night except Saturdays. Adults as well as children attend; their progress in reading is considerable; they sing very well. The second evening I attended the children's school, I could not refrain from tears; all appeared so interested and diligent."

On the 16th of June, 1822, the chapel was opened for religious worship by the Rev. Dr. Philip and others. Thirty pounds were collected at the services; and though the building cost six hundred pounds, it was erected *without any assistance from the missionary committee*. This was to me a day of gratitude and joy; for on reviewing the past, I could recollect the time when we assembled for worship in a kind of *hay-loft*, in order to come at which, we had to pass the heels of the horses in the stable beneath, and ascend an awkward and dangerous ladder. To God be all the praise!

Although we did not perceive that *immediate fruit* which we so earnestly desired, yet we had many indications that our labours were not in vain. The sabbath and evening schools prospered delightfully, and the children, so far from being wearied with attending, requested that they might be kept longer in school, replying, when questioned on the subject, "We love the school too much to be soon weary." Several suitable presents arrived at this time from Mrs. Brackenbury of Raithby Hall, and other unknown friends in England, which were highly acceptable

to the children, and caused them to wonder why English ladies should have such regard for poor Africans. Being requested to pray with a slave woman who was sick, I repaired to her master's house, and finding that she had never been at the chapel, and knew not how to read, I enquired by what means she had been brought to *desire my visit.* She replied, that a little *slave girl,* who lived in the same house, and attended our school, was in the habit of reading the scriptures and praying with her, and thus she had been led to request her mistress to send for me. Among other portions of the sacred records, the little girl had read the eleventh chapter of Matthew, and the poor slave woman was particularly delighted with those words of our Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

About this time I received a letter from Mr. Melville, at Beaufort, giving an account of the affliction of *Mr. Beavan,* a holy and devoted man, who arrived in the colony some months previous. Mr. Melville observes, "He is lingering away with little or no pain, his soul is happy, and he is desirous to depart, and be with Christ." A memoir of Mr. Beavan was written by the Rev. S. Lear, and inserted in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for May, 1824. It is there stated, that "about September, 1819, Mr. B. felt a strong conviction that it was his duty to employ himself in some more extensive sphere of usefulness; and having been long drawn out in strong desire for the salvation of the heathen, it now came into his heart, (and he believed that the indication was from God,) while reflecting upon their moral degradation and wretchedness for want of the knowledge of the gospel, to leave his native country, and devote himself to the work of the Lord in some part of the pagan world. In making up his mind, however, in matters of importance, Mr. Beavan always used great caution. In this instance he sincerely thought by prayer and fasting, by searching the Scriptures, and by consultation with Christian friends, to discover the path of duty, and the result was, a full conviction that he was called to serve

the cause of Christ in a foreign clime. South Africa was the interesting scene of labour to which he bent his attention; and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures among the various tribes of that country, in their own tongues, was the particular object to which he determined to devote himself. Many judicious friends with whom Mr. B. conversed upon the subject, considered him to be eminently qualified for such a work. His capacity was considerable. He had also shown an aptness in acquiring languages, which, together with his habits of industry, self-denial, and perseverance appeared to point him out as fit to encounter the difficulties of the task which he contemplated." The execution, however, of his project, was a matter of great difficulty. This at length being removed by the *pecuniary generosity* of his father, " on the 7th of October, 1821, he embarked for the Cape of Good Hope, where he landed in safety on the 28th of December following." After consultation with Mr. Hodgson and myself, he subsequently accompanied Mr., now Rev. J. Melville, on his way to the Bechuanas, amongst which people however he was not permitted to arrive. His *constitution* was not able to bear the privations and hardships which he was called to encounter, and on the 1st of May, 1822, his mortal existence was terminated by fever. " A few days before his death," observes Mr. Melville, in a letter to his father, " I asked him if he was happy, and at peace with God. He answered, '*Yes, yes, I am happy.*' — In this frame of mind, with perfect resignation to the will of God, he exchanged mortality for life."

Mr. B. died in the 27th year of his age. Thus, his "sun went down while it was yet day." The following extract from his will, dated April 22nd, 1822, shows that although in the order of an inscrutable Providence, he was not permitted to put his hand to that work which lay so near his heart, and for which he had made so many sacrifices, yet he did what he could for the spiritual interests of South Africa,—"I give and bequeath to the superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions, in South Africa, *the*

whole of my property remaining, after the necessary expenses of my funeral are defrayed, in trust for the said missions."

A day-school having been commenced, we resolved to establish a general prayer-meeting for the benefit of English and Dutch Christians, and Heathens bond and free. At the first meeting, a discourse was delivered in Dutch, from Isaiah lvi: 6, 7. "Mine house shall be an house of prayer," &c. After which, some prayed in English, and others in Dutch, to the apparent edification of those present. At the conclusion, an elderly *Dutch lady* who had never previously witnessed such a meeting, exclaimed! "The kirk in which so many engage in prayer and supplication, will certainly be blessed of the Lord:" and one much greater has said, "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee."

August 4th.—I was called upon to attend the funeral of a person, several of whose slave-children are taught in our school. In their mistress they had lost their mother, and they seem to feel it. May that Divine Being, who mercifully beheld Hagar weeping in the wilderness, who heard the voice of Ishmael in his distress, and who sent his Angel to point out the well of water, graciously open the eyes of these poor bond-children, to see the Fountain of life and salvation.

A few extracts from a letter written to Mr. Addison, of Scarborough, October, 1822, will give a brief view of the mission at that time.

"Your kind letter, bearing date March 22, we received a few weeks ago, and also several others from Bridlington Quay, accompanied with many tokens of respect. We are thankful to find that you still remember us, though far distant! and are led to hope, that we are not forgotten in your numerous supplications.

"While you have been thinking of our 'travelling from mountain to mountain,' we have been *cooped up*, within the environs of Cape Town, where I have been about two years. Thousands of the inhabitants of this town are in

a state of slavery, and with such we have to do. With much labour we have succeeded in the erection of a place of worship for them, without any expense to the Committee, in which both children and adults are regularly taught. Our English congregation is comparatively small: they have one sermon a week only. Our Dutch congregation has preaching twice a week; it consists of slaves, free persons of colour, the children of the school, and a few Christians. Hitherto, we have seen but little fruit of our labour; yet, we hope that the good seed will one day spring up and yield a plentiful harvest. Some of the rising generation indeed promise fair, though few of them have got parents who can speak to them of the importance of religion, or can send them to be instructed in divine things; yet many have formed so strong an attachment to us, and to the means of grace, that to prevent their attendance in the school and meeting, would be considered as one of the greatest punishments that could be inflicted upon them. I am glad to find that the different churches in England are more than ever convinced of the necessity of an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the heathen world, and that they appear to be praying for it, and expecting it. May their prayers be answered, and the 'dry bones live!'

"Some of our friends make mention of *our trials* and difficulties, but they judge erroneously respecting many of them. The chief trials of a missionary *do not consist* in quitting his native land, in the tossing of a ship at sea, or the jolting of a wagon over huge mountains; they arise not from the winds of the wilderness raising immense clouds of sand, from the scorching sun in a dreary desert, or from a thirsty land without water; they proceed not from the fierce look of the savage in his native horde, the roaring of the wild beasts in their nocturnal excursions, or the change of habits which those must necessarily experience who visit those nations. No! Such trials are easy to be borne, compared with that of labouring *almost in vain*, when in connexion with our work among the heathen, we

are called to seek the salvation of civilized, and professedly Christian people, who will not come to Christ that they may have life. It is true I have experienced some trials in the interior of this country; but they were light when compared with many which I have passed through since my coming here. Often have I said with the mourning prophet, 'O that I had, in the wilderness, a lodging-place of wayfaring men.' But the prospect of laying a foundation for the instruction of heathens, many of whom even in Cape Town have never yet entered the doors of any sanctuary, has continually led me to persevere, and keep that flame alive which would otherwise have become extinct.

"Some of our friends have enquired, 'when are we to expect to see you *at home?*' This is indeed a question which I am quite at a loss to answer. My parents are fast going down the hill of life, and by the death of my only brother, (since I came to Africa,) I have become an only child. But alas, my brother, what shall I say!—I cannot but think of those whose anxious care sustained my feeble steps, through childhood's slippery path; yet I trust the Lord will support them, now that their strength is failing. Of England I must say, 'With all thy faults I love thee still;' but as the Missionary field in this part of the world is so widely different from what is expected by those who enter it,—and as so many months, and, in some cases, even years are necessary to form the Missionary character,—should circumstances be ever so urgent, I should at present be ready to hesitate. I am aware that the Lord can raise up men suitable to every people, and to every clime; but in raising them up he does not work miracles: they are and must be *gradually initiated* into the work. This being the case, old and experienced Missionaries, how much inferior soever they may be in other respects, will always be preferable to new ones, so long as their hearts are in the work of the Lord. New men are untried; and it would be a difficult task to say, among so much zeal and youthful vigour, who would suit this, or the other people. Time

only can show us wherein we have been too sanguine in our hopes, and in what respects we have erred in our judgment respecting both men and things.

"The extensive, and in many parts totally unknown, *Continent of Africa* is before us; some are truly desirous of the word of life, and several have received it; but there are thousands of human beings, not far from our missionary frontiers, on whom the sun of righteousness has never shone. When we endeavour to penetrate the dark parts of the earth, in order to dispel by the torch of truth the awful gloom of *hellish* night, it may be expected that the powers of darkness will rage, and that difficulties innumerable will be presented to our view. Here the spirit of faith, not merely that cordial belief of the Gospel which is requisite for every Christian, but an unshaken persuasion of the promises of God, respecting the triumph and enlargement of his kingdom, is highly essential for the conflict. Indeed nothing short of a firm assurance of the final accomplishment of the promises of the Gospel can support the mind, whilst proclaiming among the heathen, 'O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.' I assure you I have frequently been led to discourse on Psalm lxxii; Isaiah xxxv; Matt. xxiv: 14—28; xix: 20; and similar passages, in order to obtain *comfort to my own mind* when cast down, and to keep alive the assurance that 'all nations shall serve him.'

"Our school consists of the greatest possible variety: here are the *aged* learning to spell with spectacles, and *babes* who can just waddle to the school; here are children of Heathens, Mohammedans, and Christians; children who are descendants of parents from all the four quarters of the globe; faces of every colour, and countenances of every expression; some slaves, as *white as snow;* some free, as *black as jet.* Among all this variety, however, we have but one who is learning the English language."

Seeing the carnal mind is enmity against God, there are those in every country, who, under its influence, will be prepared *to oppose the truth.* Though some of the

slave proprietors of Cape Town encourage the diffusion of religious knowledge among their slaves, there are others of an opposite character. In the year 1823, a woman of colour, who had recently been baptized, came to me and said, speaking from the fulness of her heart,—"Previous to my beginning to serve the Lord, my mistress declared me to be the best servant in the house. Now, I do the same work that I did before, yea, I labour frequently both night and day, in order to please, but in vain. It is now said, that since my baptism, I have become the worst servant in the family. I am reviled and persecuted, and reckoned as the offscouring of all things. I am troubled on every side; all seem to hate me, and they do all in their power to hinder me. It is with the greatest difficulty that I can get to any of the means of grace; but when I am enabled to attend them, I always find encouragement, and am determined, by the grace of God, to persevere. The difficulties which I have to encounter do not discourage me, but they confirm my faith in the word of God; and I see that God's people have always been surrounded with trials."

During the course of the year, more of the *military* began to attend our chapel, and several decidedly united themselves to the people of God. Like the pious men of the 21st regiment, many years before, they also frequently retired to the vicinity of Table Mountain for prayer. For their improvement, and the occupation of their leisure hours, I provided them with several books as a *library*. which they were accustomed to read in the chapel. The school continued to become increasingly interesting, and the regular attendance on the sabbath morning, amounted to *one hundred and thirty children.*

Mr. Archbell having arrived in Cape Town to wait the decision of the committee, an opportunity was afforded me of visiting, and remaining for a *time at Lily Fountain.*

October 1st.—While packing our wagon, and preparing for our departure, we were surrounded with the poor

children of the school, who frequently joined together in singing the hymn which they had learned for the anniversary. The occasion of our going far off to the Gentiles, the beauty of expression contained in the hymn, and the colour of the little persons by whom it was sung, were so exceedingly calculated to revive the flame of missionary zeal, that I cannot help transcribing a part of it.

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace.
Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary."

Whilst singing these beautiful verses, their voices were repeatedly interrupted by sobbing and sighing, when they affectionately embraced each other, and wept.

About eleven o'clock in the morning of October 2, when part of a day's journey from Cape Town, we were again surrounded with nearly fifty of the heathen children, who had walked from Cape Town, and waded the Salt River to reach our encampment.

As the Namacquas were collecting the bullocks, in order to put them to the yoke, the children clung around us with streaming eyes, and joined in singing one of their school hymns—

"Now multitudes are seen, who listen to his word,
Barbarian, slave, and free, together serve our God.
Lo, valleys rise, and mountains fall,
To crown the Saviour Lord of all." &c.

While exhorting them to love one another, to be diligent in the means of grace, &c., they listened with attention, but would not go till they had obtained a *promise*, that, on our returning to the Cape, we would write and inform them, that they might meet us at the distance of a day's journey.

In 1826, the Missionary Committee gave orders for my *procedure to Cape Town*, where I again arrived in the month of June. The *Rev. J. Whitworth*, who was out of health, sailed for England, and the Rev. R. Snowdal was appointed my colleague. Mr. W. had not been long in Africa, but his journals respecting Kaffir-land are highly interesting, and his labours in Cape Town were acceptable, some fruit of which is still remaining. We now extended our labours to Wynberg, Simon's Town, and other places, employing an individual to take charge of the school. Our congregations being composed of a variety of persons, some understanding English, others Dutch, we were frequently under the necessity of preaching in *both languages, before we left the pulpit.*

In September, I had an opportunity of visiting the *Leper Institution* of the Moravian Society, called Hemel and Aarde, which is about 100 miles distant from Cape Town. The Rev. P. Leitner and his amiable wife, received me with their usual kindness, and I had the pleasure of preaching to those outcasts from society. When the bell was rung for divine service, I saw some of the lepers *crawling upon their hands and knees*, to hear the words of eternal life. Several were unable to leave the hospital, but were cheered amidst their affliction, with the anticipation of a better country, whither they were shortly to be removed;—

> "Far from a world of grief and sin,
> With God eternally shut in."

In returning to Cape Town, I visited *Genadendal*, known as the *first* mission station in South Africa. The missionaries were friendly, and it was with feelings of considerable interest that I beheld the large pear-tree, planted by the Rev. G. Schmidt, who arrived at the Cape, July 9, 1737. The Rev. H. T. Hallbeck superintends the missions of the united brethren in that part of the field, and the blessing of God is evidently attending their labours. Returning by way of Stellenbosch, I crossed de Fransche-Hoek Pass.

In the Cape Colony and especially that part of it, there is nothing very striking as to a certain description of *scenery* —no expanse of broad lake—no ripple of the summer stream—no green margin of the summer pool, and no peering for loop-holes in the dense foliage of some pretty cottage or 'squires mansion. Yet there is an air made balmy by the infinite variety of botanical shrubs—flowers always at hand to woo your admiration and gratify your senses—and birds and insects of such beauty and diversity, as to demand your attention, and call forth your gratitude. Then, again, there is the boundless extent,—the things which own not man's dominion—the wild and terrible—

> "Rocks, mounds, and knolls, confusedly hurl'd,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

The *Rev. W. Shrewsbury* having arrived on his way to Kaffraria, was detained in Cape Town for some time by family circumstances. He took a full share in our English services, and his *eloquent and impressive sermons* will long continue to be remembered. Mr. S., in a letter to the committee, bears the following testimony, as to the influence of the Gospel upon the minds of the heathen.

"*June 4th.*—Brother B. Shaw came from Khamies Berg to take the superintendence of Cape Town circuit, and several Namacquas came down with him. It was very delightful to hear them singing the praises of God in family worship. The gospel has evidently been a great blessing to that people. Before philosophers have time to decide the disputed question, whether or not a degraded and heathen people can be benefited by missionary exertions, *facts* present themselves and render further debate unnecessary; and the missionary exhibits the moral miracles wrought through his instrumentality, by the accompanying power of God. He shows his 'living epistles, known and read of all men.'"

In February, 1827, our Namacqua female servant, Maria

Wary, was taken ill, and suddenly departed this life. She had been instructed in our school at Lily Fountain, and was remarkably attached to the Holy Scripture, which she read with great fluency. With the Wesleyan hymns she was peculiarly conversant; and having a fine voice, she frequently *led the singing* in the small assemblies of Namacquas. Her disorder was of such a nature, that she could give no dying testimony of her experience; but none who were acquainted with her life and deportment, could doubt concerning her eternal rest.

Receiving permission from the Missionary Committee to *visit England*, we took our passage on board the Hussaren. Our little boy *Barnabas*, then six years of age, sorrowed much in parting with the goat which he had been accustomed to ride, and which he was under the necessity of selling, together with saddle and bridle, by public auction. On the 6th of May we landed at Gravesend, and thence proceeded to the house of our old friend *Captain W. Young*, of London, by whom we were kindly received. Mr. and Mrs. Young being acquainted with the perils of the ocean, could enter into our feelings, and united with us in praising Him (who had so long preserved our lives,) who is "the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

On arriving again at my *native village*, after an absence of nearly twelve years, how peculiar were my emotions! My aged *parents* were yet alive, though drawing near to the end of their journey; the cottage in which I first breathed the vital air, still stood at the bottom of the garden; the little plots of ground where I was wont to plant my flowers were adorned with the beauties of spring; and my dear aged mother had led the blooming *roses* above the tops of the windows. The adjacent hills, where I was accustomed to sit and play my flute, while tending the lambs of the flock, were clothed in living green; the fields I had frequently ploughed, were waving with corn; and the beautiful *Humber* was rolling its mighty stream at the foot of the hills. The morning larks were ascending on

high, the doves were cooing in their lofty habitations, and on the sabbath, (sweet day of rest!) I again heard the sound of the *church-going bell.* What a contrast to the dreary deserts through which I had been travelling!

While remaining in England, I attended missionary meetings in various places, where I met with a hearty welcome, and unbounded kindness. Many individuals, in addition to their other liberalities, presented me with donations towards the erection *of a chapel in Cape Town*, and kindly wrote in my "*Gleaner.*"* J. Montgomery, Esq., contributed of his treasure the following lines :—

AFRICA'S CRY.

"AFRICA, from her remotest strand,
Lifts to high heaven one fetter'd hand;
And to the utmost of her chain,
Stretches the other o'er the main:
Then, kneeling midst ten thousand slaves,
Utters a cry across the waves,
Of power to reach to either pole,
And pierce, like conscience, through the soul,
Though dreary, faint, and low the sound,
Like life-blood gurgling from a wound;
As if her heart before it broke,
Had found a human tongue, and spoke.

"Britain! *not now* I ask of thee
Freedom, the right of bond and free;
Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
The bones and blood, of living man;
Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair;
An end *will* come,—it will not wait,
Bands, yokes, and scourges have their date;
Slav'ry itself shall pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.

"But now I urge a dearer claim,
And urge it by a mightier name:

* A few strong sentences uttered by the late Rev. D. Isaac against *negro slavery*, gave rise to the thought, which, being immediately acted upon, £700 was raised without the formality of begging.

Hope of the world ! on thee I call,
By the great Father of us all,
By the Redeemer of our race,
And by the Spirit of all grace,
Turn not, Britannia, from my plea ;
—So help thee God, as thou help'st me !
Mine outcast children come to light,
From darkness, and go down in night;
—A night of more mysterious gloom
Than that which wrapped them in the womb:
—Oh ! that the womb had been the grave
Of every being born a slave !
Oh ! that the grave itself might close
The slave's unutterable woes !
But what beyond that gulf may be
What portion in eternity,
For those who live to curse their breath,
And die without a hope in death,
I know not, and I dare not think;
Yet, while I shudder o'er the brink
Of that unfathomable deep,
Where wrath lies chain'd and judgments sleep,
To thee, thou Paradise of Isles !
Where mercy in full glory smiles,
Eden of lands ! o'er all the rest,
By blessing others doubly blest,
—To thee I lift my weeping eye,
Send me the Gospel or I die;
The word of Christ's salvation give,
That I may hear his voice and live.

"SHEFFIELD, *November* 18*th*, 1828."

In the month of January, 1829, I went, for the last time, to bid adieu to my aged parents. My *father's* head was adorned with locks of silver. Both he and my *mother* had passed the bounds of three score years and ten, and were gradually sinking into the grave. My engagements with the committee, the erection of our chapel at the Cape, and some other circumstances called me to go: but after all, 'tis hard work. Some of the strongest bonds of affection must be torn asunder. The aged pair frequently kissed their grandchildren as they prattled around them, having no hope of again seeing them in this vale of tears. The shades of evening came on ; the vehicle which was to bear us away approached. *We prayed, and parted, to see each other's face no more on earth.*

"*Pity poor Africa,*" had long been my motto, and it is so still; yet it required some fortitude for Mrs. Shaw and myself to bear up under these trying circumstances.

On the 30th of January, we were called to leave our dear little boy, who was about eight years of age. He endeavoured to keep up his spirits, and ran with me from place to place; yet he often sighed, and the tears glistened occasionally in his eyes. At four in the afternoon, we went on board the packet at *Hull, for Barton.* The late *Rev. D. Isaac,* whom the little boy had chosen to be his father during my absence, and who was loved with a father's love by him, together with several other friends, accompanied us across the Humber, where the coach was waiting our arrival. The coachman took his seat, the guard sounded his horn, and we were borne away. Many a time have I chased the big tear, and stemmed the rising sigh; but I never felt anything to equal this. Surely this world is a vale of tears! What a blessing is revelation, which points to a rest remaining for the people of God!

> "In that eternal day,
> No clouds or tempests rise;
> There gushing tears are wiped away
> For ever from our eyes."

Feb. 25th.—We left the mission-house, where we had received every possible attention from Mrs. Morley, who had the management of its concerns. The *Rev. G. Morley,* and the Rev. E. Brice, kindly accompanied us to Gravesend, and saw us safe on board the *Henry,* Captain Bunny, bound for the Cape of Good Hope.

March 4th.—We again lost sight of land. England, farewell! May the God of Israel be thy God!

May 30th.—Cast anchor in Table Bay, and some of the friends soon appeared to welcome our arrival.

A *missionary meeting* was held in the course of a few weeks, at which our long tried friend, Sir John Truter presided, and considerable interest was excited. During my absence, through the persevering exertions of the late *Mr. Snowdall,* and the liberality of many of the respect-

able inhabitants of the place, a neat and commodious chapel had been erected at Simon's Town. The *building* reflects credit upon all who were concerned in it, and the conspicuous situation in which it is placed, may remind the weather-beaten traveller, on entering the bay, that a house of prayer is open for his reception, where he can "serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song."

CHAPTER XVI.

REV. J. CAMERON—MR. SCHMELEN—WESLEY CHAPEL OPENED—REV. R. WATSON'S LETTER—REV. R. SNOWDALL'S DEATH—REV. E. COOK—REV. J. EDGAR—BLACK WOMAN—WYNBERG—MRS. HODGSON'S DEATH—ASSISTED BY DIFFERENT MINISTERS—ROBBEN ISLAND—INTERESTING CLASS—SAILOR'S LETTER—AUTHOR'S ANSWER—BETHEL FLAG—PREACHING ON BOARD THE UNDAUNTED—DEATH OF MRS. THORNHILL—SOMERSET—HOTTENTOTS' HOLLAND—PREMISES PURCHASED—CHAPEL OPENED—KLIP FOUNTAIN—NATIVES SINGING—CHAPEL OPENED—MARRIAGES—STELLENBOSCH—DEATH OF MRS. LUCAS.

In December, 1830, the *Rev. J. Cameron* arrived from England. He was a young man both able and willing to labour, and especially excelled in preaching the great truths of the gospel, and applying them to the hearts of sinners. We then began to preach at Baas Herman's Kraal, Musenberg, Kalk-Bay, and the mountains behind Simon's Town. The last time I visited the mountains a woman began to mourn while I was speaking. At length she fell upon her knees, and continued weeping during the whole service. On asking her the cause of her sorrow, she said, "Myne zonden zyn openbaar, zy zyn al te zwaar." (My sins have been discovered to me, and they are very heavy.) I had the pleasure of baptizing at the same place, a female about ninety years of age. She had the use of all her faculties, and was hoping for salvation through the great Redeemer.

Towards the latter part of the year, I met with my old friend Mr. H. Schmelen at a short distance from Cape Town. Fourteen years before, he was my guide through the wilderness. Since that time,

"What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past?"

I asked him how he got away from *his mother* when appointed as a missionary, and he replied, "My mother threw her arms about my neck, and determined to hold me fast, and prevent my departure, but I resolutely tore myself from her embrace and *then ran away*. Since that time I have never had the happiness of seeing her.

The following letter written to the committee contains a brief account of some interesting circumstances which transpired about this time.

"*March 4th.*—The *opening of our chapel at Cape Town* took place on the 13th of last month. *Brother Kay*, who was here at the time, on his way to England, preached in the morning, from Psalm lxxii. 16—18. Several respectable individuals were present on the occasion. In consequence of the sickness of the Rev. A. Faure, one of the Ministers of the Reformed Church, I was constrained to preach in Dutch in the evening. Sermons were afterwards delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Van Staveron, Adamson, Piers, and Beck. All the congregations appeared to feel interested. The chapel is neat and well built. The dwelling-house adjoining it is sufficiently large for the mission family, and occasional visitors from the interior, or the East. How changed the scene! When I arrived here, in the year 1816, I could not obtain the sanction of government to preach even in a private house. 'The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' Our thanks are due to several Cape residents, who gladly came forward to sign the deed of trust, and especially to some of the Dutch gentlemen who understood the nature of Cape building. We availed ourselves of their advice; and, though our chapel stands on the Cape of Tempests, we doubt not but it will remain when this and many other generations shall have passed away. May the Highest himself establish our Zion, that it may be said of her, 'This and that man was born there.'"

In connexion with this event, I received a letter from the lamented *Rev. R. Watson*, dated London, July 16, 1830.

"My dear Brother,—I greatly regretted to hear, by Capt. Knight, that you had been so unwell, as to be positively laid aside, and especially that your health was such, as to make it doubtful whether you would be fit for active services, at least in Africa. I trust however, that this was only a visitation of affliction, not a settled invalid state; and that you may be spared to carry forward a work which the Lord has honoured you in commencing. We all pray for you, and confide you to Him, whose *touch is health*, whenever he pleases to put it forth.

"I thank you and the friends at Cape Town for your invitation to visit you. I laid the matter before the committee and brethren, who thought that I could not leave my work here. Indeed I felt that I had had the City Road Circuit put into my hands so recently, and at a very critical period, owing to various factions in London, that my line of duty was marked out. Otherwise, had the committee called, I would have obeyed. In your hopeful prospects, as reported by Captain Knight, I have greatly rejoiced. My very kind love to Mrs. Shaw, and your colleagues. If there is anything I can do for you here, any little commission for anything you may want, please write me. I am not sure whether I gave you my guinea for the Cape Town chapel, if I did not, draw for a guinea more in your next bill, and refer the mission-house to me. When you open the chapel, may you have a token for good, a shining forth from the cloud of the Divine presence,—I am, my dear brother,

Yours very affectionately, R. Watson."

The friends at Cape Town had unanimously requested that Mr. Watson should conduct the services at the opening of their chapel, offering to pay the expense of his passage out.

April 10*th*.—I was called upon to perform the painful task of preaching *funeral sermons* for our late brother Snowdall in the chapel at Simon's Town, in the morning in Dutch, and in the evening in English. The trustees had

put the chapel in mourning, and sorrow was depicted on every countenance. Brother Snowdall was a man of deep piety and great prudence. At the place where he had preached most frequently, he was most beloved. May those who mourn for him, imitate his example, that their last end may be like his!

May 16*th.*—Baptized a *Mohammedan* and two of his children. He was the chief mason in the erection of the Simon's Town chapel. When he heard of the death of Mr. Snowdall, he was much affected, and immediately determined to renounce Mohammedanism. It appears that our late brother had frequently spoken to him on spiritual subjects while engaged in his work, which, at that time, appeared to have no effect; but now he remembers and repeats his words. May we learn to "sow by all waters."

June 26*th.*—Preached in Dutch at Simon's Town at half-past nine o'clock. Rode about three miles, and spoke to the convicts and soldiers. At two o'clock, preached at Musenberg; between three and four, at Baas Herman's Kraal. Held a short service at Diep Rivier; thence proceeded to Wynberg, where I preached in English, and reached home about nine o'clock, having held six different services, and ridden twenty-four miles.

July 5*th.*—On going to preach at *Roggebay* this evening, I saw a letter addressed to me lying on the desk. Opening it, I found it was from a Bechuana boy, who had come from that country with the Rev. Mr. Miles. The purport of the letter was to let me know that he had been very sick, and unable to attend preaching; a few lines of which I insert: "I was three weeks without food, and without speak. I was very ill. I was thought I shall die. I was afraid to die, because I know I am sinful. But I pray to my Lord, and I am not fear to die."

In the month of April, 1832, we were cheered by the arrival of the *Rev. E. Cook*, a pious, active, and zealous missionary. By his timely aid I was enabled, in addition to our services in the prisons and private houses of Cape

Town, to gain access to Somerset, Hottentots' Holland, and several other places, and to preach in some of the lowest and most degraded parts of Cape Town. Some of "the chief of sinners" were present on these occasions; but they behaved well, and, I trust, received instruction.

In the Cape, and the adjoining district, there are at least fifty thousand Heathens and Mohammedans, very few of whom have heard the word of life. Any minister, missionary, or private Christian, who has a desire to labour, need not be unemployed. If he have zeal for the miserable and the wretched, he may preach to them in fifty different places in the town and its suburbs.

A *poor black woman*, whom I visited, informed me that the Lord had wonderfully supported her in a severe affliction. In speaking of the privileges she now enjoyed, she referred me back to the days of her youth, (about forty years previous,) when it was not customary to instruct the heathen. She said, "When a teacher has been at the house of my master, I have frequently *lain down* on the floor, with my ear close to the bottom of the door, in order, if possible, to hear something about the way of salvation." I could not but admire her ingenuity. Zaccheus climbed the tree to see Jesus; the poor slave girl lay down on the floor to hear of him.

At Hottentots' Holland, the *Rev. Mr. Edgar*, minister to the Dutch congregation, was exceedingly kind, and ready to assist in every way, to promote the instruction of the heathen in his district. Mrs. Edgar also gave me much encouragement, and even accompanied me in search of a house in which to hold service with the slaves. Indeed both Mr. and Mrs. Edgar have been the steady and hearty friends of our mission in this place from the beginning. We have gone forth, "taking nothing of the Gentiles," but they, *Gaius-like*, have been fellow-helpers, and have sent us on our journies with renewed strength for our labour.

Wynberg, where we had recently erected a chapel, was now becoming more important from its rapidly increasing

population. Our congregations were greatly improved; from eighty to one hundred children received instruction in the sabbath school, and the members of the small society were endeavouring to make themselves useful. Messrs. Matthews and Thorn were indefatigable in their attention to the school, and it prospered under their direction. They endeavoured to train the "*African Flowers*," so beautifully described by the Rev. J. Everett in the following stanzas which he wrote in my "GLEANER," where he represents the children under the image of a flower-garden, varying in hue,—and though differing in fragrance, yet unitedly wafting one sweet odour like incense to heaven. The piece was accompanied by a present of reward books from the author:—

"ONE HUNDRED REWARD BOOKS ON 'EARLY PIETY,'

FOR

AFRICAN FLOWERS OF SABBATH TRAINING.

"Flowers unnumber'd meet the view
In the garden, o'er the plain,
Richly tipp'd with every hue;
Not a bud expands in vain.

"Though distinction marks the whole—
Odours, through the stirring gale,
Breathe their aromatic soul,
Sweetly blend,—in one prevail.

"Thus the Sabbath-Schools around,
Thus the plants of human mien,
With their different forms are found,
Vary like each summer scene.

"Mingling on each hallowed day—
One in spirit, prayer, and praise,—
All to God their homage pay,
One vast cloud of incense raise.

"Wafted to the realms above,
Angels catch the fragrance there,
Smile to see an infant's love,—
Infants, objects of their care.

"One the Father, Spirit, Son;
One the faith that moves the breast;
One the race which all must run;
One the state of endless rest.

"May the above gifts produce 'Early Piety,' and the above stanzas not only be realized in the harmony of every African School, but be sung 'in the Spirit' by every African child! JAMES EVERETT."

We heard with sorrow of the death of Mrs. Hodgson, the beloved partner of the Rev. Thos. L. Hodgson, formerly stationed in South Africa. She departed this life, September 30th, 1831. Mr. Hodgson observes:—"About four o'clock in the morning, my dear wife appeared near death, and about seven o'clock expressed a wish to sit up in bed. Without a struggle or a groan, with a calm resigned countenance, she bowed her head in obedience to the divine summons, and entered into the joy of her Lord; sweetly falling asleep in Jesus.

"The sufferings of my dear wife, from the painful spreading of a cancer in her breast, always distressed me, in calculating the probabilities of her protracted existence; and this tended to mitigate the sorrow I felt at her dissolution. But now her pain is over for ever.

'Her languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o'er:
Her quiet immoveable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more.

Her heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat;
It never shall flutter again.'"

The following extracts from the journal of my esteemed Colleague, *Mr. Cameron*, will further tend to show the state of the Cape mission, during the year 1832:—

"*July* 11*th*.—Preached at *Klaver Valley*. Attended a meeting of the trustees of the Simon's Town chapel, at which seventy-five pounds of the debt was liquidated. Was requested to visit a woman under deep conviction. When I entered her dwelling, her husband told me that she had not tasted food since last Sabbath morning, intimated a fear that she would loose her reason, and said, 'Ik

ben een arme aambagstman met vyf kinders; wat zal ik doen?' (I am a poor tradesman with five children: what shall I do?) Without delay I directed her attention to the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world,' and she listened with an eagerness which plainly showed, that she was all athirst for the salvation of God. May the Lord speedily set her soul at liberty by his victorious love!

"15*th*.—Left Cape Town for Hottentots' Holland; my first journey thither. After a five hours' ride I came to the house of the Rev. Mr. Edgar, Minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, Somerset. He received me with great cordiality. Somerset is a village of considerable size. In the district there are about forty Christian families; slave population amounts to seven or eight hundred. The Dutch Reformed Church is a neat place, and will seat about three hundred persons.

"22*nd*.—Cape Town.—Preached in the morning to our usual congregation. In the afternoon I went to the prison, and discoursed to the prisoners. I felt a yearning pity towards them, an earnest desire that they might be induced to seek salvation. In the evening I preached again in the chapel from 'We know that we are of God.'

"*September* 2*nd*, *Sabbath*.—Preached in the morning with considerable enlargement from Psalm cxxii. 1. The people appeared to feel interested. Attended the service of the English Church. The *bishop of Calcutta* who has touched here on his way to India, preached a truly evangelical sermon from Colossians, ii. 11. 'Where there is neither Jew nor Greek,' &c. From the church I went direct to the prison, and preached to its wretched inmates. They heard with attention, and some of them evidently were serious. At three o'clock, P. M., I preached in the chapel upon the character of Cornelius, and again in the evening, upon the parable of the rich fool. The whole of this day's services were concluded by the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

"8*th.*—Rode to Simon's Town. On my arrival I found that the bishop of Calcutta had just concluded a very interesting service, which he held in *our chapel.* Sixty-four young persons were confirmed, and the ceremony was performed with a solemnity calculated to impress the minds of all present with the necessity and importance of religion.

"9*th Sunday.*—Preached morning and evening. In the evening I was enabled to speak with much freedom from the words of Peter: 'To whom shall we go but unto thee?' &c. As several of the young persons who had been confirmed on the previous day were present, I took occasion to remind them of the solemn engagement into which they had entered to devote themselves to the service of God, and that results replete with bliss, or fraught with misery might be expected from that engagement, according as its conditions were fulfilled or neglected.

"19*th.*—About half way between Stellenbosch and Cape Town, there lives a pious woman of colour named *Diana.** I called upon her, and felt much interest in the account she gave of her conversion to God, and subsequent religious experience. Many of God's dear children are hid in the vale of obscurity during the period of their earthly pilgrimage; but, yet a little while, and they shall be publicly acknowledged, and honourably rewarded, before assembled worlds.

"In conclusion, I may just say, that we have much need of the prayers of the faithful; for although we have no open persecution to withstand, yet we are surrounded by an influence very unfavourable to the dissemination of the pure and holy principles of the Gospel."—J. C.

In the different missionary meetings, which we now held, we were kindly assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Adamson, D.D.; Peirs; and Beck. Indeed there was no room for bigotry, when our united efforts were altogether inadequate to the wants of the thousands who were perishing around

* See the Chapter on Native Characters.

for lack of knowledge. The Rev. G. Beck, of the South African Missionary Society, being for some time in affliction, I supplied several of his Wednesday evening services in the large Dutch chapel, and though the congregation consisted of the members of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, they heard with great attention, and received me with all possible kindness.

In the month of May, 1833, at the invitation of Captain Pedder, I visited *Robben Island*, a convict station, about fourteen miles from Cape Town. Captain P., the governor of the island, read the prayers, and I preached in the verandah to as many as understood English, and twice afterwards to the convicts who understood Dutch. Having never been visited by any minister or missionary before, they were highly delighted, and requested that my visit might be repeated.

When meeting the *class* at Simon's Town in the month of July, the evening being extremely wet, and only seven members present, I noticed as a peculiar coincidence, that each of these was of a *different nation*. The leader, Mr. Ronquest, was of *Swedish* descent, but born at the Cape. Another was an *English sailor*, residing with the admiral on the station. The sailor had a pious sister at home, who, in her letters, had pressed him to attend to his spiritual interest, and her exhortations had been blessed. One had been brought from *Inhamban*, as a prize slave, and another from *Mozambique*. The other three were of *Dutch*, *Malabar*, and *Hottentot* descent. This little company reminded me of the words of the apostle, that "the Gentiles should be fellow heirs, and of the same body," "where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all in all."

Towards the end of May, I accompanied *Josiah Nisbett*, Esq., who was going to leave for India, on board the ship in which he intended to sail. I held a conversation with one of the boatmen respecting seamen neglecting the house of God, but Mr. Nisbett remained in silence. The evening before he sailed for India, he asked me to take a

walk with him, and accordingly we walked some time, by the light of the moon, in one of the streets of Cape Town. It appeared to me, as though he knew not how to part, or that he had some presentiment that we should not meet again on earth. His conversation was exclusively on spiritual topics, and before we separated, he said, "Now, if after my departure, you can do anything for the *sailors*, you may draw on *me for fifty pounds*."

Soon after this event, the following letter appeared in the Advertiser, written by *Captain Lyddel* of the *Beatrice* :—

"To the Editor: Sir,—In almost every part I visit I find a method devised to afford religious instruction to seamen. In almost every port, and even the open roadsteads in England, Ireland, and Scotland, we have floating chapels. In France, the masters of vessels are desired by the respective consuls to attend, with their crews, at places of worship expressly provided for them. In Holland it is the same; likewise in almost every port of Asia and America, the inhabitants of the latter, through strenuous exertions, have succeeded wonderfully in moralising the members of my profession. Cannot a floating chapel be provided in Table Bay, when an opportunity occurs, and moored in the safest place near the jetty?

"Obstacles will no doubt be thrown in the way, but it can only be by those who are not stimulated to assist the very men who have, by the aid of the Almighty, protected and still do protect our country, and are employed in traversing the wide world in aid of our mercantile resources.

"I have no doubt that all Christian ministers in Cape Town would render their assistance, and every effort would be made by them to achieve this as well as any other laudable object, the necessity of which cannot be denied and which is attainable. A strange remark was made by our *brave Nelson* in his official despatches to the Lords of the Admiralty a little before his death,—that he had twelve men (calling them *psalm-singing fellows)* who were the

most willing of the crew, and that in three engagements, in the very heat of action, they were spared, whilst hundreds around them were cut off. I mention this circumstance as a proof of Lord Nelson's judgment and discriminative view of inculcating Christianity upon sailors.

"I have only to add that my speaking so pointedly must be excused, which no doubt it readily will, as coming from

A Master of a vessel now in Table Bay.'

The answer which follows was immediately written:—

"Wesley Chapel, Cape Town, *June* 10*th*, 1833.

"To the Editor: Sir,—In the Advertiser of Saturday last, I was glad to see an article, 'Religious instruction for seamen.' The writer asks, 'Cannot a floating chapel be provided in Table Bay, when an opportunity occurs, and be moored near the jetty?' I suppose he refers to the jetty lately commenced, and being a stranger myself to mooring and anchoring vessels, I leave those who may have some knowledge of the subject, to answer the question. He then presumes that the Christian ministers of Cape Town would readily render their assistance. Let every minister answer for himself! For my own part, Sir, I have frequently preached to sailors. I have preached to them on the quarter-deck of a ship at sea, in a floating hull in the harbour, and in various chapels on the shores of our own native Isle.

"From what I have seen on these occasions, I must acknowledge that the seamen were attentive, and appeared to reverence divine worship. I therefore feel no hesitation in saying, that myself, and my colleagues, will be ready, in our turn, in union with any or all the ministers in Cape Town, to preach the Gospel to them 'that go down to the sea in ships.'

"The ministers of the Gospel in this colony think it quite requisite to preach to the military, to civilians, to

Hottentots, to Kaffirs, to slaves, and convicts.—Are *our sailors*, then, the *only men* who need no instruction, no warning, no consolation? Shall these brave fellows, who traverse the ocean to defend our country, to enrich our merchants, and to carry Bibles and Missionaries to heathen nations—shall these only be neglected? and will all pass by on the other side?

"Your correspondent, moreover, states, that in almost every part of the world which he has visited, some attention is paid to men of his profession. Is, then, the far-famed Cape of Good Hope to be the only place where sailors shall have no hope? After a long and tedious voyage, when their anchor is cast, and the ship safely moored, shall the sailor's eye never behold a Bethel flag, inviting him to adore that God—

> 'Who rides upon the stormy sky
> And calms the roaring seas?'

Shall they still continue to weigh their anchors, to unfurl their sails, and bid farewell to our shores; and while taking the last look at Table Mountain, be allowed to chant that mournful dirge, 'Refuge failed me, and no man cared for my soul?'

"Your correspondent anticipates 'that obstacles will be thrown in the way.' I ask, by whom? Surely there can be no individual in Cape Town, who would throw an obstacle in the way of a poor tar hearing the Gospel! The most formidable obstacle, I believe, will be the want of funds, which may easily be removed by the liberality of the benevolent. Cannot a few persons be selected as a committee, to be on the look-out for the hull of a vessel? As soon as such a committee shall have been appointed, and a subscription list commenced, I have authority from a respectable individual, who has lately left the colony, to advance, as his donation, towards a Bethel chapel, the sum of *fifty pounds*.

"Hoping that you will soon have other correspondents on the subject,—I remain, &c.—B. S."

In the course of a few days a meeting was called to take this subject into consideration, and a committee was then formed to provide a Bethel flag and other requisites. I was appointed to preach on board the *Undaunted*, Captain Miller, on the 18th of August, after which, the annexed letter appeared in the Advertiser, from the secretary of the committee:

"To the Editor: Sir,—In the Advertiser of June 8th, there appeared a letter from the master of a vessel then lying in Table Bay, expressing his surprise that nothing had been done, in this port, towards the preaching of the Gospel to the sailors.

"I am, however, happy to inform you that, since the period above mentioned, a committee has been formed of several ministers and gentlemen, for the purpose of carrying this desirable object into effect; that a Bethel flag has been procured, and was hoisted on sabbath morning, August 18th, at the mast-head of the *Undaunted*, the commander of that vessel, Captain Miller, having made every preparation for the holding of divine service on board his ship. A large awning being spread on deck, afforded a commodious shelter from the weather. At eleven o'clock, the Rev. B. Shaw commenced the service by singing that beautiful hymn,—

'From all that dwell below the skies,' &c.

Solemn prayer was then offered up to Him 'who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.'

"After having read the lessons, and sung an appropriate hymn, an impressive sermon was preached, from Isa. xlii. 10, 'Sing unto the Lord a new song,' &c. The whole service was solemn and delightful. The tars, consisting of the crews of the barque *Undaunted*, and *Clarence*, heard with the greatest attention.

"The committee of management, in this most excellent cause, having thus begun their exertions, will, I trust, be

encouraged to go forward, and not grow weary in well-doing, till every sailor and boatman in our port shall rally round their standard, and say, 'We will rejoice in Thy salvation, and in the name of our God will we set up our banners.'

One of the Congregation."

On the 21st of August, *Mrs. D. Thornhill*, the oldest member of our society, departed this life, aged 54. A short account of her life and character is to be found in the obituary of the Magazine for May, 1836, from which we copy a few extracts:—

"In early life, although disciplined in moral habits, and accustomed to attend public worship, she appears to have been without deep religious impressions, and to have indulged in the gaieties common to her years. When about twenty-two years of age, she was occasionally brought under the ministry of the Methodist preachers; and whilst hearing the Rev. W. E. Miller, was convinced of sin, and led to seek earnestly, by fervent prayer, an interest in the blood of Christ, which she soon found, and was enabled to rejoice in God. She presently experienced that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution. From the members of her family, she met with opposition. When about to receive her first ticket, as a member of the Methodist Society, a near relation remonstrated with her in the chapel, but she obeyed the voice of conscience. For some time after her marriage with Mr. Thornhill, she remained in England; but in the year 1820, the family went with a party of settlers to Albany, in South Africa, where they continued for some years, and afterwards removed to Cape Town. For several years she held the office of a class-leader; and when her health and circumstances permitted, was eminently active in lending assistance to every means used for the promotion of the cause of Christianity, and the welfare of her fellow-creatures. Having felt the pardoning love of God, she sought to grow in grace, and was in the habit of pressing upon her Chris-

tian friends, the necessity and excellence of entire holiness. Her life illustrated the doctrines she professed. It was 'a living epistle, known and read of all men.' The religion which had been her strong consolation through a tempestuous life, did not fail her in sickness and a dying hour. During a long and painful illness, her song was of mercy. Worn down by disease and suffering, her happy spirit was at length peacefully dismissed, to join in the song of the redeemed."

On visiting her, when nigh unto death, I found her in a state of unspeakable happiness. She exclaimed in triumph,—"Jesus is the good foundation—the atonement is my refuge—none but Christ—none but Christ. Oh, how delightful! Glory to God!

> 'Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing,
> My great Redeemer's praise;
> The glories of my God and King,
> The triumphs of his grace.'"

And in this delightful frame, her spirit was caught up to be with Christ.

In 1834, many and important advances were made in various parts of the circuit. At Somerset, Hottentots' Holland, a respectable Dutch farmer, had at first allowed me to preach in his hall, (a large room,) and afterwards we obtained the use of the village school-room. I subsequently purchased a house and premises in the midst of the village, towards which *Mrs. Brackenbury*, of Raithby Hall, the steady friend of missions, kindly gave *one hundred pounds*. The large store connected with the house, was immediately converted into a chapel, which was opened by brother Edwards and myself. A traveller, (*a Caledonian by birth*,) happening to be at Somerset on the occasion, sent the following account of the services to the Editor of the Advertiser.

"*September* 29th, 1834.—A sojourn in the village of Somerset, Hottentots' Holland, induced us to attend the

opening of the chapel and school for the slave and coloured population, on Sunday morning last, the 28th instant. The day previous was most inclement, from the fury of the wind; but 'Heaven was in the bosom of the following morning. All nature was hushed, the storm was over and gone, the mist that shrouded the mountains had passed away, the whole of the beautiful vallies and the glorious marine prospect of Hottentots' Holland, were completely unveiled. The sun enlivened creation with his heaven-born beams, the waters danced in the rays, the flowers of spring expanded to his influence, the music of the groves was heard, and all 'the trees of the field clapped their hands.'

"Soon after eight o'clock, the various pathways exhibited the church-going faces of the slaves on their way to worship. Many of these had journeyed from afar: some few females rode on horseback, and there was a couple of humble vehicles filled with a few coloured people from the Cape Downs. The chapel was filled, every seat being occupied. The Rev. B. Shaw performed divine service, and delivered a most animating discourse. The minister of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Edgar, with his elder, Mr. J. T. Roos, and the Field-cornet, Mr. de Vos, were present on the occasion.

"Long before the afternoon service the place was crowded to excess, and many were unable to procure admittance. The Rev. Mr. Edwards delivered an impressive discourse to one of the most interesting congregations that we ever beheld. The exterior deportment of each person at this and the morning service was highly respectable, and the free-will contributions of these hitherto neglected people were conspicuous.

"We apprehend this missionary establishment at Hottentots' Holland bids fair to become a model to other villages, and is highly suited to meet the moral wants of a large body of the people who are about to become free. Attached to the chapel here, which is plain and simple, there are a dwelling-house and garden, which have been

purchased by the zealous missionaries, (Wesleyan,) which are both commodious and ornamental. In fact, the situation is of extreme beauty, and a short distance from the sea, with its supplies of fish. There is, besides, a quantity of ground, situated for building cottages; and it is the intention of the Wesleyans to induce free people to build thereon, and cultivate the soil. It will be seen that the village of Somerset will gain much by the presence of rural labourers within its bosom. The premises thus described, with the erfs and alterations, appear to have cost about two hundred pounds. Those who hail the first dawning of a new era in the colony, will do well to place their gifts on this altar of Christian bnevolence and good will for man."

Klip Fountain, about fifteen miles from Cape Town, is in the midst of the Cape Downs, and surrounded by sand-hills; yet here we have an exceedingly attentive congregation, some of whom travel six or eight miles to attend divine worship. Going hither on one occasion, I was somewhat delayed by the deep sands and intense heat, and wondered, being behind my time, that none had come to meet me. When sufficiently near, however, I heard that they had commenced the service, and were singing a Dutch Hymn, to the *tune of our grand national anthem.* Remaining on the outside till they had concluded, I listened with intense delight. Indeed the melody of a number of voices, male and female—the situation of the place being adjacent to huge hills of sand, which were the very picture of barrenness—and the fact that the favourite tune of Great Britian was being sung to the honour of the Redeemer in such a wilderness, produced on my mind so powerful an effect, that I could say, of England, with the Sheffield bard,—

> I love thee,—when I hear thy voice
> Bid a despairing world rejoice,
> And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
> In every tongue Messiah's name;
> That name, at which from sea to sea,
> All nations yet shall bow the knee."

The people here soon determined to erect themselves a chapel, after which, several received the truth, and a small society was formed among them. On marrying the first three couples at this place, the friends of the parties came from afar to witness the ceremony, all appeared greatly interested on seeing the brides receive each a *ring*, the English token of union. I had to thank a friend of Birmingham for a supply of rings, which, although not gold, had much the appearance of it, and answered remarkably well. Missionary meetings were afterwards held in the chapel, when several friends from Cape Town lent their assistance. I was at first led to Klip Fountain, in order to visit a poor woman of colour, who was near death, and had been accustomed elsewhere to attend our ministry. She was sweetly resigned to the will of God, and happy in the prospect of a better inheritance. On her death-bed she informed her children and those around her, that God would visit them after her departure, and that on this spot the word of God should be preached, and his truths made known.

The following extract from a letter of *Mr. Cameron's* to the Secretaries, shews a gradual improvement in our general work of the circuit :—

"Cape Town, *September* 30*th*, 1834.

"As I know that you are deeply interested in whatever concerns the cause of Christ, especially in foreign lands, it gives me unfeigned pleasure to be able occasionally to furnish you with such facts as tend to prove that the cause is gradually extending its influence in this part of the globe. We are unable to record any extraordinary effusion of the Holy Spirit, or of the glorious results which generally follow such an event; and, were these the only criteria of success, it would be difficult to substantiate our claim to any measure of it. But grace is very diversified in its operations; and sometimes, like the under-current of the ocean, counter-works unseen the course of the present world, only becoming evident to us by the effects which it

produces; this inclines us to believe, that our labours have not been so unsuccessful as our fears have too often insinuated. I am in no danger of exaggeration when I say, that since my arrival in this colony, our prospect of doing good was never more bright and encouraging than at the present moment. By steadily adhering to the instructions given us by the committee, avoiding all unnecessary interference with political matters, and attending solely to the duties of our sacred calling, we have secured the approbation of those whom the providence of God has placed in authority over us. The Governor has given us proofs that he looks with a friendly eye upon the work in which we are engaged; and the Chief Justice, and other distinguished individuals, have become contributors to our Auxiliary Missionary Society. The aspect of society in general is improving; knowledge is diffused to a considerable extent by means of books, tracts, newspapers, &c., and is silently originating a liberality of thought and feeling which must eventually destroy everything of an opposite character. And, though what we now see is far from that completely renovated state of society, which the sure and unfailing word of prophecy has taught us to anticipate; yet, when compared with the state of things here at any former period, it is so manifestly superior, that we may well thank God and take courage. The extinction of slavery which draws near, is an event to which we look forward with intense interest, as it will throw open a door by which the herald of salvation may enter into a wide field of usefulness, hitherto, with very few exceptions, entirely unoccupied. Then it is reasonable to suppose that the gospel, having surmounted one of the most formidable obstacles ever opposed to its progress, will rapidly spread in every direction, and emancipating thousands of wretched and degraded sinners from the thraldom of iniquity, and introducing them into the glorious liberty of the children of God. But for this purpose, the Christian Church must put forth renewed and still more vigorous efforts: and there

appears a willingness on her part to do so. But allow me to express a hope that Africa will not be overlooked."—J. C.

At *Stellenbosch* I had preached some years before, but now we had an invitation signed by several persons, requesting us to visit that village as frequently as possible. Several English families were residing there, who were altogether destitute of the means of grace, besides a great number of heathens to whom access could be obtained. Mr. Edwards is now resident at the village, and his persevering labours have been crowned with success. He has a day-school for the heathen children, of about seventy, and will soon double the number. The happy death of one of his congregation who had been a slave, had given him great encouragement, and one of the school children who had also imbibed the truth, was so enraptured with the prospect of heaven, when near her dissolution that she exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory!" and then sweetly expired. Mr. Edwards has succeeded in the erection of a commodious chapel.

Towards the close of the year, another of our members, *Mrs. Lucas*, was taken away by death. She was one, who, by her life and deportment verified the sincerity of her profession, and in all things adorned the doctrine of God, her Saviour. She was a native of the city of Canterbury, but had been about fourteen years in the colony. In her affliction, she was sweetly resigned to the will of God, and when I said to her, "Jesus is the rock of ages," she instantly replied, "Yes, bless the Lord, I feel him to be so, and Christ is precious." When taking leave of her, she said, "Give my love to Mrs. S., and tell her that I shall see her no more in this world, but that we shall meet in heaven." She sought for divine grace, that in her severe affliction she might have patience, and said, "Let not the Lord be angry: I shall be received into the arms of Jesus. Give me those wings that I may tower away to the blissful city above! O give me those wings that I may tower

away!" Soon after she fell asleep in Jesus. Her soul forsook the heavy clay, and her happy spirit entered the New Jerusalem.

"The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breath in the air,
No gloom of affliction and sin,
No shadow of evil is there."

CHAPTER XVII.

W. E. UNDERWOOD, ESQ.—WYNBERG—OPEN AIR PREACHING—SANCTION OF GOVERNOR—EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY—REV. R. WATSON'S LETTER—ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH—RONDEBOSCH AND CAMP GROUND—ERSTE RIVIER—PREACHING UNDER OAK TREE—OPPOSITION OF FIELD-CORNET—AMUSING DIALOGUE—WOMAN SINGING HIM TO SILENCE—SOMERSET—DEATH OF MRS. SHREWSBURY—THREE MOHAMMEDANS UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH—CALEDON BATHS—PREACH IN THE REFORMED CHURCH—REV. R. GIDDY—MR. EDWARDS—MR. T. L. HODGSON—REMOVE TO WYNBERG—REV. W. SHAW ARRIVES—SYDNEY-STREET CHAPEL OPENED—DIEP RIVIER—COLOURED PEOPLE HOLD A PRAYER MEETING—SAIL FOR ENGLAND.

W. E. UNDERWOOD, Esq., from India, who came to reside for a time at Wynberg, greatly assisted us at that place in our Sabbath School, in the distribution of tracts, in visiting the sick, and in establishing meetings for prayer. He was *ready indeed* for every good work, and an example to all around. Being at our chapel one morning, when my text was "Be not weary in well doing," he came into the house after service, and said, "If you will build a cottage by the chapel at Wynberg, in which one of the Missionaries may reside, you may draw on my agents for *fifty* pounds to assist." After his departure for Madras, a cottage was erected, and the money advanced, which was to us, help in the time of need. During the long and severe *affliction of Mrs. Shaw*, he was a most attentive and sympathizing friend, having learnt the lesson taught by the Apostle, Rom. xii. 15,—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Being requested to meet his excellency the governor, I immediately repaired to his office. He wished to ask

some questions respecting our preaching in the *open air*, as a magistrate had referred him to a colonial law of ancient date on the subject, and was desirous of knowing whether he should act upon it. Having satisfied him as to the necessity and probable utility of occasionally preaching in the open air, especially to those whose religion forbade them to enter any place of Christian worship, Sir Benjamin said, "We must stop nothing which is in any way calculated to be useful." I afterwards received a letter from the Colonial Office expressing in the most unqualified terms, the confidence reposed in the Wesleyan Missionaries, with unbounded liberty for preaching *at all times, and wherever we might think proper, without molestation.*

On the 30th of November, in the evening, I had the pleasure of tolling the passing bell of Cape slavery. After preaching in English, from Psalm lxxxix. 15, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance," I announced that on the clock striking twelve, the monster would expire. The next morning I awoke about two o'clock, with the words "Africa is free," powerfully impressed upon my mind, and felt a longing desire that all her sons might be free indeed.*

* The portrait of a slave in chains, around which are printed the words, "Am I not a man and a brother?" hung always in the study of the late Rev. D. Isaac, and it was his ardent prayer that God would take to Him His great power, and speedily and finally extinguish the deep-dyed sin of Negro Slavery. He frequently spoke of the Gradual Abolition Scheme with great keenness, enquiring,—"What is the conduct of ministers and others when the Dey of Algiers enslaves some of our countrymen? Do they then plead for gradual emancipation? No;—an army must be immediately raised, and a fleet instantly sent forth to demand their freedom; and if the demand be not complied with, his forts must be blown up and his kingdom must be overrun by the military." His arguments at such times, were like the strokes of a sledge hammer, and what might be afterwards advanced by others, was only as the light and playful rattles of little children. How would this great man have rejoiced to see this day, and sing with his friend, James Montgomery, Esq.:—

"Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia has conquer'd, the Negro is free," &c.

Upon this subject the author has in his possession a letter written by the *Rev. R. Watson*, dated London, October 31, 1832.

"My dear Brother,—I rejoice to find by your letter last received, that you are well and able so actively to employ yourself. Your plan of going to the destitute population, which would not come to you, is important. To be effectual, however, it must be done on a plan, and persevered in. It is truly Methodistic, and what is a higher sanction, truly Christian. Christ and his Apostles were great house preachers, and neither churches nor chapels have made this work anywhere unnecessary.

"Your doing something more among *the slaves* is very gratifying to us. To get access to them we know you will compromise no principle in that great moral question, which can never be palliated on Christian principles, much less defended, and which Mr. Wesley describes as 'the execrable sum of all villanies.' But on civil matters the missionary may lawfully be silent and just mind one thing, to do all the spiritual good he can to the souls of masters and slaves. But let not his neutrality be on one side, let him be neutral fairly; this is our rule. In spite of all opposers and all trimmers, the cry of the oppressed goes up before God, and will be heard in its season.

"My kind regards to Mrs. Shaw, and believe me always

"Very affectionately,—Yours, R. Watson."

21st of December, *St. George's Church* was set apart for religious worship. The Rev. G. Hough, senior chaplain of the Cape, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon to a crowded assembly, and the school children surrounding the organ sung delightfully. The building is elegant and spacious, affording ample accommodation for the poor, and no longer can the English inhabitants complain for want of a suitable place for public devotion. When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all nations shall stand at his bar, then

> "May it before the world appear,
> That crowds were born to glory there."

1835. At *Rondebosch* and its vicinity, where there were many apprentices, I began to preach the word of life. Service was conducted for their benefit on the camp ground under a verandah. Several masters and mistresses were likewise present, among whom were Sir John and Lady Truter, our long-tried friends. I visited several other places, but soon found that the Mohammedans followed after, zealously endeavouring to subvert the truth by the propagation of their delusions. "Arm of the Lord! awake, awake."

> "The Arab thief, and fiend expel,
> And chase his doctrine back to hell."

Desirous of preaching to the apprentices in the neighbourhood of *Eerste Rivier*, I requested some of the masters to allow me the use of a vacant room or building, but I was refused. I determined therefore to preach in the open air, to as many as might think proper to come and hear. My design being previously known, I arrived at the company's drift on the 1st of March, at one o'clock, an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the service. Many people were already assembled, some of whom had come the distance of eight or ten miles. At the time for commencement, I took my stand under a large spreading oak, and the people delightfully united in singing "Hallelujah lof zy den Heer;" or "Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord." The shade of the royal oak on the banks of the river, and the stream running over the rocks beneath, were favourable to devotional feelings, so that every succeeding verse of the hymn seemed to create a new interest, and swell the song of praise. After reading the tenth chapter of Romans, and engaging in prayer, I gave out the text as appropriate for the occasion, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The deepest attention was manifested by all the heathen, till the conclusion of the service. The *field-cornet*, and several others, stood at a distance. After the service, he came up to me, and charged me not to come to that place again

without his permission. I informed him, that it was not requisite for me to ask his permission, or that of any other person, seeing that I had the authority of the Bible, and the sanction of the government. He was exceedingly angry, and threatened the apprentices. So, to end the matter, I published that, on the first Sabbath in April, my life being spared, I should preach there again. In order to fulfil this engagement, I left Cape Town on Saturday afternoon, April 4th, and reached the house of *Diana*, a woman of colour, who resides upon the Cape Flats, a little after sunset. In compliance with her request I remained there all night, preached in the cottage early next morning, and then set out for the place of my appointment.

On my way thither, it began to rain, and while crossing the wilderness, thus solitary and alone, I was greatly cast down with the idea that I could have no congregation, and that our enemies would triumph over us. On my arrival at the place, there was one aged black man walking up and down beneath the trees, but several others soon arrived. The field-cornet, who had behaved so unkindly the last time I was here, now sent a messenger with an order that we should go on the other side of the river. I told the messenger to give my compliments to his master, and to inform him, that, as we should not trespass on any private property, but keep our service on the *king's highway*, we did not need his interference on the occasion, but should choose our own place. The field-cornet soon arrived, when the following conversation took place:—

Field-Cornet.—"What kind of message was that you sent me?"

Missionary.—"I sent my compliments, and desired the messenger to inform you that we should choose our own place."

Field-Cornet.—"The other side of the river is the proper outspanning or halting-place, and there you ought to go."

Missionary.—"The last time I was here I engaged to

preach beneath the tree, under the shade of which I am now standing."

Field-Cornet.—"But why not go on the other side of the river?"

Missionary.—"Because myself, and the people assembled have as much right here as you have. These apprentices have as much right, being his Majesty's subjects, to walk, or stand, or sit here as you or any other person."

Field-Cornet.—"But this was my father's ground; he only allowed government the use of this road."

Missionary.—"Your father either gave it or sold it to government, according to your account. I care not whether of the two. It is now the king's highway; I have measured it, and there is room enough for our congregation; so here we shall remain; and it will be at the peril of any man to molest us. I have permission from his excellency the governor to preach through this whole country."

Field-Cornet.—"I know it; but the horses are standing on my ground. If they are not immediately taken away, they will be sent to the pound."

Missionary.—"Place all the horses in the middle of the road, and some one of you (to the apprentices) stand by, and take care of them."

A woman of colour now came through the river well mounted, and rode up beneath the trees, where the other horses had been standing.

Field-Cornet.—"If you do not take that horse away, he shall be sent to the pound."

Woman.—"You send my horse to the pound! He cost the sum of two hundred rix dollars, and I have come all this distance (about fifteen miles) to hear the gospel, which you wish to prevent being preached."

Addressing herself to me, she said, "Can we not sing a psalm, Sir, and put a stop to him?" I answered, that our people were not acquainted with the Dutch Psalms, so as to sing them: but, as soon as they should be collected

together, we should commence by singing a hymn. The woman now sat down with the rest: but it was not long before she rose up, and said, "My beloved sisters and brothers, by your permission, I will sing a psalm suitable to the occasion;" and, after giving out a verse, she began and sung with a loud voice, the ninth psalm, from the twelfth verse to the end.

This psalm, for a time, drove the field-cornet from us; and the weather having cleared up, we commenced our service, while he sat on his horse at the distance of about forty yards. Had this been a fine day, we should have had a large audience, as it was known all around. There were, however, many more than I had expected. I suppose about two hundred were present, while I proclaimed, "Behold now is the day of salvation." I returned to Cape Town after service, having ridden during the day about thirty-five miles, preached twice, and been exposed for three or four hours in the rain. I had a cup of coffee and a bit of bread about six o'clock in the morning; from that time, I had neither breakfast nor dinner, not even a drink of water, till I reached home about eight o'clock; yet I was quite hearty and strong. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

On the 30th of May, I rode to Droog-Valley, to the place of Captain Proctor, about forty miles from Cape Town, and was most kindly received by the whole family.

31*st*.—Preached in the forenoon in English, and in the afternoon in Dutch. The number of persons residing on this place is *one hundred and two*. They have divine service every Lord's day when Miss Proctor reads the prayers, and an appropriate discourse. May the divine blessing rest on this house!

At *Somerset* our congregation increased, and became to me one of the most interesting that I had ever beheld. In this congregation were to be seen faces fair as the whitest European, and sable as the blackest son of Mosambique; children, also, of three or four years of age, and men bending under the weight of sixty or seventy. How encouraging is that

promise of Jehovah. "It shall come to pass, that I will gather all nations and tongues, and they shall behold my glory."

June 13*th*, 1835.—The excellent wife of our highly valued brother missionary, Mr. Shrewsbury, exchanged this valley of Baca, for the Zion of God. In the year 1826, she arrived with her husband at the Cape of Good Hope; they remained for some time with us and then proceeded to Kaffraria. "At that time she was remarkably strong and healthy, but the hardships of the Kaffir-land Mission made the first inroads upon her constitution. This she well knew, but never regretted the loss of health, or even life, in such a work. Her resignation was always the most exemplary when her sufferings were at their severest height." Her bereaved husband, on referring to their introduction among the people of Hintsa, says, "The last day or two of our journey the wind was exceedingly strong and cold, which induced us to take shelter under a high rock, by the river side; as the rains were approaching, a mere hut was hastily erected, into which we entered eight days' after it was begun, the plastered walls being yet extremely wet and damp; and yet we preferred the risk of occupying it to being exposed to the cold air, and the damp vapours arising from the river, near which for the first few days we took our abode. We had succeeded indeed, in establishing the mission: but, before we had been there a month, my wife was attacked with violent rheumatic pains; to which was also added a severe ophthalmia, so that I feared at one time she would never recover her eye-sight any more. In February, 1833, we removed to Graham's Town. In the early part of 1835, she often complained of weakness; but her health did not much decline until May, when both our medical attendants and all our friends, insisted on the necessity of a voyage, as the only remaining means of preserving her life. When I consulted her upon this subject, from a fear of leading me out of my providential sphere, she declined giving her opinion. "Do" said she "that which appears

to your own judgment to be the will of God; and I shall be satisfied with the decision, whatever it may be.

"*June 7th.*—I was hastily sent for to her bed-side, and found her apparently smitten for death. I sat down and wept abundantly. 'My love,' said she, 'why do you weep? It distresses me to see you in so much trouble.' Thank God I can die, and leave my children with comfort. This last sentence she repeated thrice.

"*June 12th.*—Towards midnight she awoke and was rather restless, but nothing particular occurred till about five in the morning, when she said, 'I am sinking.' Near half an hour afterwards she said, 'I am dying.' I awoke the nurse and sent for our medical attendants, and for all the Missionaries and their wives. Before they came I enquired into her state then, with death in view. She answered with difficulty, 'I can't talk, I hang on Christ.' I knelt down to pray, and when concluding, she said that God was drawing near to her soul;—'Pray on!' And again, when about concluding, she said, 'Pray on!' Soon after morning light the doctors came and pronounced her case hopeless. She looked at me and said, 'Take care of the children.' Perceiving that she was sinking apace, I pronounced over her the benediction. 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with thy spirit evermore.' And in less than two minutes she expired at a quarter before nine, on the 12th of June, and was interred in the Wesleyan burial ground on the following day."

In November, I was called upon to visit three Mohammedans, under sentence of death, and found them exceedingly ignorant, yet willing to receive instruction. During the course of my visits, two of them appeared thankful when I had prayed with them, and said that they called upon God and Jesus Christ. On explaining the need of a Mediator between God and man, they gave their assent to the doctrine of reconciliation through a crucified Redeemer. Not one of them could read, and the oldest, in particular, acknowledged his great ignorance. He stated

that he was born a slave, and had never received any instruction from his master, but that as soon as he was able to put on his clothes he had been sent to work. Referring to the circumstance of their having become Mohammedans, he said,—"Wy waren verlaten om een geloof voor zelfs te zooken." (We were left to seek a faith for ourselves.) Thus, he might have gone to the place of execution declaring,—"No man careth for my soul."

George Alexander, Esq., of Calcutta, being about to proceed to the Caledon Bath, kindly invited me to accompany him, which offer I accepted with thankfulness, having need of rest, and an opportunity being thus afforded of trying the water. Mr. Alexander had attended our chapel at Wynberg, and greatly assisted in its enlargement. Often have I taken sweet council with him and his excellent partner; but especially in the solitude of the Bath, I found him an agreeable companion, and a faithful friend. While at Caledon, we commenced a sabbath-school for the apprentices, and I frequently preached in Dutch and English. Once I was invited to preach in the Dutch Reformed Church, and accepted the invitation; but being a missionary as well as a minister, some did not approve of my occupying the pulpit, and therefore those who were willing to hear, filled the school-room, and listened with attention. Upon the whole, our visit to Caledon was agreeable to ourselves, and profitable to the village; for a pressing memorial was written, and signed by many of the inhabitants, requesting that our missionary at Somerset should preach to them as frequently as possible.

The *Rev. R. Giddy*, who had been specially appointed for the Bechuana country, but who greatly assisted us in the Cape circuit, till the arrival of Mr. Edwards, was then residing at Somerset, and gladly complied with their request. The following extracts of a letter were written by him to the committee after his arrival at his own station :—

"Thaba Unchu, *May* 15*th*, 1837.—As early as possible after the arrival of your letter, I left Somerset, and repaired to Cape Town, to await the arrival of Mr. W. Shaw.

Though fully, I trust, disposed to go into the interior, and meet any difficulties which might occur in the prosecution of my work, I could not but regret leaving a circuit where openings for usefulness, and for the extension of our work, were presenting themselves on every hand. Though I had laboured but eleven months in that part, God had blessed his word; and I only lament, that when obstacles were giving way, and opposition, which had once been so formidable, was beginning to moderate, and I had in view several plans for the establishment and yet further extension of our work, I should have been unavoidably removed. If I were allowed to express an opinion on the subject, I should say, that an additional missionary, or an assistant, for the Somerset circuit, is quite necessary. Caledon, which is one of our most hopeful places, can otherwise be visited but once in three weeks; and as the missionary is without any local help, there is no way whatever of filling up the intervening weeks. Another place, French Hoek, containing, I am told, five hundred souls, might advantageously be taken into the circuit, were it not that other places fully occupy his attention.

"My last communication will have informed you of the state of the *Somerset circuit.* We have there much to encourage us, but, I fear, unless additional help be sent, and our measures executed with promptness, the good effect produced will speedily pass away. If another labourer be sent, both may be employed in preaching, on one or another of the neighbouring estates, every day in the week, and the people are not unprepared. Some happy seasons have I enjoyed at Somerset, with a few who were beginning to seek after God. Twice in the week I spoke to each individual present, just as in our class-meetings, as far as time would permit, and found that I was enabled to address them this way, with considerable effect, and that the word spoken told on their hearts. The sabbath previous to my leaving, I baptized two whom I had previously examined. It was a solemn time. May God grant, that the whole congregation and

neighbourhood may speedily be baptized with the Holy Ghost!

"*January* 1*st.* 1837.—The congregation of *Caledon* this evening was rather large; and I endeavoured to deliver my soul. I have now to take leave of this people, having received orders from the committee to remove to the Bechuana mission. When one has to leave a people to whom he has been for some time employed in ministering the word of eternal life, a certain train of reflections forces itself upon the mind. His opportunities of speaking to them are at an end; his offers of salvation are to be made to them no more; whether he has been faithful or faithless, his ministry is to close; and his works stand over to the day of God, to undergo the keen and penetrating search of Omniscience. But, leaving this people, I trust I can say, I have endeavoured to declare unto them the whole counsel of God. Some have heard, and I hope have been benefited; others remain unchanged; may the former be preserved in the right way, the latter speedily be brought in, and both stand at last at the right hand of God!"

In a recent letter from Mr. Edwards, who has now the charge of Somerset, he says,—"Since the day of emancipation, our congregations have been very good, and there is a great desire, on the part of the coloured people, to have their children taught to read the scriptures. Upwards of *one hundred* are on the list. This Station is doing well.—About seventy-six meet in class, and on Sunday last I baptized fourteen adults and two children. Somerset is rising and we shall soon have a pretty mission village. All the land will soon be occupied, and this summer I expect the mission ground to be full of houses."

In the month of January, 1836, *Mr. Hodgson* again arrived in the Cape, to the great joy of those who had known him in former years. He looked well, and was as active and zealous as he had been fifteen years before. I had feared, that during an absence of five years from Africa, he might in part have forgotten the language; but

he preached Dutch with great fluency, and is likely to be extensively useful.

The *cottage* at Wynberg being finished, I left the mission house at Cape Town, and went to reside there. J. M. Maynard, Esq., kindly allowed me the use of a room, rent free, for our week-night services, in which I preached in Dutch, to some of the lowest characters. The sabbath-school, at which some of the emigrant apprentices from England attended, prospered, and the young people commenced a Dorcas society, to furnish some of the destitute with clothing.

Upon the arrival of the *Rev. W. Shaw* at the Cape, on his way to Graham's Town, early in 1837, having previously obtained the sanction of the committee, I determined to return again, for a season, to my native land. Before my departure, the Sydney-street chapel in the suburbs of Cape Town, raised by the exertions of Mr. Hodgson, was opened by Mr. W. Shaw and myself. It is employed as a *day and sabbath-school*, and is likely to answer well. Having obtained from his excellency the governor, a grant of land at the *Diep Rivier*, on behalf of the committee, a small building was erected for a school and temporary chapel, which also, on the 23rd of April, I opened, by preaching in Dutch from,—"This man receiveth sinners." About one hundred persons were present, and we had a liberal collection. The *coloured people* of the Cape society, hearing that our passage was taken, held a meeting among themselves, on the evening of the 1st of May, to pray that we might be safely conducted across the mighty deep. On the 3rd, we were ordered on board the *Duke of Northumberland*, and before leaving, Mr. Hodgson proposed prayer. One of the local preachers was requested to engage in that solemn duty, and attempted, but could not proceed. Mr. H. then endeavoured, but his feelings were likewise overpowered; when another friend uttered a few sentences, and we departed. Many accompanied us to the ship, to bid farewell; and, early next morning, we were bearing away between Robben Island

and the main-land. My last sight of land was through the port-hole of the cabin, where I was lying exceedingly sick, and only able to drop a tear and say, "*Pity poor Africa!*"

FRIENDS of Jesus, take your stations;
Send the gospel of your God
To poor Afric's distant nations—
Preach the everlasting word.
Saviour, now stretch forth thine hand,
Pity Afric's desert land.

Some who never heard the sounding
Of the gospel's cheerful strain,
Quick, as nimble harts, are bounding
O'er the wild and lonely plain.
Saviour, now, &c.

There behold the savage warrior
List'ning to the joyful sound;
Broken down is ev'ry barrier—
Mountains levell'd with the ground.
Saviour, now, &c.

Bushmen throw aside the quiver,
Kaffirs drop the bloody spear;
Bechuanas drink the river
Flowing deep and ever clear.
Saviour, now, &c.

Wild Namacquas seek salvation,
Hast'ning to the bleeding Lamb;
Negroes fall in adoration,
Looking to the great I AM.
Saviour, now, &c.

Pity Ashantee and Dam'ra,
Pity Zuloos far away;
Pity all the tribes of Zah'ra,
O'er their hordes thy sceptre sway.
Saviour, now, &c.

The Centenary subscriptions for the Cape district amounted to £572 8*s.*, of which my old friend J. M. Maynard, Esq., gave the princely sum of £400.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALBANY—ARRANGEMENTS OF THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT—GRAHAM'S TOWN—SUCCESS.——KAFFRARIA—REV. W. SHAW—PATO, CONGA, AND KAMA—THE TAMBOOKIE COUNTRY—MR. WHITWORTH—DOOSHANI—ISLAMBIE—KIND RECEPTION—HINTZA—VOSSANI—SANCTITY OF THE SABBATH—FINGOE MISSION—WESLEYVILLE—BEKA—MOUNT COKE—BUTTERWORTH—REV. R. HADDY—CLARKEBURY—MORLEY—AMAPONDO—CAPAI—LOVE OF WAR—DESIRE FOR MISSIONARIES—MISSIONARY MEETING IN WESLEYVILLE, HELD IN THE OPEN AIR, LIEUT. COL. SOMERSET PRESIDES—SPEECHES OF THE CHIEFS—GRAHAM'S TOWN—PRINTING PRESS—WATSON INSTITUTION.

ALBANY.

THE following account of the British Settlement in Albany, and of the progress of Christianity in that part of Southern Africa, was furnished by the *Rev. W. Shaw* to the missionary committee, and appeared in the quarterly paper for December, 1833.

"The district of *Albany* forms the north-eastern boundary of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and is one of the most thickly-populated, and important of the ten districts into which that extensive colony is divided. Its boundaries are, the district of Uitenhage on the west; that of Somerset towards the north; it joins the populous country of the Kaffirs on the east; and is washed by the waves of the Southern Ocean on the south. Its entire surface has been computed to cover a space of 4800 miles, or 3,072,000 English acres.

"Previously to the year 1820, this tract of country was

called by the Dutch colonists, the 'Zuur Veldt,' or Sour Grass Country, from the peculiar nature of the pasturage which prevails in some parts of it. About fifty years ago this country was occupied by several powerful clans of Hottentots, especially the Gonakwa or Gonna Tribe, whose chief, called Ruyter by the Dutch, but known to the Kaffirs by the name of Kohlo, was a man of such superior tact and commanding influence, that he preserved his country from the encroachments of the Dutch colonists on the one hand, and of the Kaffir tribes on the other. After the death of this chief, and the dispersion of his clan, which followed that event, a few Dutch Farmers frequently attempted to establish themselves in this country; but they were as often disturbed by the frontier tribes of Kaffirs, who were anxious to enlarge their borders, and to possess themselves of the Zuur Veldt.

"These conflicting interests gave rise to that petty but ruinous warfare which was carried on between them and the Dutch colonists for many years; and thus the Zuur Veldt became the scene of a series of robberies, house-burnings, and murders, similar to those which, for many generations, were perpetrated betwixt the Scottish Highlanders and their neighbours. This unhappy state of affairs was partially changed, after the second capture of the colony by the English; and the Kaffirs were ultimately compelled to retire behind the Great Fish River, which was unquestionably the boundary of their country, previously to the period to which allusion has been made.

"Albany was not, however, finally settled till the early part of the year 1820, when an extensive emigration from England to the Cape Colony took place. The British settlers, amounting to *nearly five thousand* souls, arrived at the Cape in April and May of that year. A large parliamentary grant having been made in aid of emigration, they were sent out by government, free of expense to themselves; and the greater portion of them being landed at Algoa Bay, were ultimately located in the Zuur Veldt,

which was formed into a separate district, and received the name of Albany.

"The general appearance of the country is beautiful and picturesque: it presents many grand and romantic views, which are now enlivened, at various points, by the neat white-washed cottages of the settlers. These, together with various patches of cultivation, and other signs of improvement, introduced and introducing by a healthy, moral, and happy population, never fail to inspire the mind of the traveller with a feeling of indescribable delight, as he rides through the various parts of the district.

"During the first few years of the settlement, the settlers endured many privations, and some were reduced to great straits and necessities, arising from various causes, most of which have long ceased to exist; but it may be confidently affirmed, that no British colony was ever established, in which the first settlers encountered less difficulties, or sooner surmounted them, than the British settlers in Albany. Those of them who are still employed in agriculture and grazing are perhaps not accumulating wealth, but they all live, not only above want, but in great comfort; and since the more happy arrangements with the Kaffir tribes have introduced a traffic with the interior, a considerable number of persons are engaged in commerce, with profit to themselves, and advantage to the colony.

"It has been thought, that this general outline of the history and present state of the British settlement in Albany, would be interesting to the reader: but as a few facts relative to the religious state of Albany, and its connexion with plans for promoting the spread of the gospel among the native tribes of Southern Africa, will no doubt be expected, the lover of Christian missions is earnestly requested to read and consider the following statement.

"When the government issued proposals, in 1819, for sending settlers to the Cape, it was provided that, in cases

where one hundred families agreed to emigrate in a party, under one leader, a minister of any religious persuasion which the party might select, should be supported by the colonial government. In consequence of this arrangement, a number of pious persons, members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, united in forming a party; and, as many other families, who were not Wesleyans, yet readily united with them on the understanding that a Wesleyan minister should be selected, a company of more than one hundred families was easily formed; and through the intervention of some influential persons, whose sagacity quickly perceived in this movement, a prospect of much good to Africa, the committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society complied with the request of the people, by appointing the author* to accompany them to the new colony.

"The mission thus established, has been greatly blessed of the Lord. Effectual provision has been made for the spiritual necessities of an interesting people, who have not received the word of God in vain. The Missionary lost no time in establishing an itinerating system, by which the gospel was preached in nearly all the settlements. As the work prospered and enlarged, the first missionary was joined by several zealous coadjutors, who laboured both in Albany and the regions beyond. The effect of their united labours, together with those of the missionaries of other societies, has been that, under the divine blessing, 'the wilderness and the solitary place have been glad for them, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.'

"*Graham's Town* is the head of the district. A second chapel has been built in that town by the Wesleyan society. It was opened on the 16th of December, 1832, and is a very handsome and substantial building, capable of accommodating more than one thousand hearers. The original chapel, which will accommodate upwards of four hundred

* Of this sketch of Albany, &c.—Rev. W. Shaw.

persons, is now used as a school-house, and also as a place of worship for the black and coloured population, for whose benefit it is requisite to hold separate services, as they do not generally understand the English language.

"Several substantial chapels have been erected in various parts of the settlement, by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. In many parts of the district, were it not for these chapels, the settlers would have no facilities whatever for regularly attending public worship. Sunday-schools have been established in connexion with these places of worship! and in the Wesleyan schools alone, about eight hundred children and adults, including white and black, bond and free, are taught to read the word of God, and instructed in the principles and morals of the Christian religion.

"By these means, not only has the English population been preserved from moral degeneracy, but the tone of moral and religious feeling now existing among them would not suffer by a comparison with the high standard which prevails in the most enlightened districts of Great Britain. At the same time, the aborigines have not been neglected. Many of those who reside within the British settlement have been brought under the influence of Christianity; a very encouraging number have received baptism, and are now consistent members of the Christian Church."

Since the late Kaffir war, an extensive revival of religion has taken place at Graham's Town, which has been followed by important and permanent results as is evinced by the subjoined extract from the district report of 1838:—

"The native congregation continues large, and indeed is so numerous, that the chapel has become too small for their accommodation. Nothing can be more interesting than to behold the clean and respectable appearance of this congregation on the sabbath-day. It is composed of people belonging to a great variety of tribes. This cir-

cumstance renders our labours more interesting to ourselves, and perhaps more important to the general interests of Christianity in Africa; but from the diversity of language, it occasions some difficulty in arranging an effective plan of religious services. However, the English, Dutch, Kaffir, and occasionally the Bechuana languages are used, as the means of conveying instruction to this people. It is gratifying to report, that some of them came many miles on the Lord's day to attend public services. This congregation partook largely of the late religious revival; and there are now nearly one hundred accredited members of society, of various tribes, connected with it."

The last intelligence from Graham's Town is truly cheering, as given by the Rev. W. Shaw:—

"*August* 23*rd*, 1839.—I avail myself of the first opportunity of informing you that we have just held our principal centenary meetings for this district,—and that our people, in this remote corner of the world, have far exceeded my highest anticipations, not only in the amount of their contributions, but also, in the noble and Christian spirit which they have universally manifested on the occasion.

"Owing to the non-arrival of the *Elizabeth* by which a supply of the centenary volume, and various centenary papers and documents, for our guidance and assistance, had been forwarded, I had not the benefit of those hints and directions which the matured experience of our friends in England would have afforded; but as the most convenient time for holding our meetings was considered to be the month of August, I resolved to proceed without waiting for those documents, and to form a plan for ourselves, upon such general views of your proceedings, as we had been able to collect from the ample statements contained in the *Watchman* newspaper.

"After holding several preparatory meetings, with most of our leading friends residing in Graham's Town, at which I found them unanimously resolved to adopt, in all our centenary proceedings, the suggestion so happily expressed

by Dr. Bunting, at the great Manchester meeting, namely, that they would '*agree to agree*,' they talked with each other freely as to the benefits received by themselves and families, through the influence of Wesleyan Methodism, and resolved to attend the public meeting fully prepared to set the people a good example of Christian liberality on the occasion.

"On Sunday last, August 18th, Mr. Boyce and myself according to the previous arrangement of the provisional committee, preached sermons with reference to the *Centenary* of Methodism, availing ourselves of the opportunity of bringing under review, the personal character and labours of the Rev. John Wesley, and the rise, progress, and present state of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies throughout the world. On Tuesday evening, from four to five hundred members of our society and congregation sat down to tea in our large new school-house. You will readily believe, that to me it was a very interesting sight, to see so large a Methodist family collected together, when I say, that I distinctly remember forming the first class in this town, in 1820, which consisted of not more than seven members. The number who would have gladly attended the tea-meeting, would have been much greater, had it been possible to obtain room for them within the building. After the tea-meeting we adjourned to the chapel, which was crowded by those who had obtained cards of admission. I need not detail the manner in which the meeting was conducted. After the devotional services, and an address from myself, explanatory of the reasons of this centenary observance, and also of the manner in which the centenary fund is to be appropriated, I left the whole affair with the people themselves, and very soon various respected individuals rose in rapid succession, and spoke, in a spirit of pious gratitude, of the innumerable benefits conferred upon themselves and families, by the Divine blessing on Wesleyan agencies. Blank papers, with writing materials, were ready to record the thank-offerings of the people;—these were very freely used; and I was

called upon to read paper after paper, containing a statement of the sums intended to be presented to the fund. One highly respectable friend gave £75, others £30, to £50 or £60, and, at an early period of the meeting, an aged member of the society, from the West of England,—whom, with his sons, God has greatly prospered since their arrival in this country,—presented, for himself and numerous family, £150 sterling. These good examples were very readily followed; and you will, I am persuaded, be surprised to hear, that the amount contributed, before the close of the first night's meeting, reached the sum of £1884. As it became late, I was obliged to adjourn the meeting to the next evening, so as to give further time to some of our friends, who had not had an opportunity of consulting with their families, as to what offerings they ought to present. The adjourned meeting was held last night, (August 22nd,) and was conducted in the same manner, as on the preceding evening; and it was also characterized by the same pious, happy, and harmonious feeling. The additional amount subscribed at the adjourned meeting, was about £264; making the total amount contributed at this centenary meeting for Graham's Town, not less than £2150 sterling. In this sum are included several handsome donations from country friends residing in the Fort Beaufort circuit; but it will yet receive a considerable addition from the country places, where we design shortly to hold centenary meetings, which will be attended by several ministers and other friends, who have been appointed as deputations for that purpose.

"Several of my esteemed brethren from the nearest stations were present, and rendered valuable assistance in promoting the good feeling and great success of the meeting: and the missionaries in the district have all followed the example of their fathers and brethren at home, by contributing according to their ability, yea, and beyond their ability, to the great cause. But I think you will allow me to boast of our people in this district:—

the whole number of our English members (the only class among us who can give anything beyond very small sums,) does not exceed six hundred, including many very young persons. Now I feel that I run no risk in saying, that we shall be able to remit to the centenary fund, not less than £2500 sterling, for the Albany district; and I question whether, even in England, any society, comprising only a similar number of individuals, has made a greater effort than this,—always, of course, excepting the individual munificent donations of hundreds and thousands, from the more wealthy members of our United Society. You appear to have had happy meetings throughout England and Ireland, but happy beyond description must they have been, if, in this respect, they exceeded our meetings here. However, be this as it may, I feel confident, that in no place could the devotional feeling be higher, than it was among the Wesleyans of Graham's Town, when, assembled in their chapel, they sang, as with one great united heart, and mighty voice, in a fine old psalm tune,—

"All hail 'a hundred years ago,'
And when our lips are dumb,
Be millions heard rejoicing so
A hundred years to come!

"Believe me, dear fathers and brethren,
"Yours, respectfully and faithfully,
W. Shaw."

KAFFRARIA.

The important mission to *Kaffraria* was commenced in the year 1823, by Mr. W. Shaw. He was accompanied by a pious local preacher and his wife from Albany. The following extract of a letter, dated *Wesleyville*, Kaffraria, December, 1823, states their entrance among the Kaffirs.

"I avail myself of the present opportunity to inform you of our removal from Albany, and safe arrival at the

new station in Kaffir-land. We were received by Pato, and his brothers Conga and Kama, with a great number of their people, as though we had been making a triumphal entry:—all was bustle; and as is usual, where many wild, untutored people are assembled together, all was noise and clamour. Every thing about us was wonderful, and excited the greatest astonishment;—our wagons, our wives, our children,—all were examined with attention, and appeared to make the spectators wonderfully loquacious. Our wagons were drawn up under the shade of one of the beautiful yellow wood trees, that grow along the side of the river. Here we unyoked the oxen, pitched our tent, and praised God for having brought us in safety to the place where we would be.

"The next day, Pato and his brothers, with a number of their council and inferior captains, assembled; a variety of subjects were discussed, connected with my intentions, and proposed mode of procedure, &c., and all appeared well pleased. They said some flattering things, in the true Indian style, which I should not repeat here, only that it may help to give you an idea of some parts of their character. Among other things, the chiefs said, from henceforth I should be their father, and they would make of me as the interpreter rendered it, a 'bescherm bosch,' that is a bush of defence from wind and rain; meaning, I should be their defence in an evil day. These expressions, beyond doubt, resulted from sincere and honest feelings; but they could not avoid tinging them with the flattery and adulation usually employed, when addressing a chief or headsman."

The mission at Wesleyville having been established, Messrs. Shaw and Whitworth commenced a journey towards the Tambookie country, in company with a number of their native hearers, for the purpose of ascertaining the dispositions of the different Kaffir and Tambookie chiefs, with regard to receiving the missionaries for their respective tribes.

On the 3rd of April, 1825, they arrived at the

temporary residence of Dooshani, and on riding to his cattle kraal, perceived an elephant's tail hung up, as the symbol of his rank. They were, soon afterwards, introduced to the chief, and explained to him the purport of their visit.

"The next morning," observes *Mr. Whitworth*, "I preached to Dooshani's counsellors and others, and though one of the old men said it would ruin them to attend to these things, as their children would neglect the cattle, the council met after the sermon, under the shade of a tree; and after a deliberation of about four hours, they came in due form to our hut, with Dooshani at their head. Having seated themselves around us, the chief said,—'The country is before you; you must choose a place where you will sit down; our manners are so different from yours, that we cannot choose for you, but you must choose and fix where you please.'"

They next came to the place of Islambie, father of Dooshani, and Mr. W. writes:—"We found the old man sitting at the door of his hut, nearly blind, being supposed to be eighty years of age. He is said to be a tyrant over his people, and our interpreters were evidently afraid to talk with him. After the common introduction, we sat on the ground, in perfect silence, till a man showed us a hut. Mr. Shaw sent Kotongo to say, that his son (a familiar mode of address) asked for sweet milk; we also sent word that we wished to preach God's word in his house. Permission was immediately granted, and the house was soon filled. A Kaffir hymn being given out, it was observed that Islambie sung aloud, after which he heard the important truth, that 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.' After the service, we gave him our presents, and told him our errand. Whatever might be the old man's feelings and motives, we know not; but joy glistened on his furrowed cheek, and he replied, that the great news which he had now heard was too great for Kaffirs, who were so blind, deaf, and stupid, that we never could make them understand. But after further conversation, he said,—'The land is all

before you, choose for yourselves where you will live. I am old, but my children are young, and they shall learn of you;' and then with joy beaming in his eyes,—'Gaika has a school, Enno has a school, Oats has a school, and now Islambie and Dooshani will have a school,—this is very great!'

"*April 6th.*—We reached *Hintza's place.* He was at a distance, but a messenger was instantly dispatched to inform him of our arrival. Presently he appeared, shook hands cheerfully, sat a few minutes, and then walked away. We took an opportunity of preaching to a large company of Tambookies in the afternoon, and at our evening service, Hintza was very attentive. We afterwards made him the usual presents, and explained the object of our visit; but he said, he could not answer us till he had seen his great men. Having consulted concerning the subject, in a council assembled for the purpose, he waited upon us in due form, and said,—'The word is a great word and a good word, and I love it, and I am sure it will be a good thing for my people.' After some conversation among themselves, he again said, with evident signs of approbation, that as Gaika, Oats, and Islambie had received missionaries, he would consult them, and then send us a final answer."

Having left Hintza's place, they entered the Tambookie country, and reached the abode of *Vossani.* When introduced into his presence, "an old man, who seemed to be the chief counsellor, enquired," observes Mr. Whitworth, "who we were, whence we came, what news we had to communicate, and what was the object of our visit?" After receiving an answer to each of his questions, he proceeded, —'Is this the news you will teach? and what songs will you sing? Is the great word you teach a new or an old one? Was it given to you or your fathers? How did you derive it from them? How did God give it to them? Have your great men sent you? Have your fathers sent you? It is a great word, and we will receive it, when the other great captains have received it."

"We again assembled the people for worship, and at sun-set, Vossani and his principal chiefs visited us in our hut, and said, they were sure what they had heard must be the great word of God; and therefore, if a missionary came, they would give him a place to sit on among them, and they would hear his word."

A few selections from the most recent correspondence of the missionaries, will illustrate the present state of the Kaffir missions.

I. AMAKOSCÆ.

"*Beka Station.*—This year has been marked by a more regular and an increased attendance on the means of grace. Perhaps much of the improvement may be traced to example, as Pato, the chief, with from twenty to thirty of his family and establishment, have been regular in their attendance at divine service on the Sabbath, and continue to be so, though they have to travel a distance of five miles for this purpose. Although we cannot say that the chief possesses saving religion, yet no man dares behave improperly in the house of God.

"There is another circumstance, to which, as one of a general nature we would allude, viz., the observance of the Sabbath, to which the chiefs of this tribe pledged themselves three or four years ago, and for which they gave a general command throughout the tribe; but many disregarded it, not supposing the chiefs would enforce the penalty. The chief Pato, however, has this year put that beyond all doubt, by fining several kraals for working on the Sabbath, which has had a very general effect throughout the tribe."

"*Fingoe Mission.*—Notwithstanding the many things this people have had to endure, arising from the hostile feeling of some of the Kaffir tribes towards them, by whom they have often had their cattle stolen during the year, and once a general attack made, by which many were left entirely destitute of cattle, and eleven men were killed

and many wounded, they still keep together; and there is no doubt, that if government give them any thing like protection, the location on the Clusie River will soon become a fruitful village."

"*Wesleyville.*—It is a matter of devout thanksgiving to God that this station has been visited with a gracious influence during the year; and although it has been limited in its extent, yet it has afforded encouragement as proving that the Lord is still with us, prospering the work of our hand. From this station, the law affecting the due observance of the Sabbath was promulgated, and I have found that it is a valuable auxiliary to the missionary in his work. In reference to this subject, I will mention one circumstance which came under my notice a short time since. Being out on one of my short Saturday journeys, I came to a number of *women working in a garden*, or, as it might with more propriety be called, a small corn land; they were all engaged on one spot, and working unusually hard. After standing some time looking on, (they paying very little attention to me, being so intent upon their work,) at length, in order to try them, I said, 'Which piece of ground do you intend doing to-morrow?' They halted, resting on their spades, looking at me as if astonished, and exclaimed '*To-morrow! To-morrow! Is not the next day the Sabbath? Don't you see how hard we are working to get this piece of ground done before the Sabbath?*' "

"*Mount Coke.*—This station has been but a few months resumed. The population formerly residing here, was scattered during the late war; and some, of whom we had hoped well, have, there is reason to fear, fallen victims to the destructive moral effects of such a state of things."

"*Butterworth.*—The principal wife of the late chief Hintza, and several of the principal personages of the tribe, frequently attend the service; and two of Hintza's brothers who govern the greater part of the tribe, are anxious to have missionaries residing with them."

2. AMATEMBU.

Clarkebury.—Extract of a letter from the Rev. R. Haddy, dated June 6, 1838.

"The chiefs and influential men have generally evinced a friendliness toward the mission, which has insured for the village a degree of tranquillity, as far as the Tambookies are concerned, which the inhabitants always felt to be a great advantage. The late Vossani, shortly after our arrival in 1830, and not long before his death, said to me on one occasion, when I was about to send my wagon to the colony, 'The way is not open yet; I hear that the chiefs near the frontier are intending to make war with white men, and they have sent to me, but I cannot join them; the wagon must not go now lest any evil should befal it, and the blame should come upon me.'

"Clarkebury was greatly distinguished during the war upon the colony, in 1834-5. It was then the asylum of several English traders, who were unable to make their way to the colony; and also of the mission families and people that fled from Butterworth, all of whom found a refuge, in time of great distress, at this establishment.

"But the Tambookie nation, with its thousands, is left without a missionary. True, there is an excellent catechist, Mr. Warner; but Clarkebury, that has afforded so much pleasure to those who have watched the introduction and establishment of Christianity among the Amatembu; Clarkebury, that was the asylum of the distressed, for missionaries and traders, in the hour of peril; Clarkebury, the missionary institution of a powerful tribe that refused to join the Kaffirs in the late war upon the colony: Clarkebury, that was watched with such carefulness by the natives during the absence of the Missionary, in 1835, as a sacred place, so that not a single article of property was injured, while Butterworth, &c., were reduced to ashes: yes, let the committee, the Conference, the contributors to our funds know, that Clarkebury has at present *no missionary.*"

"*Morley.*—The congregations, both on the Sabbath and week-days, are good. On the Sabbath the chapels are crowded, and many are compelled to remain outside; and it is pleasing to see that the attendance from the neighbouring kraals (or villages) is increasing."

3. AMAPONDO.

Buntingville.—Extract of a letter from the Rev. J. Jenkins, dated November 12.

"As Capai is so urgent in his request for a missionary, and has sent so repeatedly to me to know when he is to expect one, I have promised him to forward his request to the committee.

"This large tribe of people are entirely without the means of religious instruction, and are in the grossest darkness, 'without hope and without God in the world;' and hundreds are yearly carried into eternity, while they are as ignorant of eternal things as the beasts that perish. They are the most warlike and savage of all the tribes of Kaffraria; and are more dreaded by their neighbours than any other people; indeed, they are so intent on war and plunder, that they are seldom quiet for four months together without making their savage attacks on other tribes; in which they are too often successful, plundering all they meet with, murdering the old people, and taking the young into captivity. Accumulating large herds of cattle by these horrid means, their conquered and impoverished neighbours go and unite with them; when generally, they are well received by Capai, as he is always ambitious to augment his power.

"Yet under all these circumstances, the door is open for the gospel of our Redeemer, and the chief is anxiously waiting to know when and whether he can have a 'teacher, to teach him and his people the great news from heaven.' A short time ago, he sent to me in a very formal manner saying,—'For a long time I have asked for a teacher,

but to no purpose; all the other chiefs have teachers, but I have none. It is true, I know I am born a sinner, and I have a wicked heart; but still, only give me a teacher, and I am sure I will take care of him.'"

The following account of *the first missionary meeting held at Wesleyville*, will be interesting to all who are the friends of missions: *Lieut. Colonel Somerset* kindly presided on the occasion.—

"The meeting was held in the open air, in consequence of the chapel not being large enough to contain half the number who attended, there being from six to eight hundred persons present. The advice which the commandant gave them was very seasonable, and will not soon be forgotten by them. He also remarked that it gave him much pleasure to see that they were advancing in civilization, as well as that some of them were regular in their attention to the means of grace; and he hoped that they would pay much attention to what the missionary said, and be sure to keep holy the Sabbath, and send their children to the school, that they might learn to read for themselves. Mr. William Shaw reminded them of the contrast in their circumstances now, and when he first came into their country. He was then obliged to go with them to meet Colonel Somerset, in order that there might be some understanding between them and the colonial authorities; at that time every man had his weapons of war, and the military on the part of the colony were prepared for battle, should they not understand each other; but now they were come together without their assagais, and the English had left their guns, and the commandant had left his soldiers at home, and they were met to speak respecting the word of God, &c. The following are extracts from the speeches of the chiefs translated into English:—

"*Pato.*—Do you hear that, you people? You must therefore believe. This word informs us, that we are sinners; therefore every man must pray for himself, because the import of the word which we hear is very great, therefore pay particular attention to-day to what you hear.

I was myself in darkness, and did not at all understand. We must take care and not be ashamed of what we hear.

"*Kye.*—Do you hear now, you Amakakabi, (Slambie's tribe of Kaffirs,) and you Gonakwebu, (Pato's tribe of Kaffirs.) We are fallen into the clay, and this word is come to lift us out. This word is a rich word, more so than all cattle, therefore take hold of it, and hold it fast; that it may prosper, for it is a word that will make us rich. The same God that helped our fathers in the wars, is the God who has now sent his great word to us.

"*Kama.*—I am very glad to see you all here to-day, and especially that we are met to speak and hear God's word. I am a man who am converted, and belong to a Christian church. You may laugh at my saying this, but you who now laugh, will also pray at some future period. We shall not always live upon earth. I who now speak shall die, but my soul will not perish, God will preserve it; for he is a great God. He made Bushmen, Hottentots, Kaffirs, and English. Somerset, whom you now see, is a sharp man; and sometimes rides about with balls, and he used to drive us into the bush, but to-day he is come to speak God's word to us. Do then my dear friends think much upon what is said. I speak the more freely, knowing that I am a dying man.

"*Quasana.*—A son of the late Dooshani. You hear now that this is a great word, and that it is a word to quicken us, and raise us; we must therefore pay much attention to this word of peace.

"*Kobus Congo.*—This word is very great, I thank the friends who sent us this word; for before this word came, we were enemies, but now we are met in peace. You always said that I was the man who drunk poison, because I was always sent to our enemies to make peace. However we shall all die, even the preachers, Kaffir chiefs, and all men; then listen to this word and pray over it.

"*Enoo.*—You hear now, you Amakakabi and you Ama-

gonakwebi, you ask, how was Kama converted? I say ask then, for you are people that can contend upon all subjects. Why then do you sit still? You hear that it was done by the word of missionaries, which they read from the book; the same word informs us that we must not look at our neighbour's goods, but look at our own. Throw away your sins to-day.

"*Umpethlo.*—Thanks, thanks, to the great people, and to Somerset, for coming here to day, and many thanks to the missionaries for bringing this great word. It is truly a sweet word; like honey, it is sweet news.

"*Abana.*—What is this word? It is God's word. Who brought it? The missionaries. Who sent them? God. Why did they come? To turn us from our sins. I thank very much indeed. I thank also that we have come together to-day without assagais and guns; they are all left at home; I thank Somerset, and the missionaries. I cannot thank enough.

"The above speeches of the chiefs will not be so interesting in an English dress, as they were to us who were present, and witnessed the warmth with which they were delivered, and felt the influence they diffused. Contrasting their present circumstances and prospects with their former warlike dispositions and cruelties, we are constrained to say, 'What hath God wrought.'

"It is a happy circumstance for South Africa, that the British settlers are a missionary people; and from amongst them school-masters and missionaries, possessing valuable local knowledge, and a thorough acquaintance with the languages spoken by the native tribes, may be expected to arise. If the christians of Great Britain continue liberally to support the missions in that direction, the *Albany settlement* will, under the divine blessing, prove a more powerful instrument in promoting the weal of Africa, than has yet been employed by Divine providence for that purpose.

"But many more missionaries and many more schools are wanted: numerous applications from native chiefs for

missionaries cannot be attended to. Men of Israel, help! Behold a way in the wilderness for the triumphant progress of the Chariot of Christ! He honours you by calling you to be 'co-workers together with him.' By your pity for poor Africa; by your zeal for the Lord of hosts; you are intreated to put your shoulders to the wheel. Contribute the requisite supplies; offer incessant prayer to God for his blessing on the labours of his servants; and most assuredly that promise shall be fulfiled,—'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God.'"

In every part of the mission field the work is gradually progressing, and in addition to the Stations already mentioned several others have been commenced. The Press is in vigorous operation, and the Scriptures are being translated. The *Watson Institution*, for the training of Native Teachers at Farmerfield, is silently laying the foundation of extensive good.

CHAPTER XIX.

BECHUANAS—REVS. S. KAY AND MELVILLE—LEETAKOO—PROVIDENTIAL OPENINGS—REV. S. BROADBENT—GRIQUA TOWN—REV. T. L. HODGSON—MAKWASSE MOUNTAINS—SIFONELL—REV. J. ARCHBELL—PLAAT BERG—HAPPY DEATH—BUCHNAAP—THE POT DANCE—MISSIONARY SUCCESS—REV. J. EDWARDS—DESIRE FOR THE WORD—WANT OF NATURAL AFFECTION—THABA UNCHU—PROSPERITY—DYING TESTIMONY.——MANTATEES—MR. JENKINS—UMPUKANI—FIELD OF THE SLAIN—PREDICTIONS—SWORD PREPARES THE WAY FOR THE GOSPEL—EXTRACTS:—THABA UNCHU—THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE—LISHUANI—'MPERANI—QUICKENING—UMPUKANI—AGED PERSONS BAPTIZED—POLYGAMY DISCOUNTENANCED—MR. ALLISON—SONS OF CHIEFS CONVERTED—BARAPUTSI—HOW TO CUT OFF SUPPLY OF SLAVES—EXHORTATION.

BECHUANAS.

In the year 1818, some of our Namacquas of Lily Fountain went on a visit to their friends in Griqua-land, where they remained for about twelve months. On their return, several persons accompanied them, who sojourned at our station more than half a-year. Two or three of these, before their departure, professed to have received spiritual good, and one was publicly baptized in the chapel. This individual had frequently travelled among the different tribes of the *Bechuanas*, and gave us more information respecting them, than we had received from any other quarter. In addition to this, he earnestly requested that a missionary might accompany him homewards, promising to render the Missionary every possible assistance, with wagon and oxen, and to become his guide and interpreter. Having no man at liberty, we could not at that time,

accede to his request, but engaged, when we obtained sufficient help, to exert ourselves in behalf of the multitudes of whom he spake.

A favourable opportunity of commencing that mission was afforded in 1821, by the animated zeal of the *Rev. S. Kay*, who left Cape Town, February 3rd, in company with Mr. Melville. On the 7th of May, they had the happiness of attending the missionary prayer-meeting in Griqua Town, where, Mr. Kay observes,—"the poor heathen praised God for sending them the gospel, and prayed in their broken and simple strain, that the world might hear the joyful sound.

On the 17th, Mr. Kay arrived at *Leetakoo*, a station of the London Missionary Society, and experienced abundant kindness from the resident missionaries. The next day, he preached to a large congregation, the sight of which filled him with new ardour, as appears from the account, in which he says,—"The king, with his son at his right hand, sat at my feet. I was obliged to have two interpreters. It was delightful work to preach Jesus to a heathen congregation, with their king sitting below the board which sustained my Bible. In the afternoon, I went to his house with an interpreter, in order to make him the usual presents; on which he said,—'My heart is glad that you are come.'" In a subsequent part of the letter, Mr. K. states,—"*Tuesday*, 22*nd*.—After service, a fine looking chief came up, with some of his people around him, shook hands with us, and, with a pleasing earnestness in his countenance, requested that I would return with him and reside among his people, who are situated on the westward of Leetakoo. 'I will,' he said, 'let you have my house to dwell in, till we build you another.' I returned him no positive answer, but promised that I would visit him and his people shortly if spared. Upon which he exclaimed, '*make haste, make haste;* for we are all strangers to that Jesus of whom you speak, not knowing what he came into the world for; but we *wish to know, and soon*.'"

"*Sunday, 27th.*—I arose this morning in a place, and among a people, where the Sabbath is not known. After service was concluded, a number of their chiefs assembled together in a circle seated on the ground; and before I was aware of the subject of their conversation, they had passed an unanimous vote, that I should be invited to come and reside among them, as they were informed that I was a missionary. On being asked, why they wished to have a missionary? 'Because,' said they, 'he brings peace.'"

"*Thursday, June 14th.*—I returned this evening, about sunset, to New Leetakoo, or Kroman, in health and safety, by the blessing and protection of Almighty God. We have now been travelling upwards of three months upon this vast and benighted continent, sowing the seed of life in all places where we have come. The further the interior of this long unknown quarter of the globe is penetrated, the greater the population appears. We are now only at its gates. And how deplorable is the fact, that those tribes, numerous as they are, have neither a Bible nor a missionary. My very soul yearns over them while I am writing. Here is heathenism indeed, without the least mixture. Here the prophet's words apply in the strictest sense, 'Darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people.'"

In the month of February, 1822, the *Rev. S. Broadbent* arrived at Griqua Town, for the purpose of assisting in the Bechuana mission, but while at that station he was taken ill, and was soon under the painful necessity of returning to the colony for medical advice. Mr. Kay accompanied Mr. Broadbent to Graaf Reinet, from which place he proceeded to Albany, and thenceforth became attached to that mission. Under these perplexing circumstances the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, then in Cape Town, *promptly and cheerfully* engaged to proceed to the Bechuana field of labour. The commencement and progress of the mission is given by Mr. H. in the published memoirs of his late excellent partner in life.

On the 29th of October, he observes, "we reached Graaf Reinet, and my mind was greatly relieved, by finding brother Broadbent in a state of health which admitted of our prosecuting the mission entrusted to us; and we were enabled on the 1st of November, to move towards the Bechuana country."

After a long and dangerous journey, they reached the Makwasse mountains, on the 8th of April, 1823, and were heartily welcomed by the chief *Sifonell* and his people. From this place, which had been selected as their permanent residence, Mrs. H. wrote to a beloved friend in England, "I suppose you will have heard from our friends of our being in the interior of Africa, endeavouring to establish a mission amongst the Bechuanas. I am now seated by a fire made of wood in a small stone house, built by my husband and the wagon driver, with a little assistance from our native servants. Our apartments are neither spacious nor elegant, but after being in a wagon eight months, we think them very comfortable and enjoy them much."

"The Bechuanas among whom we are now living, appear to have no form of worship, nor indeed any proper idea of a Supreme Being. Hence, when conversing with them respecting the deity, their chief enquired if he had hair, or if he could be seen."

Unhappily, after many prospects of usefulness, Makwasse was destroyed by a tribe of ferocious Mantatees, and the few buildings which had been erected were demolished.

The health of Mr. Broadbent again failed, and the *Rev. J. Archbell* was appointed to the Bechuana mission in his stead. Makwasse was once more partially occupied; but for some months, owing to the fickleness of Sifonell, no certain location was decided upon. At length, in the early part of 1826, Plaat Berg, near the Modder River, was selected, and a station there commenced, from which much benefit has resulted to the natives.

Early in 1828, Mr. Hodgson having left Plaat Berg,

under the care of Mr. Archbell, established a second station at BUCHNAAP, among a mixed race of people, consisting of half-casts, Corannas, Bushmen, and Bechuanas. A school was opened for the instruction of young and old, which answered well, and was attended with blessed results to many. A pleasing instance of this was afforded in the death of a young man who had been one of the scholars. Whilst prayer was being made with him, he broke out in rapturous praises; wishing that his voice was strong, that he might bless and praise his gracious Redeemer. He said, he knew Jesus was his Saviour, his God; and continued to praise God until his strength was quite exhausted.

Mr. Hodgson, on *leaving* Buchnaap for England, in December, 1830, writes "While we parted with many with feelings of pity, from leaving them in their sins; yet we felt the yearnings of parents for others, who had set out for the kingdom of heaven, and were but 'babes in Christ,' requiring to be 'fed with milk and not strong meat.'

"Before our departure, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to twenty-five members of the society; and the Lord was graciously present, when we commended each other to God.

"My first visit to Buchnaap presented my future charge to me in a truly pitiable state; for I found them engaged in what is called a *pot dance*; and most of the people were besotted with honey-beer, a sort of intoxicating mead, or stupified with gorging a gluttonous feast. Their minds were so completely sensualized, by dancing and its attendant demoralization, that I could not, on my arrival, hold divine service with them. But we now left them in a greatly improved state. Their temporal comforts had increased, the population of the place had received considerable accessions, from natives who wished to enjoy its superior advantages; a *society* had been formed which now consisted of twenty-three members, and six on trial; fifteen catechumens were also met in two preparatory

classes; and we had established a *school* of one hundred and ninety-nine scholars, twenty-four of whom read the Bible and Testament, sixteen wrote on slates, twenty on paper, and eleven were learning arithmetic. The congregation, on Sundays, averaged from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons, exclusive of from forty to sixty Bechuanas, who not understanding the Dutch language, did not attend the same service as the other inhabitants."

In 1832, Mr. Archbell, when writing to the committee, says,—

"Allow me again to repeat my *entreaties* for missionaries to the Bechuanas. Were I with you, I would lie at your feet to entreat for them, and my eyes should run down with tears for the slain of this people. As I cannot directly plead for them, I will do what I can; I will promise to secure *five thousand people* for each missionary to labour amongst. And I am the more anxious on account of the Bechuana missions, because I am more immediately connected with them, and have seen their good effects."

The *Rev. J. Edwards* arrived at Buchnaap in 1832, and writes,—

"*July 26th.*—This day we have had our Sacrament and love-feast. It would rejoice the heart of any pious person in England to have seen, last evening, nearly *twenty wagons*, in a direct line, filled with people, coming up the valley to the Sacrament and love-feast, and these full of persons, some of whom came *nearly one hundred miles*. The people who attend the preaching are very attentive to the word. Some come to hear upwards of *thirty miles*. The fields here are, indeed, white and ready for the harvest. There is a body of Corannas, upwards of five thousand souls, about fifty miles from hence, to which we sometimes itinerate, that are ready for the Gospel. They say, 'Why cannot we have a missionary? We will go any where to live where the missionary would have us, if they will let us have one. We are perishing for the want of knowledge,'

The captain of them, thinking that a missionary may be had at Graham's Town, says, 'Why, I will send my pack-oxen after him and fetch him.'"

In 1833, Mr. Archbell observes, that owing to the amazing increase of the population at Plaat Berg, a hundred houses having been annually erected, land capable of cultivation, and water had become very scarce. "It is, therefore, certain," he continues, "that the people will either remove to some part of the country *better watered*, where they can continue together, or they *must separate* and form two stations.

"Great changes, with respect to the treatment of females and infirm persons, have been effected on most of the mission stations; but in towns where the gospel has not been introduced, they remain without natural affection. Even at Plaat Berg, a few weeks ago, a child was discovered some hundred yards from the mission-house, which had been cast out by its mother, who would not take the trouble to inter it. A short time after, a boy who was a cripple, was discovered in a trench by the river side, where he had been left by a relation, to die of hunger, or to be killed by the hyænas. When she was interrogated as to the reason of leaving the child in that perilous condition, she replied, 'he was of no use, he could do nothing;' and she was surprised that we should have had him brought to the town, when she had taken the trouble to remove him so far away, that she thought no one would find him."

On account of the reasons before stated, Messrs. Archbell and Edwards, in company with eleven wagons belonging to the people, left Plaat Berg, on the 4th of May, to fix upon an additional location. The result of this journey is given as follows:—

"The part chosen for the scene of our future labours, is six days' journey nearer our Kaffir stations in a direct line, and is precisely the part to which the district meeting of 1830 directed me to turn my attention. It opens a fine door to missionary efforts; and compassion to the local circum-

stances of the inhabitants, as well as mercy to the degraded and perishing condition of their souls, calls loudly for its immediate supply with the bread of life. By our removal, our present strength will be more extensively employed, for many of the scattered inhabitants of the country will resort to us, as their only remaining protection."

Arrangements having been made with the chief of the *Bashutas*, for the cession of the territory selected, the people and missionaries, migrated with their flocks and possessions, to THABA UNCHU. After a three years' residence Mr. A. writes;—"Being now favoured with an interval of comparative leisure, I take up my pen to inform you, that we are situated at the base of an exceedingly high mountain, called Thaba Unchu, from which our town derives its name. From pretty correct observations, we are but one hundred and ten miles from the eastern coast of Africa, in South latitude, 28° 50′, and East longitude 28° 30″. We have *forty-four thousand people* who are ready to receive the gospel, and even anxious to have missionaries. *Six sermons* are preached by my assistant, my local brethren, and myself, *every sabbath* day; and these, with the various services of the week, are gradually effecting a manifest permanent good. Most of the public superstitions are abolished, or rather dead for want of support. *Rain-making* has become the ridicule of the populace; and the various chiefs seem now to vie with each other in the reception of our spiritual attentions. My assistant, the other Sunday, being ill, was unable to attend his appointment, which greatly affected some. On the Monday, one came to me, and said, his heart was sorry that it had been *left to die yesterday* for want of food. Every other place, said he, had enough and to spare, but they had been left to hunger. Another said,—'*Morokos Kotla** had no attractions yesterday; we went and sat down in it, but we could not bear to remain, so we went

* The place where we hold service: it is their council-chamber.

into the bushes to pray.' Now this is the general feeling of our people; and though our work is but in the bud, with here and there an opened blossom, and more opening, we are rejoicing in the prospect of an abundant gathering, perhaps not far distant.

"Shortly after our arrival here, one of our members died. I visited him during his illness, and invariably received assurances of his happy state of mind. A short time previous to his death, he said to me, 'My beloved teacher, I wish, as I may not live till morning, to leave this *testimony* behind me, that I die in the Lord. Here,' continued he, 'death is disarmed of its terrors.' As he had made this statement, I told him I should be glad if he would also mention the ground of his assurance; when he emphatically replied, '*Jesus died for me;* O yes! Jesus died for me; thanksgiving to his name!'"

MANTATEES.

Up to the year 1833, the *Corannas* belonging to the late Jan Taaibosch, lived on the banks of the Hart River, where they were visited by the Missionaries from the Buchnaap station as often as their other engagements would allow, and they did not labour in vain. The blessings of the gospel descended upon their hearts as "rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth." Some "turned to the Lord with full purpose of heart."

In 1833, the Albany district meeting decided that Mr. Jenkins should go and reside with these people. He arrived among them in the month of July, when the chief and some of his tribe resolved to move with the missionary into a better part of the country, where they might establish the mission. UMPUKANI, in the *Mantatee* country, was finally fixed upon as the most eligible situation.

Concerning this station Mr. Archbell writes:—

"This country in former years has been exceedingly

populous; large cattle-folds, and extensive old towns, are to be found near the mission site, which indicate it to be a very fine country, as the natives are sure to live in the most fruitful parts. In past times it has been an awful scene of war and bloodshed; many places were white with the skull-bones of the slain, so that it might be emphatically called Golgotha, 'a place of skulls.' Yet, there, on the ashes of the slain, and among the skull-bones of those who had been in their generation men of renown, was the banner of the cross of Christ erected, and hundreds gathered round to hear the peaceful tidings thereof.

"War is generally accompanied with its kindred calamities, famine and pestilence; these were felt in an awful manner at Umpukani and the adjacent parts. The remaining few were driven to desperation by the pressing wants of hunger, till, at length, man ate his fellow, and the mother became satisfied with the flesh of her offspring. Had the friends of Heathens witnessed with what delight these sons of wretchedness heard the object of the 'white man's mission,' they would have felt themselves a hundredfold rewarded for what they had done in sending the gospel among them. Never will the missionary forget the expressions of joy the natives uttered on his first arrival into the country, 'Re tla robala yuale, re tla robala yuale:' that is, '*Now shall we sleep, now shall we sleep;*' meaning that, in consequence of the repeated attacks of their enemies, they scarcely had any rest by day or by night. For when they had carried away cattle, sheep, goats, and corn, they took their children away to slavery; and if resistance were made from an impulse of parental affection by the father or mother, he immediately received a death-wound from the assagai or the ball. There are two or three remarkable incidents connected with the arrival of the missionaries and their people in this country, and in which the good hand of our God is plainly seen. There was a lad belonging to Sekonyale, the chief of the Mantatees, who, some time before the arrival of the missionaries predicted that 'a number of persons would come to

the Mantatees with horses and guns, and would destroy many people, and take away much cattle.' This prediction he made known to the old men, who regarded his words as idle tales. Shortly after came a tribe of Corannas, with a man at their head named Piet Witvoet, who destroyed many of their people, and took away the greatest part of their cattle, which attack brought down the pride of the Mantatees exceedingly. Some time after, the lad predicted again, 'that a number of persons should come into the country with weapons, &c.; and among them there would be some white people who had black clothing, but they would bring peace into the land.' This prediction he made known, as in the former instance, but his words were still unheeded by them. In a short time after, came the missionaries with their people; which proved to the natives that they were peaceable men. The lad was then sent for by the old men, who said, 'Come, tell us about something else.' 'No,' says he, 'I have told you all, and you see that what I told you is true; now, all you have to do is, to listen to what the white men shall tell you.' An old man belonging to Sekonyale has said, that it was well that Piet Witvoet with his men had first made an attack on the Mantatees, and destroyed many of the people; by it they were then made afraid and were brought low. Had this not been the case, the missionary with his people would, in all probability, have been brought under the point of the assagai. So that, in some instances, we see the sword makes way for the gospel. At present, everything connected with the spiritual state of this station is truly encouraging; we have plenty of people to hear, and they listen with the most serious attention; and, what is still better, God is in the midst of our assemblies, blessing his word to the awakening of many souls; everything bids fair for a glorious in-gathering to our Emmanuel. O may the Divine Spirit descend in his fulness of power!"

The following extracts will show the present state of these missions:—

Thaba Unchu: (Bechuanas.)—From the *Rev. R. Giddy*, dated *Sept.* 12, 1838. "It is very gratifying here to see small companies of natives sitting down in the open air, out of school-hours, and poring over the books which have been supplied to them from our mission press; and I am happy in saying, that though I cannot, from the urgency of other matters connected with the station, pay all the attention to the school that is desirable, knowledge of the right kind is rapidly infusing itself into this large mass of people. The natives of Africa are not at all remarkable for diligence in manual labour, but I have seen very few in England more diligent in learning than the Bechuanas. Application for books are exceedingly numerous; and when sometimes, in answer to a request for a book, I ask 'But can you read it? I have not seen you at school,' I am answered, 'O yes! I can read, I have learned at home from Satlula, or Molema, or Mefuri.'"

Lishuani: (Bechuanas.)—From the *Rev. W. H. Garner*, dated *Sept. 3rd*, 1838. "Through the tender mercies of our heavenly Father, I still enjoy a measure of health, and find the work of preaching Christ crucified to the perishing heathen to be a most delightful, heart-cheering employment; although as yet I may ask, Who hath believed our report? Lately I have been much encouraged in my work, by hearing of the remarkable outpouring of the Spirit at 'Mperani, and have seen a desire manifested by several to know how to serve the Lord; and frequently, after I have retired to rest, and sometimes before the sun has risen, do I hear the voice of prayer in the rocks in the neighbourhood of the house."

Umpukani, Mantatee Country:—From the *Rev. J. Edwards.* "*July 22nd.* This day I have baptized two very aged persons, a man and a woman belonging to the 'Mperani station. They are not much less than eighty years of age each. Surely the old man can say with Simeon, (for that was the name given him at his baptism,) 'My eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast

prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles,' &c.

"*Polygamy*, which is a great hindrance to the cause of God, has, in some instances, given way before the power of the gospel. One of our new converts had two wives; one of which, being the last he took, he was determined to put away. This one was a sister to the king, who being an ungodly man, strongly opposed such a step, as being disgraceful to the royal family. But the man was firm to his purpose, he told her she must leave him, it being contrary to the rule of the gospel that they should live together. She said, 'I will not leave; then said he, I must leave you.' He then removed his residence from her. Though he has been threatened with death by the king for this act, yet he stands fast in this good way.

"*May 6th.*—This day I have had the great honour and pleasure of initiating into the church of Christ by baptism, *eight Mantatees*, belonging to the 'Mperani station. These are the first of this tribe that have been baptized in the name of Christ. Among this number, and the first that was baptized, was *the son of the chief* Sekonyale, whose name was Silo, now David Silo. This lad was taken under the fostering care of Mr Allison, when he first went to reside among that tribe, and he has, contrary to his expectations, been allowed by his ungodly father to remain with him to the present. It is very remarkable, and very encouraging, that all the lads whom Mr. A. has, in his zeal for doing good, taken into his house to instruct in the doctrines of Christianity, are converted to God. These lads, being *ten* in number, are sons of the principal men in the tribe, and if spared, may, through grace, become nursing fathers to this great nation; and the great good resulting therefrom cannot now be estimated."

It is stated by the missionaries that a chief of the *Baraputsi*, a large nation about 250 miles N.E. of *'Mperani* sent to Sekonyale to solicit his influence in obtaining them Teachers. On which it is remarked by Mr. W. Shaw—"Here there is an opening of vast extent and great import-

ance; the language spoken by the Baraputsi is not Sechuana but Kaffir, with a dialect like that of the Zuloos. Thus our Kaffir version of the New Testament would be immediately available in this remote country, and if we can only occupy this field, it will be far better than establishing a Mission at Delagoa Bay, as the natives are independent of the Portuguese government, and live in a high and therefore healthy country. A range of Mission Stations well sustained, among the tribes in that direction, would cut off the Portuguese slave trade at Delagoa Bay, *by stopping the supply of slaves.* It is clear that there is no method of putting an end to that fiendlike traffic, which promises to be half so effectual, as the spread of Christianity amongst the people who kidnap each other, for the sake of the paltry articles obtained by the sale of their fellow men to the Portuguese Traders.

"I am therefore most grateful to you and our friends generally, for sending us a reinforcement of our number. We are daily expecting to hear of the arrival of these brethren, and you may rely upon our occupying a Station amongst the Baraputsi as soon as circumstances will allow. But when once we enter upon that entirely new field, you may anticipate many calls for additional missionaries, for its teeming population. If we continue our line of operations from the Mantatees, keeping near the *centre* of the Continent rather than near the coast, we shall find a healthy region every where, and a populous country, while we shall also avoid coming into contact with any of the Portuguese colonial governments. And if the British nation, which is so anxious to destroy the *slave trade* would afford the means of establishing and supporting one hundred mission Stations on the line of country above described, it would be seen that such a 'blow' had been given at the 'root' of that evil, as can never be inflicted by any other means whatever. The reward to Great Britain would be, a gradual extension of her trade, and an opening for the introduction of her manufactures into the central regions of populous Africa; and above all she

would render to Africa some compensation for the innumerable wrongs inflicted upon its swarthy tribes, and thereby secure the favour and blessing of Him who saith to nations as well as to individuals 'Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God.' "

It will be seen from the preceding account, that many are *running to and fro*, and that knowledge is increasing. The numbers under the immediate care of the missionaries amount to several thousands, but there are thousands more who hear the word of life from their lips, of whom no accurate statement can be given. Still, however, there are regions beyond, immense and unexplored, regions where the foot of a European never trod, where the sound of salvation has never been heard, and where multitudes of immortal souls remain in gross darkness, destitute of the gospel of Christ, and unknown to the Christian world. It was the opinion of the late *W. Wilberforce, Esq.*, that the interior of Africa would never be explored, except by the aid of missionary influence, and matters of fact since his death have proved his sentiments to be correct. Arise then, ye sons and daughters of the *Centenary year* of Wesleyan Methodism: you have acted nobly in your liberal thank offerings to raise an Ebenezer. Then, " be not weary in well-doing," but copy the example of your Founder, who exclaimed, " the world is my parish." A great part of that parish has not yet been visited, but you are to go to " *all the world.*" You may not be able to go in person, but you are to go in your prayers, in your donations, and in your children; you are to go onward—

> " Till the earth be o'erflowed,
> And the universe fill'd with the glory of God."

Arise ye Wesleyan youths, whose hearts are warm with the love of Christ—Buckle on your armour and present yourselves for the missionary enterprize—*Go* in the name of the Lord and brave the ocean, face the tempest, and cross the desert—*Go* and ford the rivers, climb the

mountains, and erect on their summit the standard of the cross—*Go* into the midst of the savage horde, and with the *flaming torch* of truth disperse the hellish gloom—*Go* and open *the wells* of salvation, and cry to the panting African—

> " Behold the living waters flow,
> Come drink and thirst no more."

—*Go* and plant the *tree of life* in the wilderness, that the nations may pluck its leaves and be healed—*Go* and proclaim to all, " Behold the *Lamb of God* which taketh away the sin of the world"—*Go* and unite with him† who so sweetly sang,—

> " Waft, waft ye winds the story,
> And you, ye waters roll;
> Till, like a sea of glory,
> It spread from pole to pole;
> Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
> The Lamb for sinners slain,
> Redeemer, King, Creator,
> Return in bliss to reign."

* The late Bishop Heber.

CHAPTER XX.

NATIVE CHARACTERS — JANTJE WILDSCHOT — JOANNES JAAGER — JACOB LINKS — ANDRIES ORANG — PETER LINKS — EVA BARTELS — DIANA.

In the year 1816, *Haaimaap*, or *Jantje Wildschot*, was the chief of the Little Namacquas, and lived in the vicinity of the Khamies Mountains. Having heard that some of the tribes by the Orange River had received teachers, who told the people many things respecting God and a Redeemer, he held a consultation with several of the leading men of his clan, who resolved with him to set off to *Clanwilliam*, or the Cape, in search of a missionary. At this time I was on my way from Cape Town, travelling towards the Great Namacqua country, but not knowing to what tribe of people I should go. In October, we met together in the wilderness, and agreed to go by the way of Khamies Berg, changing our course for that part of the country. The chief went on before to prepare the way, and make known his success. On our arrival at the place of his residence, we were received with great joy, and to induce me to remain among them, all expressed their willingness to hear the Great Word, and the chief said, "The land is before you; Live where you please. There are fountains of water; you may sow corn and make gardens. Take what you require, only remain with us."

The chief being brought under the sound of the gospel, soon began to *feel its power*. I have often seen him sit and weep during the greatest part of a religious service, and, on some occasions, fall prostrate on the ground. At one time, seeing him sitting on a solitary rock, a short

distance from the place where I had preached, I walked towards him and found him mourning and weeping aloud. On asking him, "Chief, why are you mourning thus?" He answered, "Ik ben al te veel zondig, (I am so exceedingly sinful.) All the sins which I ever committed appear to be *set before my eyes*." But he was soon enabled to rejoice, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. By hearing the gospel, he obtained proper views of the way of salvation, and then said to me, "The gospel is very sweet for me now, and my *burden has fallen off*."

It was a great disadvantage to the chief, that he was unacquainted with the Dutch language, and he was too far advanced in life to learn to read; yet the young people and children were always ready to become his interpreters. When I had been preaching at an outpost by the side of a great rock, which he said should bear the name of Bethel, we sung the following verse in the Namacqua language:

"Nee kyp oorip Jesop gooaa
Saatsa houwa orre,
Yp aup orrega ums annoo,
Yp aup orreta taa."

"He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me."

While the children sung this verse, being the first he had heard in his own language, he appeared to be filled with delight and joy unspeakable. He could not find language to express himself, but often repeated "Ja Jesop, ja Jesop, al te lekker, al te lekker," (Yes Jesus, yes Jesus, exceedingly sweet, too sweet). He seemed desirous of exclaiming, in the language of Wesley,—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

Though Jantje Wildschot was a chief, he was very

poor, and frequently had but little to eat. He had, however, a *nephew*, who being active and industrious, performed his part in ploughing, &c., by which means the circumstances of the chief were greatly improved; and he learnt by experience, that, "Godliness is profitable to all things." He was kind and affectionate to the missionaries and their families. When I was ill on the station, he was greatly concerned, and was ready to use all the means in his power for my recovery. When I was called to leave the Khamies Mountains, he was swallowed up in sorrow, and thought he should see my face no more; but we were spared to meet again several years afterwards, in which he greatly rejoiced. I trust that Old Jantje, as he was generally called, will be faithful unto death, and, with many of his tribe, will finally join the innumerable multitude before the throne of God.

"O what a mighty change,
Shall these Namacquas know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe."

Joannes Jaager was residing among the Karree Mountain, when some of the people of Lily Fountain, on passing that way, spake to him respecting the great truths of the gospel. On referring to this circumstance, he said, "I was living in the Karree country, ignorant of all spiritual things, and without God in the world. But *Delia*, (wife of one of the Namacquas,) came to us. She then told us strange things, such as we had never before heard of, by which I was greatly alarmed; I became so terrified on account of my sins, that I fled to the rocks to hide myself. But I could find no refuge from the frowning eye of God, which appeared to be every where present." Joannes then resolved to go to the mission station, which was more than one hundred miles distant, and hear for himself. Some of the Dutch farmers, who were enemies to our work, raised a report, and spread it through the land, that those who lived where the gospel was preached would be seized,

and taken to ships, in which they would be sent as *slaves* across the blaauw water, (the sea.) This report, however, did not deter Joannes from going to hear the word of God. On his arrival at Lily Fountain, he heartily embraced the gospel; the sound of which was so delightful to him, that his joy was as "The joy of harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." He and others could now say to Delia, their first teacher, as the men of *Sychar* said to the woman of Samaria, "Now we believe not because of thy saying," &c. John iv. 42. Joannes had sought the Lord with many tears, and went forth weeping, but he found in the gospel a healing balm, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

He then resolved to leave the Karree altogether, and take up his residence where he could be fed with the bread of life. He was so desirous of learning to read, that he used to carry his book into the fields with him, and if he met with any of the school children, he would engage them to sit down and become his instructors. He was soon able to read the scriptures which he greatly loved, and was generally seen, whether on a journey, or at work, with a leathern bag under his arm, containing the precious treasure. He also became so industrious in building and cultivating the ground, that he excelled many who had been much longer on the station. Joannes was strongly attached to Jacob Links, and his zeal in the cause of the Redeemer was variously manifested. The late Mr. Threlfall chose him, on going to Great Namacqualand, as one of his companions, and when on their journey to that country, Mr. T. mentions him in connection with the late Jacob Links, as one who had his full confidence. The letter of Mr. Threlfall was written July 4th, 1825, in which he states that some persons they had met with gave alarming accounts of the people and country beyond the Orange River. "They said all they could to discourage Jacob and Joannes; but these two brave fellows, to use the phrase of Ambrose, had their courage and confidence *steeled*, and declared themselves fearless through

grace, and that they were not only willing to suffer, but to *die* in the cause of the Lord Jesus. I am sure they had more courage than I had, for my heart fainted within me; but seeing their strength of faith, I got the better of my fears. They are companions to my liking, and often do my soul good, and put me to the blush for the weakness of my faith."

About five weeks after the date of this letter, Joannes and his two companions were *cruelly murdered* by a Great Namacqua of the name of Nauwgaap, and some wretched Bushmen in the vicinity of the Fish River. From the general deportment of this Namacqua, who was a man of deep piety, and of fervent zeal for the glory of God, as well as from the above extract, all who knew him believe that he is now with the spirits of the just made perfect.

Jacob Links, was the youngest son of Keudo Links, a Namacqua nearly related to the chief, and of considerable consequence in the tribe. On my arrival at Khamies Berg, he was about seventeen years of age, and receiving the truth as it is in Jesus, he began to evince those pleasing tokens of usefulness which were afterwards so clearly manifested to all who knew him. He soon learnt both to read and write, after which he addressed a letter to the missionary committee which gave its members abundant joy, and from which the following is an extract:—

"*Africa, Leelie Fonteine, Nov.* 19, 1819.

"Unknown but revered Gentlemen,—The salutations which you sent I received from our beloved teachers, and wish you and the society much peace and prosperity in the name of our Lord. I have long been desirous of writing you, concerning my former and present state, but on account of weakness in the Dutch language, I have been hindered. I hope, however, that your goodness will excuse and wink at my mistakes.

"Before I heard the Gospel, I was in gross darkness; ignorant of myself as a sinner, and knew not that I had an immortal soul; nor had I any knowledge of him that is

called Jesus. I was so stupid, that when a Hottentot came to us, who prayed to the Lord, I thought he was asking his teacher for all those things of which he spoke in his prayer. Some time after this, another Namacqua came upon our place; he spoke much of sin, and also of Jesus, By means of his conversation I was very sorrowful and much affected, and knew not what to do. My mother having some leaves of an old Dutch psalm-book, I thought if I eat them I might there find comfort. I ate the leaves up, but my sorrow was not lessened. I then got upon the roof of an old house to pray, thinking that if I were high, the Lord would hear me better; but I found no deliverance. I then ate all sorts of bitter bushes, for I thought the Lord might possibly have mercy on me. But my heaviness did not then go away. I then heard that I must give my cause over to Jesus, and tried to do so, by which I found myself much lighter. Through the word that the Lord gave our Missionary to speak, I learnt that my heart was bad, and that the precious blood of Jesus alone cleanses from sin. Now I found that Christ is the way and sinner's friend. I feel pity over all people who do not know God. I often feel sweetness for my soul, while I speak about the Gospel, and my own experience in the Lord.

"Before our English teacher came we were all sitting in the shadow of death. The farmers around us told us that if we prayed they would flog us. Some of them threatened to shoot us dead, should we Namacquas call on the name of the Lord. They said we were not men but baboons, and that God was blasphemed by the prayers of Namacquas, and would punish us for it. Now we thank the Lord that he has taught us, that he has also given his Son over to death *for us*. We hear that English people pray for us, and hope they will not forget us. The society of all praying people are by me saluted.

"An unworthy Namacqua.—Jacob Links."

The following is a brief sketch of an address given by Jacob in the Dutch language:—

"Brethren and Sisters, hear me,—I have read you the account of two blind men from *Matt.* xx. These men were in darkness and could see nothing. Broeders, (brethren,) this is our state. By nature we are blind and know not God. We were blind to God and all spiritual things before we had the Gospel. But we are now sitting by the way, as they were. Broeders, as they cried 'have mercy on us, have mercy on us,' so are we to cry. Some told them to be still, but they cried so much the more. We are to follow their example. If any try to hinder us, we are to continue crying to Jesus for mercy. Broeders, we have heard what he has done for sinners. We have heard that he will forgive sins. 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Broeders, the same day that the blind men called, they received their sight, and followed Jesus. They did not remain sitting on the road, but rose and followed Christ. If we call on him in faith, he will forgive our sins. O how great is the compassion of God for us, (arme zondaars,) poor sinners! 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son.' We have done nothing but sin against God, yet Jesus Christ died for us. He died to save us. Broeders, if we come believing, and with sorrow for our sin, we shall be made free, and shall obtain eternal life. Do you doubt, broeders, of the power of God? behold the large mountains around you, behold the world which God has made. All these prove his power, and all speak to us; they shew his power and Godhead. 'Jesus neemt de zondaars aan,' (Jesus receiveth sinners.) If a good man promise you any thing, you believe his word. So you are to believe the gospel, and to follow Jesus. Yes, broeders, you are to believe and obey him, and live as the book says."

He complained of the difficulty he had in expressing himself in Dutch, and being told to go on in the Namacqua language, his countenance became animated, and with fluency of speech, and fervency of expression, he continued his discourse.

Jacob made considerable improvement after this, both in reading and speaking Dutch; I have in my possession one of his books, in which are various memorandums respecting several passages of scripture, and observations upon them, which are written in a plain and legible hand.

For several years he was employed as a native schoolmaster, and assistant missionary, in which capacity he was extensively useful. The Namacqua children were strongly attached to Jacob, on account of his attention to them in the school; and the adults who were learning to read, for his work's sake, and the amazing patience which he exercised in giving them instruction.

For some time after embracing the gospel, Jacob had his trials, and found by experience, that "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." But he was found "steadfast and unmoveable," as will appear from the following circumstance. Soon after Jacob had openly professed Christianity, a Boor, (a farmer,) for whom he had often laboured, came to the station one Sabbath morning, and required Jacob to accompany him in search of his horses. Jacob hesitated in obeying the command, and the Boor became angry. Jacob quoted the law on the subject, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" the Boor said, "I dare say you will not object eating on a Sunday, and why not go with me as usual." Jacob then answered with firmness, "Ik zal niet gaan, (I shall not go,) Master; we ought to obey God rather than men. If it were a case of necessity, I would go immediately, but your horses run for weeks together without being looked after, and the Sabbath is the only day you collect them together. Had you come yesterday I would have accompanied you. If you will come to-morrow I will go, but this is the Lord's day and not ours. I will not therefore leave the house and worship of God on this day, for the purpose of seeking horses. How can I, who profess to believe and revere the command of God, profane his holy day? 'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?'" The Boor was highly offended with the

decision, and left the place in anger, but he came no more to seduce the Namacquas from the worship of God on the Sabbath.

The zeal of Jacob for the salvation of souls, became increasingly fervent, and he offered to go and reside for a time with a small horde of Bushmen, in order to endeavour to teach them the way of salvation. With those children of the desert he wandered from place to place, till he was nearly famished with hunger. He lived for some time on old pieces of hide and goat skins, after which he returned to Lily Fountain, saying, "Ik kan niet meer," "(I can endure no longer,) the Bushmen have worn me out, and I have been constrained to leave them."

He was desirous of improving his mind, for which purpose he began to learn *English*, in order that he might be able to read in that language. I have in my possession part of a vocabulary written with his own hand, consisting of English and Dutch in separate columns. He was also in the habit of making memorandums of discourses which he heard, several of which are now before me; and had he been spared a few years longer, he would have certainly been one of the brightest native lights which ever shone in South Africa.

Jacob was so strongly attached to those who preached the gospel to the heathen, that he would have undergone any hardship, and have made any sacrifice, to serve them. When Mr. Archbell was once about to enter on a post of difficulty, Jacob unhesitatingly said, "Where you go, Sir, I will go also." Anxious to preach the gospel in the regions beyond the Gariep, or Great Orange River, he accompanied the late beloved Threlfall and Joannes Jaager, to Great Namacqua-land. On their journey, they met with discouragements both many and great, but Jacob said, with the Apostle, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself." His faith, which had been so greatly strengthened was very soon put to the severest test, as he was *horridly murdered* with his fellow travellers, before they reached the place of their

destination. Jacob was shot by poisoned arrows, one of which entered his cheek; and a youth who was present, declared that he continued for some time preaching to his murderers, notwithstanding the pain he had to endure, and then like another Stephen, spent his last breath in praying for their salvation. Jacob and his companions have joined the multitude before the throne, and of them it may now be said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The following is a free translation of a Dutch *hymn*, frequently sung by Jacob in *times of trial*; and as they had attended to the duty of public worship just before lying down to sleep on the night in which they were murdered, it is not unlikely that they had united in singing these favourite verses, at the *close of their earthly career*:—

"The nearest way is known to God,
Which leads to yonder bright abode;
If grief—or joy the best will be,
Leave all with him—the Lord shall see.

"He leads us through this earthly valé,
His word of truth shall never fail—
Secure does ev'ry promise stand,
And we shall reach our Fatherland.

"When creature aid would all be vain,
His presence with us shall remain,
The same through one eternal day,
When earthly joys are fled away.

"When passing through the shades of death,
When yielding up this fleeting breath,
In need, our only Friend is He,
Who gives the final victory."

Andries Orang was a native of Namacqua-land, and when we arrived in that country, he appeared to be about fifty years of age. On hearing the glad tidings of salvation, he embraced the gospel with all his heart, and became an active member of the church at Lily Fountain.

He was a man of great ingenuity and quickness of apprehension; both of which he turned to good account, by endeavouring to make himself useful to those among whom he resided.

Poor Andries was *blind of one eye;* yet he resolved on learning to read, that he might know how to answer an important question, which was frequently proposed among the Namacquas, "hoe zegt het book?" (what does the book say?) My colleague, Mr. Edwards, supplied him with a spelling-book and spectacles; thus equipped, he began and continued, till he accomplished the task. Andries was seldom seen without his spelling-book, which was well thumbed both by himself and the numerous children who became his instructors. It was often bound upon *his head* during the hours of labour, partly for the purpose of keeping it clean, and also to be in readiness on finding any person willing to teach him. Having passed through the small book, to his great delight he obtained a *New Testament*, which became his constant companion, and was carried in a small leathern bag under his arm. One day, coming to my house, he, according to custom, sat down on the floor. Not knowing at the time that he was able to read, I was astonished to find him ask if I would hear him, and having consented, he opened on a part which had been folded down, and began "ziet hoe groote liefde, (Behold what manner of love) the Father hath bestowed upon us, that *we* should be called the sons of God," &c. He read till he came to the 8th verse, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil:" he then looked earnestly at me, and said, "Mynheer kan ik nu niet gaan en prediken?" (Can I not now go and preach, Sir?) I enquired, "what would you preach, Andries?" He answered, "there are many among whom I go, who never heard such beautiful words as those I have read, and they know not that Jesus Christ came into the world, 'to destroy the works of the Devil.' Can I not go and uitleggen (explain) to them that Jesus Christ came to save sinners." As no

one could forbid or discourage him in such a work, Andries went forth with the Testament under his arm, and the love of souls in his heart, and preached Christ crucified to those who were sitting in darkness, and in the valley of the shadow of death.

Some years after Andries had learned to read, I was on a journey from Cape Town to Namacqua-land, and the day being exceedingly hot, we remained by a place called Rimhoogte till nearly sun-set, before we commenced travelling. It is thus related in my journal of October 16, 1823. During the day an *old Mozambique slave* came up to our wagon, and begged for a Dutch hymn-book. On asking if he could read, he took a small school-book out of his leathern sack, and read, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This circumstance being very surprising to me, I enquired by whom he had been taught to read? He said, "My master, some time ago, hired one of your Namacquas to take care of the sheep. When he came among us, we knew nothing of God, or prayer; but he commenced singing hymns and praying with us every evening. He then read out of the book, and told us of Jesus Christ. The words which he preached were so good for me, that I longed to read them myself. He was willing to teach me, and gave me his books; but the hymn-book is old and shattered, so that I can scarcely read it. I long for another. Our teacher has now gone away from us to the station, yet we still sing and pray together with our fellow-slaves every evening; and whilst I am watching the sheep in the day, I try to improve myself. Others of the slaves have begun to pray, and long to be taught." This Namacqua was none other than *Andries Orang* of Lily Fountain. How various are the instruments employed in spreading the savour of divine truth! The poor Namacqua leaves Lily Fountain: he commences a journey of at least one hundred and sixty miles, in order to become shepherd to a farmer by the Elephant River.

Surrounded in his new situation with a number of slaves almost as ignorant of God as the beasts which perish, he commences praying with them, and for them. Seeing them far from God, he begins to prophesy according to his ability; and, from the fruits of his labour, it is evident he speaks to "edification, and exhortation, and comfort."

Andries was always delighted when he could *add* to his stock of knowledge; and to this end, requested that he might have a *Bible*, with which he was soon provided. Knowing that I was about to proceed one Saturday evening, to a farm at the distance of several miles, to hold divine service, he procured a horse and rode after me. It was the latter end of summer, and the grass was scorched up: yet on passing through a valley near the station, I was astonished to see a part of it covered with *flowers*, more beautifully adorned than any of the princes of this world, when in the midst of all their glory. I alighted from my horse, and stood to admire the scene before me, when Andries came up, and was equally as much astonished at my attention, as I was with the rich colours of those "*Lilies* of the valley." He immediately enquired, "Why do you look so earnestly, Sir?" He was told to take the Bible, of which he had lately become possessed; and finding for him Sol. Song, ii. 1.—he read, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the *lily of the valleys*. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." His eye now sparkled with joy, and he began to make enquiries, and look for some observations. To the remarks made, he was exceedingly attentive. He gazed on the thorns and straggling bushes, which were withered and leafless. He looked on the lilies with an interest he had never before felt, and frequently used the Namacqua exclamation, "*Eisey, eisey!*" On mounting my horse to ride onward, he lingered and appeared sorrowful to leave the place, and we had not been long at the farm, before I saw him surrounded with a company of people, to whom he was *reading*. When he had read a little, he became

exceedingly animated, and spoke to them with delight respecting the "*lily* among thorns." For many years after this occurrence, he would frequently allude to the circumstance, and gratefully exclaim, "*Eisey, eisey, de old Mynheer and the lilies.*"

By means of Andries, several *farmers*, as well as Namacquas, occasionally heard the truth. At one time, he was at the house of a farmer, where several other Boors were also present, some of whom were prejudiced against missionary stations among the heathen. One of them intimated, that as many of the Namacquas had been baptized, and were now members of the church at Lily Fountain, they might *live as they pleased.* Andries took out his Bible, which he knew by experience to be the "Sword of the Spirit," and contended for the faith. He opened on Romans vi. 1, 2, and read, "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound. God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein." Seeing them *put to silence*, and knowing that some of them were hoping for heaven, because they were baptized, he became bold in the cause of his Master, and opening on John iii.; he read, and spoke of the new birth, declaring that they must "be *born again*," or they could not be saved. The master of the house now became uneasy, and threatened to take the Sambok (a kind of whip) to Andries. Andries depending on the goodness of his cause, presented the old gentleman with his *book*, saying, "Shew me master where it is written that you are to flog me, and I will *immediately submit.*" The farmer could find no such direction, and Andries escaped.

In the year 1833, I was on my way to visit Lily Fountain, when on approaching the Elephant River, a *slave* ran after the wagon, calling aloud to the driver, and enquiring if it were not the wagon of old Mynheer. It was nearly midnight when this circumstance occurred, for the weather being hot and the sands deep, we could not travel far by day. I enquired, on hearing the voice of a stranger, "Who are you? what do you want?" &c.

The poor slave immediately answered. "I am one of *Andries's children;* do you not know me, sir? I saw the wagon when you were far away, and have come to ask for a Testament. Andries, *myn Leeraar* (my teacher) is dead; he died on a journey through the Karree Mountains. I have his Bible in my possession, but his widow will not allow me to keep it; when this shall be returned to her, then I shall be destitute of the word of God. From further conversation, I found this slave to be the identical person to whom a spelling-book was given about *ten years before*, as related in my journal of October 16, 1823. I felt thankful for the noble institution of the *Bible Society*, from which, by means of the late Rev. R. Watson, I had received a supply of Bibles and Testaments, for gratuitous distribution. To my great joy, I was enabled to furnish him with a copy of the New Testament, of which a proper use would be made by the poor Mosambiques, as he still continued to assemble the people together for divine service.

Andries Orang died while passing through the wilderness, in the presence of his wife, who was on the same journey towards Lily Fountain. He longed to arrive at the station, but this was not permitted. I have no doubt, however, but Andries felt the truth of that promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Had he belonged to the *Roman Catholic Church*, he would doubtless have been canonized as an *Apostle of the desert.* But,

> "Him the Spirit hath declared,
> Blest, unutterably blest:
> Jesus his great reward,
> Jesus his eternal rest."

Peter Links, was a brother of Jacob, but several years older. He was one of the persons who accompanied the chief on going to search for a teacher, and often referred to the day of our meeting in the desert, as the happiest one which had ever dawned upon him. It was Peter who said, when speaking of his conversion, "I wandered on

the mountains seeking rest but finding none. I ate all kind of bitter bushes in order to atone for my sins, but I never found peace till I heard of Jesus, and believed in him." Then, with inexpressible feeling, he would quote some lines of the following favourite hymn:—

"Liefste Hieland, uw genade,
Is veel grooter dan men denkt,
Wanneer gy aan, een arme made,
Uw verdienst, en vriendschap schenkt."

"Blessed Saviour! thy free mercy,
Far exceeds my scanty thought;
When Poor Gentiles, vile and guilty,
Into union sweet are brought.

"Long oppress'd I sought to anchor,
On a sure and certain ground,
But had no man to instruct me,
Where a Saviour might be found.

"Unexpectedly one told me,
Jesus, Jesus, is the man:
This affected me so deeply,
That I to his mercy ran.

"Then did plenteous grace come streaming
On my soul from Jesu's heart;
Jesu's blood, for me atoning,
Made an end of all my smart."

At another time he said, "I first began to seek for wisdom, instead of salvation. The wisdom I could not find, as I am still very ignorant, but the salvation I obtained through the grace of God, and I live in the enjoyment of it."

Peter being a *strong and active man*, soon learned to do many things at the station, in a way far superior to any of the other Namacquas. He became a mason, and thatcher, a carpenter and smith, and thus by his labour, was of great importance to our new institution. Indeed his profiting appeared to all, and his conduct and superior abilities, every where commanded respect. On account of

his knowledge and piety, he was *consulted* by the missionaries on all matters of importance, and several *Dutch Farmers* were often glad of his advice.

Some years after my arrival at Lily Fountain, the following conversation took place between Peter and myself. Referring to the implicit confidence, which, for a length of time, he had in those who first preached to them the everlasting gospel, he said,—"If you had told me at that time, to plant potatoes on the surface of yonder rock, I should have done so, implicitly believing that they would have grown." I replied—"But how could you have been so foolish as to suppose that potatoes should grow upon a rock?" He said,—"Mynheer, I saw everything which you undertook prosper; the small seed which you sowed in one part of the garden sprung up, and the potatoes and other vegetables which you put into the ground, in another part, produced abundance; the wheat and barley grew in the field; the trees you planted took root, and are spreading their branches abroad; and the word spoken by you in the Kirk reached our hearts, so that we *felt* the truth. I therefore concluded that all you said was right, and that all your commands ought to be obeyed: but now" continued he, "I should not expect that anything would grow on the rock, though sown or planted at your command." "How then" I asked, "did you lose that superstitious confidence, for I never was aware that you had formed such an opinion of me?" He answered, "Do you not remember the day when old Andries swallowed the frog.* I then saw you join so heartily in the laugh that I thought you could pass a joke." Informing Peter that I did not direct Andries to swallow the frog, but merely stated a fact, he said it was my laughing so heartily which shook his confidence. Let this circumstance teach all Missionaries to be very cautious in their deportment before a savage and heathen people; and it may also teach those who hear to copy the example of Peter Links, in attending to the advice of the Apostle,

* See page 98.

"And we beseech you brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake."

At our *monthly meetings*, respecting the temporal affairs of the station, he always took an active part, and was by far the best speaker in the council. His speeches were on some occasions exceedingly powerful, and they were listened to with great attention. The following may serve as a specimen. Having some difficulty respecting the school-children, in consequence of their parents sending them to take care of their cattle, rather than assist in providing general watchers, the subject was brought before the meeting. Previously to their having any gardens, or corn-fields, the cattle were accustomed to go for days and weeks with very little attention, but now they could not be allowed to roam at large. Having pointed out the evil of keeping the *children from school*, I stated in conclusion, that if they really persisted in it, we might see it to be our duty to leave them, and proceed yet further into the interior of the country. At this instant *Peter rose*, and demanded a hearing, when he spoke as follows:—

"*Brothers, hear me!*—I know you of old. It is not the first time that I have heard complaints respecting the children. Many of them are watching the calves in the field, instead of being in the school. Brothers, hear me! I know you often sit with only one ear open, but now open them both. I know you soon forget what you hear, and when reproved for doing wrong, you say, we did not know it. Hear me, then, and to-day let your attention be fixed, for the subject is a *great one*. Brothers, let me question you. What were we before we received the gospel? You know you were blind and stupid heathens. Brothers, what did you know of God, what of Christ Jesus, and what of the way of salvation? You knew nothing, you were in thick darkness. Brothers, let me ask again; Before you had the gospel, what did you know of ploughing and sowing? what of making gardens, and partaking

of the fruit of them? What did you know of reaping cornfields, of thrashing the sheaves, of baking cakes, and of eating loaves of bread? What did you know of religious teaching, of the holy scriptures, and of schools for your children? You knew nothing of them; but we see great things to-day, we have our teachers, we have the great word, and we have a school for our children.

"*Brothers, hear me!* After all these things, will you be indifferent? will you make your children go after the lambs, and the calves, instead of sending them to school? Has not the council appointed general watchers? (herders.) Is there any necessity for your children running after the calves? You know there is not. *Brothers, hear me!* Has not our teacher hinted, that if we refuse to obey the light, that light may be *taken from us.* But that time must never come; we must not again be without the gospel, without teachers to proclaim it, without Sabbath-days, without the sound of the bell, and without a school for our children. Whatever may be done to remedy the evil complained of, such a step must never be taken! Take the gospel from us, and what should we be? *Brothers, hear me!* I say for myself, I say for my part, that I had much rather, that a kogel *(bullet)* should now be shot through my head, and my soul launched into eternity, than that I should live to see the day, when the *gospel shall be removed from our land.*"

This speech, the substance of which I have given, was delivered with great *energy and warmth.* It had, also, the desired effect, and the people responded to it,—"Dat is waar, dat is waar," *(It is true, it is true,)* and sent their children to be instructed.

In our religious assemblies, Peter was likewise *an exhorter.* He was frequently called upon, especially when strangers were present, to address them in the Namacqua language. On November 20th, 1825, I had preached from Luke xxiv. 46, 47, in the morning of the day, and in the afternoon, Peter was requested to speak to the people. After I had commenced the service, he rose up, and deliberately

referred to the great truths they had heard in the morning, by which he gained the marked attention of his audience, when he commenced the application of them to their hearts. Almost immediately, one individual began to *mourn*, and soon several others *wept aloud.* Peter went on with his discourse, till it appeared as if Sinai were on a blaze, and its thunders were rolling all around; as if the gloomy cloud were descending, and the lightning of divine justice flashing conviction into every conscience; as if the waves of divine indignation were rising; and the people, just about to be swallowed up in blackness and darkness, began each *to cry*, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Peter stood in the midst of the assembly, like the watchful pilot of a ship in the height of a storm. As the people mourned, he became more and more animated; he preached "repentance and the remission of sins;" he pointed his hearers to the Lamb of God, and spoke of his *atonement.* He spoke so delightfully of the Saviour suffering, bleeding, and dying,—so appropriately of his invitation, "Come unto me, come unto me,"—so seasonably of his ability to save, that the storm began to abate in its fury, and he proclaimed, "Jesus neemt de zondaars aan," (Jesus receiveth sinners still.) *Jesus receiving sinners*, was now the theme on which he dwelt; and while he was thus preaching Christ, the clouds appeared to disperse, the thunder ceased to roar, the winds were hushed, and a peaceful calm ensued. It seemed as if he had brought the people within sight of the haven; when he set them to furl their sails, and they rejoiced in hope of being for ever with the Lord. The address was certainly a piece of the *finest natural eloquence* I had ever heard. The emotions of Peter gave pathos to his words, and the people felt that the "power of the Lord was present to heal."

Peter was not only of essential service at Lily Fountain, but also in *other parts of the mission field.* He willingly went to the Bechuana country, to assist Messrs. Hodgson and Broadbent, and by them he was held in great estima-

tion. In many things, Mr. H. depended on Peter's judgment, and loved him as a brother. He went also, to Great Namacqua-land, to assist Mr. Cook in the mission at Nisbett Bath, where he was employed as an artisan and school-master. Several years ago, he fell under the paw of a lion, by which he was greatly lacerated, and for many months was incapable of labour; he, however, gradually recovered strength, though severely maimed for life. On account of our missions, Peter Links travelled thousands of miles, endured innumerable hardships, and went through all kinds of dangers.

After we heard of his brother Jacob's murder, Peter, when speaking on the subject said, "O that I could find the murderer who took away my brother's life! I would not care what distance I might have to travel—I would not mind any exposure, fatigue, or danger—I would not care what expense I might incur, if I could only lay hold of that man." Being aware that men in their savage state cherish an indomitable spirit of revenge, but believing Peter to be a decidedly pious character, I was a little astonished at his language, and rather hastily inquired, "Well supposing you could find the man, what would you do to him?" "Do to him, (said Peter) Mynheer, I would bring him to this station that he might hear the gospel, and that his soul might be converted to God." What a noble example of the power of christian principle in the heart of an African.

When Peter heard that I was about to *leave South Africa*, he desired greatly to come and see me; but being unable, on account of the distance from Cape Town, he sent one of his *best oxen* as a present. I could not keep the animal as a token of remembrance, but have preserved the *horns*, as a memento of this excellent man. My opinion of Peter is, that he would have laid down his life for a missionary, if requisite; and had I been going to labour in Great Namacqua-land, I would have prefered him as an assistant, to any man in the world.

Lately, intelligence has been received respecting the

death of this excellent man, who had come with the mission wagon to Cape Town, where he died about the beginning of November, 1839. His son Jacob, a fine youth, who had accompanied him, expired about a week afterwards. It appears that Peter left a pleasing testimony behind him, and died in the triumph of faith. He was spoken to a short time before his departure respecting his state and his family, when lifting up his hand with a smile on his countenance, he said, "I leave all—I have done with the world—I am happy, happy, happy!" and sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

The Rev. S. Broadbent remarks in a letter to the author,—"Peter Links deserves a distinct memoir. I am sure there is character and incident sufficient to make a very interesting and profitable one. I had frequent interviews with him both in the Bechuana country, and at Khamies Berg, and I do not remember that I ever saw in him, or heard any thing from him that I could blame. I have often asked him to offer up prayer when we have been met together, and the propriety with which he did this—his apt allusions to the sermon which had been preached, and his scriptural language, with his devout and humble spirit, always both pleased and profited me exceedingly." I could mourn and weep over the removal of Peter, from his family, and the brethren engaged among the heathen in Southern Africa, but I hear the voice of inspiration saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Eva Bartels is a mulatto woman, who was living in Cape Town, when we commenced our school for the heathen. Two *little slave girls*, who were residing in the same house, first brought her to our religious services. She appeared to be about fifty years of age, and was exceedingly desirous of learning to read the Holy Scriptures. I procured her spectacles, which she greatly needed; and placing herself among the little children, she willingly

submitted to be taught by any of them. The children finding her make rapid progress in learning to read, were quite delighted with *Tante Eva*, (Aunt Eve,) as they always addressed her, and she became a great favourite among them. She often attended the day, as well as the evening school; and being thus diligent, was soon enabled to read the Bible, for which she had the greatest possible reverence.

She not merely learned to read, however, but the Divine Spirit so wrought upon her heart, that of her *real conversion* to God, there was not the shadow of a doubt. She became humble and lowly, and was regular in her attendance on all the means of grace, and her conduct was most circumspect. She was an example of piety to all around her, and was zealous in inviting and bringing others to the means of grace.

Going to visit her on one occasion, *when in affliction*, I found her engaged in prayer. She knew not that I was present, and prayed thus:—"Oh! how I have sinned! Oh! how I have sinned! but thou, Lord, hast had mercy. Thou hast had mercy upon me; thou hast given me the joy of thy salvation. Lord Jesus Christ, thou hast shed thy precious blood for me." When told that I was present, she said,—"Mynheer, I was almost in despair for a time, for I have been a great sinner. I therefore requested that I might be left alone, in order that I might wrestle with the Lord, and cry to him for help. I took up *the Book* to see if there was anything for me, and as I continued in prayer, those sweet words fell upon my heart,—'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' This invitation brought me such peace and joy, that all my sorrows departed, and I have now strong consolation. I have been thinking of the great love of God in giving his Son. We are debtors, and have nothing wherewith to pay our debt; but Jesus Christ came and discharged it by the shedding of his blood. While thus meditating, I shed many tears; but they were tears of joy, on account of the great love of God to sinners."

On another occasion, when several persons were in the room, who were expecting that the time of her departure was at hand, she desired them to raise her up on the bed, and support her with pillows. This being done, she began to address those around her, exhorting them to come to the Redeemer. She spoke to the children, telling them to seek the Lord in their youth. She addressed her mistress, and some ladies who were present, on the importance of salvation, inviting them to come to Jesus. To a *sister* she said, "Repent, and turn to the Lord, and do not live as I formerly did." She then said, "To all my friends, and to all the world, I would say, if they could hear me, *bekeert u*, '(turn ye,) why will ye die?'"

From this sickness she was mercifully raised to her former state of health, and became a "living epistle" to all who knew her. She was so much beloved by her mistress, that when Eva requested that I might be allowed to preach in the house, she readily gave her consent. Through her exertions, there was a crowded assembly, many of whom were respectable Dutch inhabitants, and they were seriously attentive to the word of life.

On our going to Namacqua-land, in the year 1826, she accompanied us, taking charge of our infant Jane. She was so attentive to the child, when sitting among the wild bushes of the desert, that she would always contrive some method of making a shade to screen her from the rays of a scorching sun. At Lily Fountain, Eva became the *Leader of a female class*, in which office she was exceedingly useful. She is mentioned by Mr. Edwards, in his journal of Dec. 31st, 1827:—"About three o'clock this morning, we were awoke by a company of our people, who were singing the praises of God. At length they advanced to my door, and Eva said, 'Sir, you must pray.' Having done so, they went to another part of the village, singing most delightfully the songs of the Lord."

In the year 1828, Mr. Edwards says to the committee,—"Several females came to me, expressing their desire to be baptized. Their leader strongly recommended them

as suitable persons for admittance into the Church of Christ. On speaking to the leader, she said, '*I would rather have Christ than de Kaap Stad.*'" (Cape Town.)

Eva continued to adorn her profession, by a holy walk and conversation; and on our leaving the Cape, she was residing with Mr. Hodgson, and was still useful to many of the coloured population. She has become a *mother* in our Israel, and though often afflicted, she is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and brings forth fruit in old age. Her confidence is in Him who will be the strength of her heart, and her portion for ever.

Diana resides in Cape Downs, and the following is part of a narrative which she gave me of herself, some years ago. She was born at Bruintjes Hoogte, far distant from Cape Town. Her mother was a Hottentot, and died while residing with a colonist, leaving her child, together with the sheep and oxen in her possession, to the care of her master. Though born free, Diana was unjustly *held as a slave*, and while young, being ignorant of her freedom, submitted herself to the yoke, and was highly approved of by those who knew her. The parents of her master being pleased with her conduct, gave to their son, in exchange for Diana, a team of oxen, (ten or twelve in number) and a female slave.

Some time after her arrival at the house of her new master, he took a journey to the village of Tulbach, in order that his child might be presented for baptism. Diana had to go likewise, for the purpose of taking charge of the child. On entering the church, she was greatly astonished, and somewhat afraid, never having before been in a place of worship. But when the minister rose, and read his text aloud, "*I know thy works*," she endeavoured to hide herself behind one of the large pillars in the body of the church, imagining that he especially fixed his eyes upon her. She was so ignorant, that she thought him more than human, and supposed that he was acquainted with all her ways, and every secret of her heart.

"The words of the wise are as *goads*," and so did they prove in the case of Diana; she became truly sorrowful on account of her sinful state, and feared to sleep, lest she should awake in endless torment. After her return to her master's house, a Hottentot happened to come that way, whose name was David. She found that he had been to church, and anxiously enquired of him, "What shall I do, whither shall I go?" &c. He exhorted her to pray; but she knew nothing of prayer, and asked what he meant. He said, "Go and kneel down among the bushes, and say, O God! help me! Look up to heaven, and say, O God! teach me! and he will hear you." Such was the anxiety of her mind, that she immediately ran to the bushes, and said, "O God! help me! O God! teach me! for David says, thou wilt hear me."

In her master's house, the Bible was sometimes read, but never in the presence of the coloured people. Diana, however, contrived a method, whereby she occasionally heard words of salvation. The ancient custom of washing the feet in the evening of the day, is still practised in the interior of Africa, by many of the colonists; it was so in the family among whom Diana resided, and she being the person employed for that purpose, as frequently as possible carried in the water, whilst the Holy Scriptures were being read. The truths which, by this means she heard, often deeply affected her heart; and as she related the circumstances to me, the tears rolled at intervals down her sable cheeks, especially when she said with deep emotion, "Many were the tears which I shed, and which fell into the water vessel while I was thus employed." But this scheme was after some time detected; and Diana was forbidden to enter the room again during the reading of the Bible. She was hereby driven to another expedient; perceiving that the threshold of the door between the kitchen and the hall had been partly worn away, she crept gently to the spot, and applying her attentive ear to it, eagerly listened, in order to catch any part of the joyful sound. On one occasion, while she was engaged in

churning, her mistress sat near, reading a part of the New Testament. Diana paid all attention, and hearing the words, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" she could not refrain from exclaiming, "What is that? Whose words are these? Can they be true?" But, to her anxious enquiries, she obtained no reply; for her mistress, frowning, bid her attend to her work, saying, "they are not for you." The words she had heard, confirmed the truth of what the old Hottentot had said, and she prayed more fervently, "O God! help me! for David says thou wilt." Her distress of soul considerably increased, so that she could scarcely attend to her regular labour. Her master and mistress now discovered her condition, and by them she was sometimes pitied, but at others treated with the utmost severity.

From different quarters, Diana had learned something of her history, and ascertained that, as she was born free, her bondage was illegal. She was one day strongly impressed with these words. "Go out of this place, and I will go with thee." She knew not whence they came, but considered them to be from God, and immediately left the place, not knowing whither she was going. As Diana pursued her solitary course, she was overtaken by a wagon, the driver of which allowed her to ride, and after several days journey, they arrived at *Stellenbosch*, on a Saturday evening. This village was favoured with the labours of a missionary, whom Diana heard the following day. He took for his text, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," and so preached Christ, that the poor fugitive was enabled humbly and penitently to believe the record true. She found by happy experience, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and through him, she obtained the peace of God which passeth understanding.

On the following day, her master arrived at the village, and took her before the magistrate, that she might be punished for leaving his service; but the account which

Diana furnished in proof of her right to freedom was so correct, so true, and so affecting, that she was immediately liberated.

She had now the opportunity of regularly hearing the word of God; and, under the instructions of the missionary, which were accompanied by a holy influence, she grew in knowledge and piety. For several years she lived in the enjoyment of the Divine favour, when through unwatchfulness she *fell* from her stedfastness, and made "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience." In this fallen state she remained three or four years, when it pleased the Lord in mercy to lay her on a bed of affliction. She then began seriously to bemoan her folly, but for four months remained on the borders of despair, a prey to the most horrid temptations. She feared that God's mercy was clean gone, and roared by reason of the disquietude of her heart. She feared that her revolt from that God who had so signally blessed her, was the unpardonable sin, and said, when speaking of it, "The pains of hell gat hold upon me." As she sat one morning sorrowing over her lost condition, the word of God was powerfully applied to her mind, "Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." "I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away." She was enabled by faith to lay hold of the promise, and again she rejoiced in the God of her salvation.

While standing at the door of her hut, filled with astonishment at the divine mercy, a person came up with a dejected countenance, and begged for a drink of water. On giving him the water, Diana said, "It is so much troubled, (the Dutch expression for muddy,) that it is almost unfit to drink." The person replied, "It is not so much troubled as my soul is." "Is your soul troubled," said Diana, "then go to the Saviour,—I found him this morning, and you may find him, for he is ready to pardon and bless you also." The words were seasonable; and the man began to seek with all his heart, and found that "Jesus receiveth sinners still."

Diana, being restored to the joys of God's salvation, became the humble instrument of teaching transgressors the way of life; and many, in the sphere in which she moved, were converted to God. Her husband obtained employment in cutting reeds, and working for the surrounding farmers, by which means their increasing family was supported; yet, on some occasions, they were reduced very low. At one time, Diana knew not whence the next meal for her children was to come; but a farmer's wife brought a sealed packet to her, saying, "I dreamed of you last night and God has sent me to relieve you; take this, and buy bread for your little ones." She acknowledged the providence of God in the supply, and learned more implicitly to confide in him.

Diana and her husband subsequently obtained a piece of land for themselves; which by their industrious labours, though in the midst of a desert, became exceedingly productive. The blessing of God attended their exertions, and they were soon able to raise a team of oxen and a wagon, with which the productions of their land were conveyed to the Cape market. Indeed in various ways they experienced that, "Godliness is profitable to all things." Though residing more than twelve miles from the house of God, the seat of Diana, on the Sabbath, was rarely vacant. She loved the sanctuary of the Lord, and could say with the Psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."

After the family was comfortably settled, the father was taken from this vale of tears, but both widow and children relied on the promises of Jehovah, which had never failed them. Diana's dwelling is the widow's cottage in the wilderness, but it is also a house of prayer. The missionary, passing that way, finds a pilgrim's resting place, and soon after his arrival, a congregation ready to hear his message. The widow cannot read herself, but the word of God "dwells in her richly, in all wisdom." How she has been able to treasure up so much of divine truth, I cannot tell, but I scarcely ever heard a person more

familiar with the Scriptures. Sacred truth appears in her, as a fountain ever springing up, by which her own soul is refreshed, and the souls of others residing around her.

She has lived down all opposition, and those who were wont to persecute, now revere her as a mother in Israel. Often is she sent for by members of Christian families, to console the afflicted, instruct the ignorant, and pray with the dying. Her daughters, after the labours of the day, devote the evening to the instruction of children and young persons, some of whom walk a considerable distance in the sands for the purpose. Diana is now approaching to her end, having borne the heat of many summers' suns; but she is ripening, as a shock of corn, for the heavenly garner. At the last interview which I had with her, she expressed a belief that the time of her departure was at no great distance. She thanked God for His goodness towards her and trusted solely in the atonement of Christ for present and eternal salvation. She delighted to talk of "Him who, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man," and fervently prayed that the gospel might be preached to all nations. Very soon will this redeemed African widow exchange the desert for the paradise of God, and unite with the multitudes before the throne. She was the means of the conversion of the mistress with whom she resided in bondage, and many others who will eternally unite with her in ascribing all honour and glory to the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne!

May you and I be there! Amen.

CHAPTER XXI.

NATURAL HISTORY—LIONS—TIGERS—WOLVES—SERPENTS —CAMELEOPARDS —SPRINGBOKS — GEMSBOKS—ZEBRAS — HIPPOPOTAMI—RHINOCEROSES—ELEPHANTS — BABOONS — PORCUPINES—LOCUSTS—BEES—OSTRICHES.

LIONS.

At the commencement of the colony, in the year 1652, considerable annoyance was experienced by the settlers, from the incursions of the numerous wild beasts then infesting Table Valley, and its vicinity, the very spot on which Cape Town now stands. These have been driven back to a considerable distance, and but few are to be seen within the limits of the colony.

The lion, however, is still found in many parts of Southern Africa, and especially in the Bushman country, beyond the colonial boundary, where he is exceedingly fierce and dangerous. Of this noble animal, aptly designated the monarch of the forest, two varieties are to be met with, the yellow and the brown, of which the latter is considered the stronger.

The prodigious strength of the lion does not appear to have been over-rated. It is stated by a respectable settler, who had lived some time on the frontier, that he had seen a very young lion convey a horse about a mile from the place where he had killed it. We are likewise informed by Kolbé, that in the year 1707, a lion, after having killed a middle sized ox, dragged it over a wall, and

escaped with the spoil. Many examples, not less remarkable might be added, which tend to shew that the lion is by far the most active animal, in proportion to his size, known to exist.

The circumstance of his lurking in the coverts for prey, should not be ascribed to the cowardice of the lion, as it has been by some travellers, but rather to his contrivance. He springs from nine to twelve yards at a single leap, and, for a brief space, can repeat these bounds, with such activity and speed, as to outstrip the swiftest horse in the chase; but he cannot hold out at this rate in a long pursuit, and seldom attempts it. He appears to have the impression, that man is not his natural prey; and though he does not always give place to him, yet in almost every case, he will abstain from attacking him, if he observe in his deportment, neither terror nor hostility. It is stated by the natives, that when the lion has once tasted human flesh, he thenceforth entirely loses his natural awe of human superiority. When he has succeeded in snatching some unhappy wretch from a kraal, especially among the unprotected Bushmen, he never fails to return regularly till all are destroyed, and often harasses them so dreadfully as to force the horde to desert their station. The following anecdotes, several of which are original, and have not been previously published to the world, may be entertaining and instructive to the reader.

"A few days," says *Barrow*, in a published account, "before our arrival at the foot of the Khamies Mountain, a lion had occasioned some little stir in the country, which had not yet entirely subsided. A Hottentot driving his master's cattle to water, perceived a lion in the pool, and being pursued, breathless and half-dead with terror, scrambled into a tree. At the same moment the lion made a spring at him, but missing his aim, fell upon the ground. In surly silence he walked round the tree, casting every now and then a dreadful look towards the poor Hottentot. After four-and-twenty hours, during which time he stirred not from the place, he returned to the

spring to quench his thirst, and in the mean time the Hottentot descended the tree, and scampered to his home, not more than a mile distant, as fast as his feet could carry him. The perseverance of the lion was such, that it appeared afterwards, he had returned to the tree, and from thence had hunted the Hottentot by the scent, within three hundred paces of the house." To the truth of this statement I can attest, as several of our Namacquas at Lily Fountain knew the Hottentot, and lived in the vicinity of the place where the circumstance occurred.

A Hottentot, on another occasion, at Jackal's Fountain, on the skirts of the great Karree, had a narrow, though ludicrous escape. He was sleeping a few yards from his master, in the usual mode of his nation, wrapped up in his sheep-skin carosse, with his face to the ground. A lion came softly up, and seizing him by the thick folds of his greasy mantle, began to trot away counting securely, no doubt, upon a satisfactory and savoury meal. But the Hottentot, on awaking, being quite unhurt, though sufficiently astonished, contrived slowly to wriggle himself out of his wrapper, and scrambled off, while the disappointed lion walked simply away with the empty integument.

Kolbé states, that when he was on a visit to one of the warm baths of the colony, eleven lions approached his tent during the night season, and roared so loudly, that he could not sleep, but was in the most extreme anxiety. Fortunately, however, the Hottentots, by keeping the fires continually blazing, and throwing out fire-brands, were enabled to prevent them from approaching nearer until day-beak, when they retired.

A similar occurrence is mentioned by *Mr. Freyer*, an English gentleman, settled on the Hantam. While he was travelling with a party through some portion of the Bushman country with wagons, they were attacked, when outspanned, by several lions; and though the Hottentots fired at the ravenous beasts, and threw forth pieces of burning wood, one of them audaciously tore away a horse

which had been tied to the wagon wheel, and afterwards a second. These he carried off with the greatest apparent ease, and placed in triumph before his companions, which were at a little distance.

I have often travelled in the Bushman country myself, and on one occasion, night coming on, and being alone, I lost my way. The rain began to descend, and a dense darkness closed upon me. So dark was it, that I could perceive no description of path, but in a state of uncertainty wandered among the wild bushes, and the straggling rocks of the desert. Thus circumstanced, I thought of halting, and began to search for a stone whereon to lay my head, designing to fasten the horse to my foot till daylight. The thought, however, struck me, that I had better keep in motion, as lying asleep in the rain would neither benefit myself nor the horse. I accordingly mounted again, and rode slowly, I knew not whither; but to my great joy, I soon descried a light, and found a native hut, into which I crept, and remained till morning. On arriving at the place of my destination, I was informed that only a few days before, a farmer, while crossing the same part of the country, was much terrified by a lion. When outspanned, the monster approached, and without ceremony, took away one of his wheelers or shaft oxen, which had been made fast to the pole of the wagon. He dragged his prey to a short distance, and there sat feeding on the carcase, and cracking the bones of the bullock till the sun arose. The farmer and his people remained in the greatest suspense during the whole night. They watched from the wagon the movements of the animal, but only having one gun, durst not encounter him; since the lion, if not shot in "de dood plaats," (the death place,) that is, either the head or heart, is only enraged by his wounds, and becomes ten-fold more furious. At sun-rise the lion departed, and they were released from suspense.

Lions frequently visit the vicinity of the Khamies Mountains, to which parts they come out of the Bushman-land, in pursuit of what are called the springboks.

When these antelopes leave the country for the Orange River, the lions sometimes remain behind, and devour the cattle of the natives, many of whom have frequently been engaged in conflict with them.

Keudo Links, the father of the late Jacob, went with some other Namacquas to hunt a lion, which had taken up his abode near their place of residence. They had but one musket, which Keudo took himself, his companions being armed with their assagais and keeries. On drawing near the place, they discovered the lion sooner than they had anticipated; his eyes instantly glared with fury, and he began to chase them with all that rapidity for which he is so remarkable. Keudo had often heard that the lion would crouch, previously to making a spring, and therefore waited for the favourable moment. But on this occasion, that compliment was dispensed with, and Keudo, though he fired his piece, was instantaneously under the paw of his adversary. The lion stood majestically on his prey, while the other Namacquas, one excepted, made their escape. He began to gnaw one of the arms of the prostrate Namacqua, who, with the other, boldly seizing the monster's beard, cried out to his faithful companion, "brengt uw mess," bring your knife. Jantje resolutely drew his knife, and with an arm nerved for the conflict, rushing upon their assailant, succeeded in cutting his throat. The blood gushed from the wound. The lion became faint, and fell powerless on the ground, leaving the two Namacquas to hear his last tremendous groan. I knew the two men well, and have frequently heard Keudo relate the circumstance, and show his lacerated arm.

Bucas and Brand, two natives residing on the borders of the Bushman country, went in search of a lion, which had killed some of their cattle. They were both mounted and well armed with their huge firelocks for the attack. While riding onward at a short distance from each other, unexpectedly a lion sprang upon Bucas, and bore both man and horse to the ground. Bucas immediately took to

his heels, supposing that his horse might satisfy the monster; but in this he was mistaken, for the lion left the horse and pounced upon the man. Instantly he began to lacerate one of the legs of Bucas in a most voracious manner, and would soon have finished him, had not his faithful companion come to his assistance. Brand, with all the nerve of a lion-hunter, loaded his piece, took his aim with coolness and deliberation, and shot through the monster's head. Thus was Bucas delivered, but his knee was torn in such a manner, that for more than twelve months it could not be healed; and, to the present day, the joint is stiff and useless. Bucas was at one time the driver of my wagon, and I found him, though lame, exceedingly clever.

About fifteen years ago, *Peter Links* and several of his brothers, sallied forth into the desert, on a similar work. It was not their intention to load their pieces till they should come near the spot where they expected to find the lion; but before they had proceeded thus far, he appeared in full view, and gave them chase.

Peter, while running, was led to think, "he must have one of us," and I may as well be the individual; so he halted, and stood still. The lion came up, seized the gun with his teeth, and began to play with it, as would a whelp with a walking-stick. Hereupon, Peter thought that he would choke the animal, by thrusting the gun down his throat, and made the attempt, but failed. In a moment, the lion laid him on the ground with his paw, and began to gnaw his arm, not tearing off the flesh, but apparently designing to crack the bones. His companions were now at a distance, not knowing that Peter had remained behind, till they looked back, and perceived him in this unenviable position. One of them instantly ran with his assagai, and throwing it with all his might, wounded the lion, which only rendered him the more ferocious. *Jan Links*, seeing his brother in a state so dangerous, leaped on the lion's back, and took hold of the large whiskers on each side of his face, hoping by this

means to do something towards saving Peter from death. Another, for the same purpose, seized his tail; and a third, *Timotheus*, more deliberate than the rest, loaded his piece, ran up to the animal, and putting the muzzle of his gun close to the lion, fired a ball through his head, on which he fell and expired.* The indentions made by his teeth on the butt end of the gun, I saw many months afterwards; and Peter informed me, his opinion was, that had he allowed the lion to continue playing with the gun, keeping it closely in his hand, sufficient time would have been given to his companions to charge and fire; without himself having sustained injury.

Jan Kapitein, a Coranna chief, in an account given by Mr. Archbell, set off on a hunting expedition, in the month of June, 1836. When at a considerable distance from the mission station, they came, just before sun-set, to some old cattle-folds, which they thought was a proper place to unpack their oxen, and tarry for the night: just on the spot, they saw an enormous lion, which they determined to despatch, knowing that if he were to remain there during the night unmolested, their lives would be in danger. Accordingly, Jan, with a number of his people, armed with guns, mounted their horses, and approached near the animal. Jan, who was always noted for extraordinary courage, dismounted, and gave the reins of his bridle to his brother Jacob, who, with all the others, sat still on their horses. He fired at the lion, but missed him; immediately the animal made a bound towards him. His brother Jacob seeing that, said, "Spring upon your horse; he is coming on." Before Jan could get fairly mounted, the lion sprang upon his horse, and

* The skin of the lion was sent to England, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Bealey, of Ratcliffe Close, near Bury, Lancashire; preserved as a memento of the *mercy* of God towards this excellent man; as the two horns of the bullock which he sent to the author, (see page 286,) are preserved as a memento of his *friendship*. These are converted into three drinking horns for the table, lined and tipped with silver—one is in the possession of the Rev. James Everett, the other, of John Reay, Esq., and the third, of the author himself.

with his left paw fastened upon the thigh of the docile animal, and his right paw on the saddle. Immediately the horse gave a tremendous kick, extricated himself from the hold of the lion, as in a fright; while Jan was precipitated to the ground. The lion then laid hold of his powder-horn, which, according to native custom, was buckled around his loins; after that, the lion attempted to grasp his head, which he defended with his left arm, the sinews and arteries of which were bitten through by his tremendous grasp; his hat lay in one place, and his gun lay in another. His brother Jacob could afford him no assistance, for his horse ran away with him at the sight of the animal; the other part of the company made off, being intimidated at the first approach of the lion; and, had it not been for the conduct of an intrepid youth, who ran to Jan's assistance, and on whose approach the lion left him, he would in all probability have been torn to pieces on the spot. As soon as he was a little recovered, he expressed himself as having received a death-wound. No medical aid was near; he had to subsist wholly on animal food, and being exposed with his wounds to very severe frost, a mortification took place, which ended his earthly career; nor was the report of the accident brought to any of the mission stations, until the help afforded arrived too late. He was not permitted to see his family, to whom he had an uncommon attachment; but died and was buried in the wilderness. A pious uncle of his, being one of the company, frequently interrogated him as to the state of his soul in the approach of death; to which he received answers the most satisfactory. The same pious uncle states, that "from the time of the accident to that of his death, he gave himself wholly to prayer." His firm and constant reliance was on the blood of the atonement; and his last words were, "All is peace, all is peace, all is peace!"

Jan Kapitein was about thirty-three years of age; five feet nine inches in height, well formed, of an open countenance, sprightly and intrepid in his manner, and kind in

his disposition. When he had tasted the pardoning love of God, its effects were seen in his conduct; he was affectionate to his missionary, conscientious in his regard of the Sabbath, opposed to everything immoral, regular in family prayer; he was constant in devotional exercises; and he was never absent from the public means of grace, but through indisposition of body.

Thus lived and thus died Jan Kapitein, a converted Coranna, the fruit of missionary labour, and a crown of rejoicing to the friends of missions in the day of the Lord. The ways of Providence are always wise, but they are frequently to us very mysterious. We are sometimes afflicted with the intelligence of the death of missionaries in early years, and in the midst of their usefulness; and it is our duty to pray for the preservation of the valuable lives of those who devote themselves to the cause of God, to bear the glad tidings of salvation to heathen lands.

Here we have an instance of divine Providence equally inscrutable. Jan Kapitein was one whose life appeared in every respect most desirable. He was a converted character, adorning his profession of Christianity among a heathen people; he was a chief, having great influence among a numerous tribe, and exerting his influence in favour of Christianity; he was young, and in the ordinary course of events might have been expected to live many years, a stay to the mission, an example to his people, and a blessing to the part of Africa where he resided. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts; and it becomes us to bow with submissive resignation to the counsels of his wisdom. "Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

It is encouraging to be acquainted with such instances of missionary success as that now recorded; whilst we contemplate them, we feel that our labour has not been in vain in the Lord. The termination of Jan's life was indeed afflictive; but we sorrow not as those who have no hope. Many African hunters have shared a similar fate; they are unavoidably exposed to great danger; but

how few have been able to say, when expiring in consequence of their wounds, "All is peace, all is peace!" This is the triumph of Christianity.

TIGERS.

The tigers of South Africa, differing but little from the leopards, are small when compared with the Royal Bengal tigers, but they are numerous, and exceedingly troublesome to the farmers. Their places of abode are in the ravines of the mountains, and the clefts of the rocks, whence they go forth early in the morning or late in the evening, in search of prey. They are still found in the vicinity of Cape Town, especially from Newlands to Hout Bay. One of these animals was destroyed in that neighbourhood not long before my departure, and being neatly stuffed, a gentleman brought it on board the Duke of Northumberland, to England, where it arrived together with us in June, 1837.

Kolbé mentions a person who was suddenly attacked with a tiger, during his residence in the colony. The tiger struck his claws into the man's head, aiming at his throat, in order that he might first suck out the blood of his victim. *Bouman*, (for that was his name) being athletic and powerful, wrestled hard with his antagonist, and succeeded in throwing him on the ground, where, for a time he held him down. He found, however, that the animal would be too strong for him, but when ready to give up himself as lost, recollected the knife which he had in his pocket. Immediately he grasped it, and resolutely pressing the tiger to the ground, succeeded in cutting his throat. Bouman was covered with wounds, from which the blood was copiously flowing, so that he became weak and languid, and for a considerable time did not regain his former strength.

Vaillant, who is not always erroneous, when on his journey to Namacqua-land, halted for a time by de Heere

Lodgement, where, with his attendants, he engaged in hunting the dassen of the mountains. He observes, "I had already killed a few; when on turning a rock, I roused a panther, or tiger, which I fired at, but the shot being too small to strike it instantly dead, it escaped. I searched the environs with my dogs, and succeeded in finding its usual place of retreat, where I saw several heaps of bones; but though I spent two wearisome hours of the night waiting for it in ambush, it did not appear, which induced me to believe that I had really wounded it, and that it had probably gone elsewhere to die."

On the Khamies Mountains, and in their vicinity, the tigers are most destructive to the cattle, and especially to the young horses and foals. On a farm, near Lily Fountain, more than twenty foals were devoured by these animals during one rainy season. In the year 1817, I was present at a tiger hunt, a short distance from the station, the detail of which is as follows:—

News was brought one evening, that a horse had been laid hold of by a tiger, at a short distance from the station, and partly devoured. The chief gave orders that the hunters should be on the spot at sunrise the next morning. I engaged to accompany them, and took my dog and gun, the Namacquas had their kirries or clubs and all the dogs they could procure. A little terrier having obtained the scent, ran forward till it came to the cavern where the tiger had taken up his abode. It stood at the entrance and barked, not being aware of what kind of game it had been in pursuit of. The tiger rose, and fixing his eyes on the little dog, the terrier scampered away at full speed. The voracious animal now stood on the surface of a large sloping rock, and on seeing the other dogs, he looked angrily at them, and began to grumble, as though he would challenge them to an attack. My own dog and two others instantly accepted the challenge, and a furious contest ensued. It was impossible for me now to make use of my gun; but at this crisis, a native, on seeing that the dogs were faithful to each other,

ran and seized the animal's tail, which he held with all his might. The tiger roared, the dogs became more furious, the men with their clubs approached, and beat him on the head; and thus assailed he soon groaned his last. It is a law among the Namacquas, that the man who seizes the tail, shall have the skin, but on this occasion it was given to me, and sent to England.

The jackals and tigers had made such great depredations on the sheep and poultry of Lily Fountain, that we were apprehensive at one period, lest they should take the whole of our stock. The reader may judge of our fears, from the following circumstance. About eight o'clock one evening, a messenger came in haste to the chapel where I was preaching, saying that I must go to the house without delay. Under serious apprehensions of danger, I immediately complied, and while repairing thither was informed that a tiger was sitting on a wall, near the door of our kitchen. The old man who accompanied me, went behind the house, and I entered the front door, where was Mrs. S. quite pale with terror, and my colleague in a state of considerable perturbation. He had loaded his gun, and was approaching the kitchen door, saying every now and then as he looked round, "Don't be afraid Mrs. Shaw, don't be afraid Mrs. Shaw;" when, just as he was in the act of stooping to take aim, the native entered the door, and bid him desist. A candle was then brought, and the much dreaded tiger, upon examination, proved to be a harmless turkey, which had perched on the wall for the night. Without doubt, had not the native come in when he did, the poor turkey, which was a favourite, being the only one we had, would have been shot.

WOLVES.

Mr. Shepstone states, in 1830, that in Kaffir-land, "the nightly visits of the wolves have been so destructive

among the children and youth, as to form an anomaly in the history of that animal; for, within a few months, not fewer than forty instances came to my own knowledge, in which this beast had made dreadful havock.

"To shew clearly the preference of the wolf for human flesh, it will be necessary to notice, that, when the Mambookies build their houses, which are in form like beehives, and tolerably large, (often eighteen or twenty feet in diameter,) the floor is raised at the higher or back part of the house, until within three or four feet of the front, where it suddenly terminates, leaving an area from thence to the wall, in which every night the calves are tied to protect them from the storm or wild beasts.

"Now it would be natural to suppose, that should the wolf enter, he would seize the first object for his prey, especially as the natives always lie with the fire at their feet. But notwithstanding this, the constant practice of this animal has been, in every instance, to pass by the calves in the area, and even by the fire, and to take the children from under the mother's caross, and that in such a gentle and cautious manner, that the poor parent has been unconscious of her loss, until the cries of her little innocent have reached her from without, when a close prisoner in the jaws of the monster. To give all the instances I could adduce, would tire your patience, I will therefore only give two, with which we have been more immediately concerned, and which, while they show how much they want, who want the Gospel, will also show that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

"The first I shall mention is that of *Dapa's great grandson*, about ten years of age. The wolf had previously seized a younger brother, and torn away a part of his face. Another night he came into the house and took a second, and carried him completely off, of whom nothing more than a fragment was found. On his third visit he seized the lad first mentioned by the left shoulder. The little fellow awakened by the grasp, struck him with his hand; the wolf let go his hold, and, grasping him on the opposite

side, broke his collar bone. The poor boy still fought with his left hand; and his antagonist letting go his hold a second time, seized him by the fleshy part of his thigh and ran off with his prey; nor was it till he had carried him a quarter of a mile that he could be made to drop him, when, biting away the precious mouthful, he left the little sufferer with his thigh half severed; but fortunately the bone was not broken. In this state he was brought to us for help, and by daily attention he is perfectly restored.

"The second instance is of a little girl, about eight years of age, who was reclining on the ground in the cool of the day, when four of these monsters rushed upon the place. One of them seized the little creature by the head, a second by the shoulder, and the other two by the thighs. The people of the kraal, with all possible speed, flew to her help, and succeeded in releasing her, but apparently too late. They tried for a few days to help her with their medicines; but finding all hope fail, and as from the heat and flies she had now become loathsome, they gave her her choice, either to be put to death by the youths of the place, or go to the woods to die or be further devoured as might happen! The little girl chose the woods. In this forlorn condition, she determined to cast herself on the mercy of this institution; and although she had never been on the station, she believed from what she had heard, that could she reach the place, she should receive that protection and help, which he who claimed the endearing appellation of father had longer refused to give, and which she had no right anywhere else to expect among her own nation. With this resolution she set out, and, although she had to travel several miles, through deep glens, succeeded in reaching the station, an awful picture of deformity and suffering, all but in a state of nudity, covered with large wounds to the number of fourteen, among the most ghastly of which was that of the head and face, where the wolf, having endeavoured to grasp the whole head, had torn the mouth open to the

ear, and stripped the head of the upper part of its covering, and made a ghastly wound of eight inches. Through the mercy of God, she is quite recovered, and scarcely at all deformed; but refuses ever to return to those who forced her to the woods to die. I am happy to add, that a few days since, as I was walking a little distance from the house, I heard some one as in fervent prayer; and as I could discover it was the voice of a child, I made towards it, and found in a secluded spot among the weeds, my little patient, who was earnestly pouring out her soul to the God of her mercies, where she thought no eye saw or ear heard her but God.

"This boldness in the wolf, as also his passing by every other sort of prey, for a human body, must, I think, be attributed in the first place, to the horrible custom of leaving the dead unburied; and, in the second place, to the frequent wars in this part of Kaffraria, by which these monsters have been fed to the full; and the late Chaka scarcely deserves a better appellation than that of caterer to the wolfish tribe. Since his death, these animals, instead of feeding, as in his day, on bodies plentifully provided for them, are (with a few exceptions) obliged to take them while alive. I am, however, happy to be able to add that within the last two or three months, there has scarcely an instance of the wolf's ravages been heard of."

SERPENTS.

Of several kinds of snakes, which are found in South Africa, one only is considered as innoxious. This is the *boomslang* or tree-snake, so called from its being found coiled round the branches of trees: it is from six to ten feet in length, and approaching in colour to black. The first I saw of this description, was making its way towards the top of a tree: the Namacquas said, it was going thither for the purpose of catching birds, over which they believe it has a fascinating power. The hooded snake, or what is

called the *cobra capella*, is one of the most formidable species of this venomous tribe of animals. It was doubtless one of these which alarmed the servant of Sir James Alexander, by glaring at him with his fiery eyes, and made him declare its hooded head to be as big as a tea-pot. The last time of my crossing that country, a serpent of the same kind terrified Mrs. Shaw, at a short distance from our wagon; it hissed horribly through its fanged mouth, and appeared as if it would immediately pursue her, upon which she hastened to the place of our encampment; the Namacquas soon killed it, and its length was about eight feet. At another time, while riding through the sands, I saw two of the cobra capellas at no great distance from each other, and pursued one of them: I got several strokes upon its tail with my horse-whip, with which it became so enraged that its head became twice the usual size. At length, suddenly rearing up, it turned itself towards me, and with its eyes of flame, so horrified my horse, that he suddenly wheeled about, and set off at full speed.

The *puff-adder* one of which was found under our mattress, as mentioned in the tenth chapter, is perhaps equally as dangerous as the former. It is distinguished by a disproportionate thickness; its body is handsomely spotted, black and white on a brownish ground, and when enraged it swells out its neck to a great size. *Lichtenstien* says, on one of his journeys, "all on a sudden the van of our troop who were armed with fowling pieces, were alarmed with the writhings of a frightful serpent upon the ledge of a crag, which raised up his crest, swelling and puffing itself out. One of the men aimed his piece at it, and instantly shot it dead." It was about four feet in length, and six inches in circumference. A Namacqua who was sleeping on the ground, a few years ago, in the open air, was bitten by a serpent of this description. It would appear that the puff-adder was near the spot on which he lay down to sleep, and the Namacqua turning himself during the night, rolled upon the serpent, when it immediately seized his breast with its poisonous fangs, and in the course of

a few hours he was a corpse. Every traveller in the interior of Africa, who has to sleep on the ground, should always take the precaution of making a fire on the spot, which would drive away the serpents, and other noxious reptiles from its vicinity.

The *nachtslang*, or night-serpent, is a dangerous one, because of its going out by night, when it may be be trod upon. Of the *cerastus* or horned snakes, there are many about a foot and a-half long; they are of a light brown colour, and lie coiled among the stones, whose colour they much resemble. The traveller last mentioned, says, while in Great Namacqua-land, " a large black snake was seen, ten feet long, steering towards some rocks, with a hare in its mouth. The guides were disturbed at seeing this snake. ' That is the *komakasip*,' said they, ' it is the most dangerous snake in this land. A man runs but a short distance after he is bitten by it. Some time ago. a Bushman was creeping into a hole to rob a bees-nest, when a komakasip bit him in the face. He ran home as fast as he could, but he fell dead before his own door.' "

CAMELEOPARDS.

The *giraffe*, or cameleopard, is found in Great Namacqua-land. On passing through that country we saw numbers of them, with their heads elevated far above the brushwood and low trees. On perceiving us, they moved off apparently at a very slow rate, sawing the air with their long necks, but were soon out of sight. Our people would have been glad of a hunt after them, as the flesh is in high repute with the natives, and their hides make excellent sandals; but being on a journey, we had no time to lose. The most approved method of hunting them is on horseback, and the natives watch for the time of their sleeping, when they get as near to them as possible before they fire. When the cameleopard is mortally wounded, its long neck begins gradually to droop, till at

length the inoffensive animal falls on the ground. It is said, however, that sometimes an old giraffe, when pursued, will stop short in his flight, and allow the hunter to pass close to him; then rearing up, it will overwhelm both horse and rider, and make off with all speed. The Namacquas state, that the lion lies in wait for this animal among the reeds, by the side of a water, and when he stoops to drink, the lion springs upon him. The affrighted giraffe immediately runs off, carrying his destroyer, who is biting the flesh and sucking the blood, till exhausted, he droops, and falls on the plain. I obtained a part of the hide of a cameleopard, when north of the Orange River, which was not only good for sole-leather, but also for making samboks, or hand-whips.

SPRINGBOKS.

The antelope, called the *springbok* is frequently to be met with in the Bushman-land. I have seen thousands of them together, when crossing that country, and it was impossible to form any correct idea of their number. Mr. Thompson, the traveller, says, "I passed through prodigious flocks of springboks spread over the plains as far as the eye could reach; the number it is impossible to estimate with any nicety, but I suppose I saw at least one hundred thousand in the course of fifty miles. They were migrating from the great desert, towards the colony." The springbok is of light and airy form, and of delicate proportions. Its general colour is cinnamon on the back, the breast and belly white, with a broad longitudinal band on each side, of deep red, approaching to black. When the antelope springs, it shows a broad disk of white on the croup, owing to the expansion of a folding skin behind. The small lirated horns rise perpendicularly from its brows, diverge, and then incline inwards. I saw one some years ago, at the Elephant River, which had been caught when young, and was reared with a large flock of

sheep. It went with them to the field in the morning, remained grazing with the flock through the day, and returned to the fold with them at night. I went with *Mr. Van Zeyl*, to see this beautiful creature, as the flock was approaching the fold. When at a considerable distance, we perceived the springbok leaping perpendicularly in the air, in the midst of the sheep and lambs, as if to show its superiority over them, in quick and graceful movements. It then bounded from among them towards home, till it came near the spot where we stood, pausing for a short time, and looking at us; then it made the most strange and perpendicular leaps, of five or six feet in the air, as if designing to astonish and delight us with its agility, when, putting its head to the ground, it began to run and leap, till again it appeared in the midst of the flock. I never saw any creature leap so high, or move with such rapidity. The prophet Isaiah, doubtless refers to this antelope, when describing the effects of the gospel, he says, "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." At certain seasons of the year, the frontier farmers hunt them, as the meat is excellent. They salt the best part of it, and leave the remainder for the Bushmen, who are glad to accompany them on such excursions.

GEMSBOKS.

About the middle of the month of October, the people of Lily Fountain generally went for two or three weeks into the Bushman-land, for the purpose of hunting the gemsbok. I have known them return with a wagon or two, laden with the fruits of their labour. The height of the gemsbok, is about three feet and a half at the shoulder; the horns two feet and a half, and the tail is a black switch. The white face is crossed with two bands of black; its general colour is iron-grey, which is separated from the white belly, by a black band. The gems-

boks, with their long straight horns, are said to be great antagonists of the lion, and they are so war-like in appearance, that only young lions will venture to attack them. Every part of this animal is valuable. The hide is good for various kinds of thongs and harness, the horns are valuable for several purposes, and when polished, the hand of many a gentleman is graced with one as a walking-stick. The flesh may be salted and preserved for future use, or it may be eaten immediately; we procured a large one when travelling north of the Gariep, and the natives were roasting and eating most of the night.

ZEBRAS.

Zebras were formerly plentiful in different parts of the colony, but are now become more scarce, being chiefly found beyond the frontier. I have seen a troop of six or eight stand at a distance, gazing on our wagon as it moved slowly onward; when, startled by the sound of the whip, they set off scampering over stones and bushes, and leaving behind them a thick cloud of dust. This animal is in high estimation with the natives, and from his bones the hungry traveller has cut many a tasty steak. Thus George Thompson, Esq., says, on one of his journies: "The pangs of hunger pressed sore upon us, and our only relief was to draw our 'girdles of famine' still tighter round our bodies. At length we descried *Witteboy*, and his followers loaded with flesh. A zebra had been shot, and each was carrying a piece of it for immediate consumption. We had now been nearly four days without food, and but very ill supplied with brackish water. Without questioning Witteboy how, or where he had killed the zebra, we all commenced roasting and eating. In a short time I had picked several of his ribs. As for the Hottentots, I do not exaggerate, when I say, that each of them had devoured *eight pounds* of meat within an hour, and an additional allowance of three or four pounds

more before they slept. The sudden change in the appearance of my Hottentots this evening, after their hunger was assuaged, was remarkable. Hope and happiness again re-animated them, and that haggard and horrid appearance which had invested their visages began to disappear. So voracious was their appetite, that I became apprehensive they would kill themselves by repletion; and in the middle of the night when I awoke, I again found them eating and smoking by turns. We found the zebra flesh sweet and good; yet it never seemed, somehow, sufficiently to satisfy our hunger, and we had scarcely finished one meal, before we found ourselves ready for another."

The zebra is beautifully striped with dark bands on every part of its body except the legs, which are white, and is usually seen on extensive plains. Very similar in appearance are the wild horse and the quagga. The former is furnished with small compact hoofs, peculiarly adapted to the mountain heights, its usual resort, and is striped on every part; whilst of the latter, the head and neck only are striped.

HIPPOPOTAMI.

The *hippopotamus*, river horse, or sea cow, is found in the rivers of South Africa, and chiefly in the Gariep. The description of the behemoth, in the book of Job, is strikingly applicable to the habits of this animal. "Behold now behemoth which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox. His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron; he lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed, and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. He taketh it with his eyes: his nose pierceth through snares."

Barrow writes, when at the Gariep: "Vast numbers of the hippopotamus were snorting and blowing in every part of the river, endeavouring, as it were, to emulate the torrent that roared among the rocks. These animals are captured by deep pits being dug in the paths which they frequent, between the river and the wooded banks, whereon they browse by night. The more certain method, however, is, to lie concealed in their usual track, and when a hippopotamus is passing, to wound him on the tendons of the knee joint, when he becomes an easy prey to his numerous assailants. On land, the boldness of the hippopotamus is not proportioned to his prodigious size and strength, but in the water, he sometimes proves an extremely dangerous opponent." Thompson, in his travels, adduces an instance of a Hottentot having been bitten in two by this monstrous animal. In size, the hippopotamus is not at all inferior to the rhinoceros; his body is more bulky, his legs are shorter, and he has no horns, neither on the nose nor on the head.

When at the Orange River, we saw along its banks, in several places, the spoor or feet marks of hippopotami, at which our little Namacqua attendants were greatly terrified, but happily, none of them made their appearance during our stay in the vicinity.

RHINOCEROSES.

The *Rhinoceros* is to be met with in Great Namacqualand; and for a piece of its hide the Little Namacquas were always glad to barter, in order to make samboks with it. The white species is more rarely found, and differs somewhat from the other in the conformation of its parts. The black rhinoceros is very minutely described by Sir James Alexander, who met with several during the course of his expedition. "It resembles, in general appearance, an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a half high, girth eight feet and a half, and of the

weight of half a dozen bullocks: its body is smooth, and there is no hair seen, except at the tips of the ears, and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eye." The sight of the rhinoceros is as defective, as his hearing and smell are good; so that he is seldom pursued in the open field; but the wary hunter steals into a thicket, and approaching on the leeward side, gets so near, that a ball may be expected to take effect, before he fires. If the aim be missed, and the offender perceived, "the enraged monster, occasionally uttering a short fiendish scream of rage, bears down in a cloud of dust, tearing up the ground with his curved ploughshare, kicking out his hind legs in a paroxysm of passion, and thrusting his horns between the trembling legs of his flying victim, he hurls him into the air as if he were a rag. The brute now looks about for him, and if there be the least movement of life, he again rushes at him, tears him open, and tramples him to a mummy."

On one occasion, this adventurous traveller remarks; "I was enjoying this most romantic scene, gleaming in the mid-day sun, when I observed Kuisip, Henrick, and one or two more, a little in advance of me, and looking earnestly towards the River. I cleared the bushes, and saw rushing towards the hunters, from the trees, two rhinoceroses, a female and a young male. The female appeared to have been wounded, for she snorted furiously, and driving her horns under a bush, she tore it up and threw it in the air, covering herself with dust and gravel, and then came on, closely followed by her offspring, occasionally ploughing up the ground before her, and bent on destruction. The hunters now separated and ran off as fast as they could, to shelter themselves behind the rocks and bushes, whilst the monsters bore right down upon me. Fortunately old '*Night*' was not paralyzed with terror, as some horses would have been. Wheeling him, therefore, to the right, I doubled the rhinoceros,

which with their deep seated eyes and limited field of view, cannot see except right before them, and pulling up, I gave the dam a *ball* behind as she passed, which made her drop her tail, and the two then, tearing their way through a large bush, disappeared. 'Secouant la terre sous eux.'"

Lichenstein met with rhinoceros hunters, who assured him that in a somewhat similar way to the above, they had contended with one of these monsters for four hours together, till his rage was at last quite spent, and he was easily killed. The most particular attention is needful, on such occasions, to keep the side against the wind, so that the animal may not catch the scent.

ELEPHANTS.

Elephants are still numerous in various parts of Southern Africa. *Captain Gardiner* saw many in the Kaffir or Zuloo Country, not far from Port Natal, and they are likewise found in the Great Namacqua and Damara-land, beyond the Orange River. *Lichtenstein* mentions a farmer who had taken a male elephant 14 feet high, the tusks of which were sold in Cape Town for 200 rix dollars. He also relates an elephant hunt, taken from the lips of the Field-Cornet Müller, in which a person called Wm. Prince, was trampled to death. "Müller and Prince only, were out together when they discovered the footsteps of a very large elephant, and soon espied the animal itself upon the declivity of a naked and widely outstretched hill. It is a rule when an elephant is found thus, to endeavour to get him upon the hill, that in case of necessity, the hunter may fly to the summit, whither the animal, on account of the unweildiness of its body, cannot follow him fast The precaution was neglected by Prince; he shot too soon, while they were yet at too great a distance, and the elephant was upon higher ground than himself and his companion. The wounded

monster rushed down towards them, while they endeavoured to push their horses on, and gain the brow of the hill. But the elephant, who upon favourable ground will run as fast as a horse, soon came up with them, and struck with his tusk at Müller's thigh, he being the nearest of the two fugitives. Müller now considered his fate as inevitable, as he endeavoured in vain to set his almost exhausted horse into a gallop, and saw the monster, after giving a most violent snort, raise his powerful trunk above his head; but it was not on himself, it was upon his companion that the stroke fell, and in an instant he saw him snatched from his horse, and thrown up into the air. Scarcely in his senses, he continued his flight, and only in some degree recovered himself by finding Prince's horse running by his side without a rider; then looking back he saw his unfortunate friend on the ground, and the elephant stamping upon him with the utmost fury. He was now convinced, not without the utmost astonishment, that the sagacious animal had distinguished which of the two it was that wounded him, and wreaked his whole vengeance upon him alone. Müller on this, went in search of the rest of the party, that they might collect the mangled remains of their companion and bury them; but they were soon put to flight by the elephant rushing again from a neighbouring thicket, to vent his wrath once more upon the corpse already so dreadfully mangled. When he was busied in doing this, however, he was attacked by the dispersed hunters, and sacrificed to the manes of his unfortunate victim.

BABOONS.

It is impossible to travel far in the interior of South Africa, without meeting with large companies of these ridiculous animals. Though they never returned to the mountain on which they were seen the first morning after our arrival at Lily Fountain, yet they proved

very unwelcome visitors to the fields at the time of harvest, and effected so much destruction among the standing corn, that we were necessitated to send out hunting parties, to drive them from the neighbourhood. The late *Rev. Mr. Borcherds*, minister of Stellenbosch, relates the following fact, which is to be found in the South African "*Tydschrift.*" A party of about twenty persons went to visit the waterfall, by Jonkers Hoek. When they arrived at the grotto, the young people brought grass and flowers of great variety, to form a comfortable place on which the minister might sit or lie down in the shade, while they scrambled over the rocks. During this time, Mr. B. had often cast his eye to the projecting edge of a rock, which stood four or five hundred feet perpendicularly above his head. He saw there an exceedingly large baboon, walking to and fro, which was roaring very loudly as if chagrined at the intrusion of the party. Near to the minister stood a person who had often hunted on the mountain, and who advised him not to remain on the spot, as apparently the baboon was planning some hostile movement. At first, Mr. B. conceived that his friend was merely joking, but on seeing some who were near him hastily dispersing, he rose and was scarcely upon his feet, when the baboon, emitting a terrific roar, detached and rolled down a piece of rock upwards of a foot square. This in descending loosened many other large stones, which fell on the very place where the company had been standing. Such was the suddenness of the manœuvre, that several of the party fell in the flight, while others received fragments of the stones in their faces. Providentially all escaped the large stones, and none were seriously injured.

A farmer residing about one hundred and fifty miles from Cape Town, kept a baboon on his place. I knew a person who, upon one occasion, threw a stone at it, when the cunning animal, returning the compliment, hit him with the same upon the mouth, and thereby deprived him of two front teeth.

Another farmer had one made fast to a high pole, which Kees* ascended and descended at pleasure, by means of an iron ring. A piece of plank was attached to the top of the pole, on which he frequently perched, and in apparent contemplation, viewed the beauties of the scenery around. The farmer's wife having one day left her infant child at the foot of the pole, Kees came down, and taking the child ascended to his perch, where he sat nursing it. The mother alarmed at the situation of her babe, brought out all the beds, pillows, and clothing from the house, that in case of Kees losing his hold, it might fall as softly as possible. There she stood with maternal anxiety, not daring to allow any one to ascend the pole, or chide the baboon, lest he should throw down his charge. After awhile he carefully descended, evidently enjoying the joke, and placed the infant at the feet of its delighted mother.

We had, for some time, a tame baboon at our station, which we took with us to Cape Town. On the road thither, at one of our halting places, were swarms of scorpions, upon which we let him loose. He ate them most greedily, but always took care first to break off and throw away the tail, in which the poison is lodged. His sagacity was evinced in various ways, during the time that we had him. On a cold evening he would sit near the fire, among the Namacquas, and warm himself, and at night he put on his sheep skin *caross*, drawing it over his head, and sitting upon his heels, after the manner of the natives. If, at any time, this was not forthcoming at the proper hour, he would cry like a child till it was obtained. Never did an injury pass unrevenged, for he always soon or late, by some means or other, took occasion to repay those who gave him offence.

* A general name given by the farmers to their tame baboons.

PORCUPINES.

Porcupines inhabit Khamies Berg, and materially injure the corn by rolling among it, when standing in the field ready for the sickle. The Namacquas were accustomed to hunt them by moonlight, and often returned with a large supply of flesh. The dogs, however, which are brought in contact with the pointed quills of the porcupine, are the greatest sufferers, and pay dearly for their sport. For although he does not shoot his quills as some have said, yet, when the dogs are near, having set himself in battle array, he throws the whole weight of his body sidelong upon the unfortunate cur, which is nearest to him in that direction, leaving several of the quills sticking in his body. Consciousness of this, renders old hunting dogs very cautious in approaching the porcupine.

LOCUSTS.

Swarms of *locusts*, at times, visit the South of Africa, and, to the agriculturalist, prove a most terriffic scourge, the effects of which appear to be altogether unavoidable. These diminutive animals, (the locust is about three inches long,) flock together in such great multitudes, that no adequate idea can be formed of their number, except by those who have witnessed them. Their appearance, when alighting, is somewhat like a dense crimson cloud, resting upon the land, and when they rise up to proceed onward, the air is literally darkened beneath. Every green herb, yea every blade of grass is destroyed in their course, and nothing but barrenness and desolation remain in their track. Happily their visits are but seldom, otherwise the whole country must inevitably be deserted. Yet, even the locusts are not prejudicial to the interests of all parties, for while

their appearance is dreaded by the civilized part of the community, it is hailed with delight by the wild Bushmen and Corannas, with whom the locust is an article of food. In the song of the wild Bushman, he says,

"I plant no herb nor pleasant fruits,
I toil not for my cheer,
The desert yields me juicy roots,
And herds of bounding deer.

"Yea, even the wasting locusts' swarm,
Which mighty nations dread,
To me nor terror brings nor harm,
I make of them my bread."

BEES.

The *bees* in Namacqua-land make their nests in the clefts of the rocks, and the natives are exceedingly expert in finding them and extracting the honey, which they keep in leather bags made for the purpose. I was one day travelling with old Keudo Links, and remarked, that he frequently held up his hand above his eyes, and looked towards the sun, which was then descending near the horison. Being astonished at the repetition of the same act so many times, I enquired of him at what he was looking, when he replied, that he had seen some bees flying in the air, and that they were going to their nests as it was almost sunset. He continued to watch them, and eventually led me to the *very place* where they deposited their honey. He then lighted his pipe and smoked a little, putting it to the hole at which the bees had entered. On interrogating him, as to his reason for so doing, he said, "Ik zal haar *dronken maken*," &c. I will make them a little drunk, and then they will not sting. By this simple process, he obtained the honey, and presenting me with the most delicious part, retained for himself the comb containing the young bees, which he ate with high

relish, pronouncing it at the same time exceedingly rich. The Namacquas are often led to the nests of the bees by the *honey-bird;* as soon as it has discovered a nest, it looks out for some one to attack it. It is known by its piercing notes, and will fly before the person, and rest at intervals, waiting for its companion in the chase. By fresh notes, it prompts him to follow, shortening its stations as they approach the nest. If the person lags behind, it appears by its redoubled cries to reproach him for his slowness. Having arrived at the nest, it rests quietly on a bush or rock, till the honey has been taken out, and the comb which contains the young bees is generally left as its portion. *Sparrman* offered the natives who attended him an ample recompense if they would assist him in catching a honey-guide, but they rejected the proposal, saying, "the bird is our friend," and thus refused to have it betrayed.

OSTRICHES.

Often has the author, while travelling in Southern Africa, seen this *gigantic bird* scouring along the plains, and as often has he wished himself upon its back, that he might get the more speedily through the desert. "It is commonly supposed," remarks Sir James Alexander, "that the *ostrich* is a very stupid bird; that when hard pressed, it conceals its head in a bush, and because it cannot see the hunters, it imagines they cannot see it; that it is careless about its eggs, &c.; but it appeared to me, that the ostrich has quite as much intelligence, and with the exception of its leaving its eggs for some hours in the heat of the day for the purpose of feeding, has as much care for its offspring as others of the feathered tribe. What befell *Elliott*, (one of his party) about this times proves all this. "One Evening he came to me with his face flushed and out of breath. 'What is the matter now?' 'Sir, I have had a chase after a sick ostrich, and the beast got away from me

after all; it got out of a bush, and ran off lame of a leg, and with its wings flapping, for it was mortal sick, or badly wounded: I did not stop to fire till I got close to it; two of my dogs and myself chased it, to make sure of it; it lay down sometimes, and the dogs could make no hand of it; then it got up again, but so bad was it, that I thought it would tumble over and break its long neck every minute; but I ran three miles after the thief of the world, and it bothered me entirely.'

"I told him it might have been playing the same trick which partridges practise at home, when they have eggs or young, viz: going off as if crippled, to *allure* the foot of the stranger from their charge. But Elliott maintained that the ostrich was sick or wounded, and could not help its limping off; till *Henrick*, the hunter came up, carrying half a dozen eggs, and reported that he had shot the ostrich which we were talking about.

"'I saw it start,' said he, 'and Elliott after it; I looked about and found the nest, with fifteen eggs in it; as it was near sun-down, I knew it would soon come back to the nest after decoying Elliott to a distance, so I made a screen of bushes near the nest. I sat down behind it for half an hour, and shot the ostrich on the eggs.'"

Confirmatory of the same remarks, the *Rev. S. Broadbent* gives a similar account: "On approaching an ostrich nest, we saw the female sitting upon it; and though she had been disturbed before by a Hottentot, she remained till we were very near, and then ran off at the report of two guns which were fired. The ground was sandy for several miles round, and covered with thinly scattered bushes. There lay a great number of loose ostrich feathers about the nest, which appeared to have come off the female while sitting, and she had the naked appearance which domestic fowl have at such times. The eggs were *forty-two* in number, including the two which had been taken away before; and were arranged with great apparent exactness. *Sixteen* were close together in the middle of the nest; and on these the ostrich was sitting when we

arrived; they were as many as she could cover. The remaining twenty-six were placed very uniformly in a circle, about three or four feet from those in the middle. The eggs which were in the circle, we found to be quite fresh, at which I expressed my surprize. The Hottentots informed me, that these had been provided by the ostrich against the hatching of those in the middle, when she would break them one after another, and give to her young ones for food; and that by the time they were all disposed of in this manner, the young ostriches would be able to go abroad with their mother, and provide for themselves such things as the desert afforded."

This chapter might have been greatly enlarged by a brief description of other animals, insects, minerals, trees, plants, birds, &c.; but this has been done so well by many who travelled for that specific purpose, that it would be worse than presumption in me to make the attempt.

APPENDIX.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM THRELFALL,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY

IN

SOUTH AFRICA.

WHO WAS TREACHEROUSLY MURDERED IN GREAT NAMACQUALAND, AUGUST, 1825.

The Rev. W. Threlfall arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in April, 1822, but had always manifested a decided predilection for Madagascar. This will be seen from the following letter, a copy of which is in my possession in his own hand-writing. It was written previous to his leaving England:—

"*Mission-house.*

"My dear Mr. Taylor,—I take up my pen to tell you in writing what I cannot feel free to do verbally. I cannot negative any of your decisions with respect to myself, or the station to which I am or may be appointed. Having given myself into your hands, and made it a matter of earnest prayer to God, to direct you in everything relating to it, were I to say, '*No, I will not do that, or go there,*' to any of your determinations, I should be fighting against the Almighty by such conduct, from which, may he preserve me. Though I approve of Africa, I must say I feel a great partiality to Madagascar; she has had my heart

upwards of four years. I have made some attempts to banish her from my mind, but I cannot do it, without banishing what I call the light of God's countenance. I shall go cheerfully to Africa as my nearest way to her, as I can go nowhere without your sanction and advice as a committee, and the prayers of our societies as being sanctioned and directed by you. Yet I should prefer to be set down on the coast of Madagascar, a thousand times more, naked as I am with respect to outfit, than any other part of the world, laden with all the temporal helps you could bestow: not that I have any prejudice against any place to which you might appoint me, but because of my attachment to Madagascar, or I may say, strongness of instinct leading me to her.

"And let not the lightness of your funds hinder you from having Missionaries in Madagascar. Cannot persons be found to go, believing themselves called of God to preach to the heathen, and trusting in Him; believing that he careth for birds, which have neither store-house nor corn, and clothes the grass; that dare trust Providence without any human promises of future support? If the lowness of your funds be all that hinders, look over it; if you will find another person for me to go with, or one to go with me, who will be willing to fare as myself, let us have your sanction and 'tis enough; if you dare not trust Providence with us, I will be responsible for His conduct in that respect, that we shall want nothing that is good for us. The people are perishing, the way is open, God calls for labourers into his harvest, labourers offer themselves, and only wait for your sanction and prayers.—W. T."

I never saw a young man so interested for the souls of the heathen. On landing at the Cape, and beholding our school in which were children of all colours, he was quite delighted, and could not refrain from tears, but wept for joy. After labouring in Albany for some time, he proceeded in 1823, to Delagoa Bay, where he would doubtless have been extremely useful, had his health permitted. His journal shews the state of his mind, and his views on

the mission work, while residing there. Though he was alone, and had many privations to endure, he writes, "I do not think I was ever situated more to my mind. I have but few temporal conveniences of any kind, and am sometimes tempted to think that I shall want; but my mind is happy. The Lord has given me favour in the eyes of the people, and I now desire the language, then I would fly everywhere, and preach the everlasting Gospel. After remaining some time he caught the Delagoa fever, by which he was greatly reduced. When a little better, he wrote his journal and several letters to myself, from which the following are extracts:—

October 15, 1823.—"My dear Brother Shaw,—I received your very kind and encouraging letter yesterday, for which I do very heartily thank you. It was very seasonable, as I am just recovering from a fever I took about the 29th ult., by too much fatigue and low living. I may partly blame myself for it; and was desperately harrassed. All the discouraging things which had been said to me, rushed into my mind a hundred times, and I was much distressed, being frequently delirious, and scarcely ever able to think soberly, being without any one to speak to me, or do anything for me without telling. I got very low, and feared my life and mission were both at an end. I wanted now the conversation of a Brother,—what would I not have given for it? The Lord, I know, refreshed me much, I saw his goodness, and my heart was broken to pieces. I recovered a little, and wrote to the vessels lying in the river, for some of the people to come and see me, giving orders if I was dead before they arrived what to do with the little property in my hut. The Captain of the *Orange Grove* came in the evening, and gave me an emetic and calomel. My head was immediately better, but I have had several relapses,—am now, I hope, out of danger. Last week, thinking I should not get better here, I made an agreement with Mr. M. to take me to the Cape; but as I am now likely to recover, I think of remaining. I pray to God to shew me his will.—My very

dear Brother pray for me, and tell your heathen congregation to do the same. I hope, by and by, you will have to rejoice over many spiritual children in Cape Town; yea, you have already cause to rejoice.

> "See you not the cloud arise,
> Little as a human hand."

Will it not be possible for you to send some of the brethren to my assistance, and take the direction of the mission? I hope a year's health would enable me to vocabulary the language. If I have my health, I must try to get a house built. I believe it is not healthy to live in native huts. What sort of an edifice it will be I cannot tell; but I have no tools. Should any other vessel be coming to this Bay shortly, I hope you will write me largely, and send me the chest of tools, and a good supply of Peruvian bark, &c. About a month ago, I was in the kingdom of Mapoota. It is certainly a country teeming with population, and very fertile. I was kindly received by the king, and he gave me plenty to eat the two days I was at his residence.—W. T."

"*October* 18, 1823.—"I am so much better that I have walked four miles. I have been on board the vessels, and was also on the *Portuguese* side of the River all night, with one Lieut. Texeer, a man said to be most friendly to the English. He invited me to go and live with him when the rainy season commences. The houses of the *Portuguese* have cemented floors to keep out the damp, and they appear to be quite adapted to the climate. Had I such a house on this side the river I should not doubt having my health tolerably. It might not be amiss to do as requested, yet I hardly know how to trust myself amongst them. They all profess great friendship to me, even the Governor, but I fear it is only profession, as they are all Papists. The Lieut. wishes me to baptize his son, and I think of doing it to-morrow. There is at present a Portuguese brig in the port, the captain of which came to

see and converse with me when I was sick. When he departed he desired me to give him my blessing, which I did in as good a way as I could. They are, altogether, a comical people. I do not know how it is, but my sickness has some way completely unmanned me. I am so timorous, unstable, distrustful, and cowardly, that I cannot describe it. The molehill is a mountain, and the feather a ton. I do not love the heathen less. I see them as sheep having no shepherd, and feel acutely. I hope, as my body strengthens, my mind will be more clear. If you can possibly write to me, do. I see, from the stations, that two are to be sent to Madagascar; but what are two (Missionaries) either here or there. The more the better in the beginning of such difficult missions, to keep up each others' spirits. Two, it is true, are better than one, and it is the number sent by our Lord. I heartily wish I had one with me. I should like to know, as soon as possible, the will of the Committee respecting me. I am quite willing to do what they appoint me, or what you and the brethren think will be the best until they write."

November 29, 1823.—"Captain Church, who now sits at my elbow, will be sailing towards the Cape this morning. It is the last opportunity I shall have for some months of communicating any thing to you. I hope you will not be of doubtful mind about me. I am in the hands of Him who is able to preserve, and wise to make all things work together for my good, and that of this mission.—W. T."

In his journal sent to the committee, when speaking of his sickness, he says, "I rolled on my mattress day and night, but my mind was very clear and vigorous. I had such views of Christ as I seldom had before; he was now more desirable than when I first sought him; he was my *only* hope; nothing that I had ever said, done, or suffered in his cause, or my present willingness to suffer, could give me any comfort,—no not the least,—all, without Christ, appeared less than nothing; from a consideration of them, I could draw no consolation—Christ was my

refuge—he was my all in all. My languid eye looked to him, and I thought of the dying words of the founder of Methodism.—

> ' I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me.—W. T. '"

In the month of April, 1824, a notice was put up in the Commercial Room, Cape Town, to the following effect: "Arrived in Table Bay, the ship *Nereid*, South Sea Whaler, Captain ———, from Delagoa Bay. She put into Delagoa for water, and having obtained a supply, took in the Rev. W. Threlfall, then very ill, and departed. It was soon ascertained that every individual who had been on shore had caught the fever, and before night, the crew were unable to work the vessel. The helm was tied a-lee, and she was committed, under God, to the mercy of the winds and waves. In this condition she appeared off the Cape, and being seen at a distance in distress, was brought into the Bay by a government boat. During the passage, eleven of the crew have died, beside the first and third mates; the captain is delirious; the Rev. W. Threlfall is only just alive; and the remnant of the crew are unable to leave their hammocks. She is placed under quarantine for six weeks; and no communication is allowed between her and the town." The Rev. J. Whitworth, then resident in Cape Town, on hearing this, endeavoured to procure a medical man to visit Mr. Threlfall, but in vain, as no person would venture to the ship. The following morning he received a note from Mr. T. by the quarantine boat, containing these words:

"Dear Brother,—I am just alive, and ready to take my departure to a better world—Farewell—Let us meet in heaven. Yours affectionately, W. T."

A petition was immediately addressed to government for liberty to go on board the *Nereid*, and administer to the necessities of the dying missionary, which was granted on condition that Mr. W. should not leave her during the time of quarantine. To this he nobly agreed; and sup-

plying himself with a choice selection of medicines and medical books, hastened to the contaminated ship. The transport of joy with which Mr. T. received his brother missionary, was almost too much for his greatly emaciated frame, and he was well nigh fainting in his arms. On recovering a little, his first request was, that Mr. W. would make the following entry in his pocket-book as a memorandum, to be conveyed to his father after his death: "My request to my beloved father is, that whatever property he intended to give me, may be devoted to the mission cause."* This was a similar request to that of Zwartz, who, when dying, said: "Let the cause of Christ be my heir." Mr. Threlfall had brought two boys from Delagoa Bay; and as the ship was exceedingly dirty, Mr. Whitworth set them to wash and scrub the cabins and decks. He also found some leaf tobacco on board, which he burnt freely in every part of the hold and in all the cabins, and, by this means, destroyed the infection that was in the ship. Suitable medicine was then administered to Mr. T., the captain, and the crew, and a communication, for some time, observed with a medical gentleman in Cape Town. By proper attention to cleanliness, medicine, and suitable food, all, through the Divine blessing, were so far recovered, that on the 25th of May, the quarantine was taken off, and the missionaries landed, praising God for their deliverance, and receiving the hearty congratulations of the people on every hand.

Mr. Whitworth writes in a letter to the author, "No man did I ever see so near death as our mutual friend apparently was; and never shall I forget his patience under suffering, his spirituality of mind, the fervour of his devotions, and his ardent zeal, even when apparently dying, for the Redeemer's honour in the conversion of the heathen. And as soon as he was able, his whole time

* His desire was fully acceded to by his father, who, after the death of his son, devoted considerable sums of money to missionary objects; and in his last will, with the cordial concurrence of his family, has consecrated £1,000 for the same purpose.

was devoted to meditation, plans and preparations for future and more extensive usefulness."

A few weeks after his landing in Cape Town, he addressed a letter to me in Namacqua-land.

"*Cape Town, July*, 1824.

"My very dear Brother.—I thank you for your kind invitation to Khamies Berg for my restoration. It is what I should much like, did my brethren think it prudent or necessary. I should be comfortable with you; have the benefit of good air, and learn the Dutch, besides getting acquainted with my Namacqua brethren. It is of little consequence where I go. I fear to whose lot soever I fall I shall be as troublesome as spare luggage, nay more so. Though I have been getting strength more or less since I came ashore, yet I think it is more owing to a superior diet than to any radical removal of my disease. This very day the symptoms of my disease are such that were I not well nursed, I should soon be as weak as ever. Whatever others think, I believe my recovery to be altogether uncertain. It may please the Lord to restore me to former health, and active service, but I think it is more likely that I linger out a few years in pain and weakness, than that I shall soon recover or soon die. I hope, however, to do the will of God in health and sickness, in life and death. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me: I can neither conceive nor express his love to me during my affliction, and I think he has taught me to be as willing to suffer his will as to do it. If I have God for my portion,

"Labour is rest and pain is sweet,"

and I believe Hell would be Heaven. O help me to praise the Lord! How clearly Christ is revealed to the mind! How glorious is His luminous appearance in the dark and cloudy day! How closely He unites himself to the soul that trusts in him! He "carries the Lambs in his bosom." He waters the plant of grace every moment—

and lest any hurt it, he keeps it night and day. So hath He dealt towards me. He hath saved me from murmuring at this dispensation—nay, I have felt unspeakably thankful to Him, and hope to praise Him as long as I live. May the people of your charge increase in every good word and work, and continue to show forth the praise of Him who hath called them from darkness into his marvellous light! Please give my christian love to the members of Society; I love them as brethren, because they love our common Saviour and Lord, and try to promote His cause in the earth. Tell them how good the Lord has been to me in my long and dangerous sickness, for their encouragement; and tell them how happy and composed I was when expected to lay down my earthly tabernacle. The glories of Heaven beamed on my mind; the sting of death was removed; and I felt quite willing to depart and be with Christ. May God bless you all!—W. T."

In compliance with my invitation, Mr. Threlfall, toward the close of the year, came to reside at Lily Fountain, for the benefit of his health. During his presence on the station, I seized the opportunity of visiting Cape Town, and while absent received regular communication from him, from which the following brief extracts are taken.

Lily Fountain, Khamies Berg,
March 8, 1825.

My Dear Brother,—I cannot better let you know how we are going on here than by writing you a short journal.

Well do you know where and when I left you. I got very well up the mountain, and thought about Daniel killing the Lion and Bears and asked myself—How shall I do if assailed by so powerful an animal? I rode on, and as the sun was gently sinking to rest, followed by the dusky shades, the feathered tribes became the subject of my thoughts, as they sported in the road before me, unconscious of harm. It appears to be the cruelty of man which makes most of the innocent creatures flee his presence. I cut off a short corner of the way by not going

quite to the Veldt Cornet's House, but had nearly been lost. What dangers we expose ourselves to (thought I) when we would mend the way which leads to heaven by attempting to do away with some of its requisitions and not going the old well-worn way of duty.

10th. Visited by a boer. (Farmer.)

13th. Sunday. Tried to tell the people to "search the Scriptures." Jacob, in the afternoon from "Ask and ye shall," &c. After tea, I walked up to Jacob's house, and saw people working in two of the thrashing floors, regularly at work.

Links I did not expect to do this. I sent Jacob to him. He excused himself in the goodness of the wind, but left the floor and came to me. Jacob read him the fourth commandment: he also read it himself and was convinced. This circumstance led to some interesting conversation.

14th. Going on with the house—receiving the corn.*

15th. A tiger having killed one calf and bitten another, so that it could not stand, the corporal called a party to hunt. After the afternoon's school was over Jacob and I followed and overtook the party, about twenty, all mounted. I had understood that it was not far, but we rode toward the Thorn River until we came to the waterfall. There were the remains of the first calf. We rode on and found the other also near the river. It was bit behind the head—its neck was horribly swelled—and it lay gasping for breath. We then rode to the bottom of the hill, and then divided into three parties. Our party came along the road with the loose horses—we passed the place where the dead calf was, and a little further when we saw a large tiger creeping softly along the face of the mountain, as if he was afraid of being seen. The people set up a loud shout, got from their horses, off-saddled, knee-banded them, and then we set off after him and saw him go under a great rock. I was sadly tired: we

* Into the public granary connected with the Mission House, where all the corn was kept.

proceeded within a stone-throw of the place, and sat down while others hallooed for the other parties, as in our party we had but one little dog and no gun. But the little dog went near the place and barked. The tiger came out, went over the top of the first height and tried to hide himself in some bushes on the other side. The little dog and all of us ran after him until we came to a place where all the men and dogs met. They threw stones into the bush. The tiger ran out. Cobus fired, but without effect; and he got again into the same hole where the little dog first challenged him. And here both dogs and men appeared to fear; but bye-and-bye the one encouraged the other, and both were bold. The dogs went into the hole —the tiger got hold of two or three of them—he held one some time, and we thought it would have been killed. There were several crevices into the den from behind, through which three of the men fired one after another. We listened, and the monster growled no more: a man then crept under the rock and pulled him out by the tail. David Caffer drew out his knife, and when the dogs had done biting and the men kicking the carcase, he took off the skin, after which we got our horses and rode home.

17th. Old Robert and Adam have plastered their houses outside.

20th. Sabbath. We held the service as usual. I heard in the evening that the white cow was found dead among the rocks, with her foot fast in a stone above the place where the Kaffirs set their houses.

22nd. Wrote out some bills for the people from the day-book, and held service at night. I have been quite well since you left me, and I trust I am soundly cured. I wish you were back again, or some other missionary.

My best love to Brother Snowdall; I hope he is ready to go to the ends of the earth on the first opportunity.

W. T."

Upon my return to the station, Mr. Threlfall resolved, being perfectly recovered in health to pay a visit to the Great Namacquas, with the view of forming, if possible, a

mission among that people. In the month of June, 1824, he set out, accompanied by Jacob Links and Joannes Jagger, and riding in African style, on ox-back. Some time in August, I received from him a note in which he writes:—

"We have had some alarming accounts of the state of the natives and country beyond the Orange River. They say that Gammap and another chief are dead; that the people of the Warm Bath are dying of hunger. Some Bastards, who live by the mouth of the Great River, passed here yesterday. They said all they could to discourage Jacob and Joannes; but these brave fellows, to use a phrase of Ambrose, "had their courage and confidence *steeled*," and declared themselves fearless through grace, and that they are not only willing to suffer, but to die in the cause of their Lord Jesus. I am sure they had more courage than I had, for my heart fainted within me; but seeing their strength of faith, I got the better of my fears. They are companions to my liking, and often do my soul good, and put me to the blush for the weakness of my faith."

From the Warm Bath he wrote a few lines, stating that Tsaumap (whom they found there) had given them much information respecting the tribes northward. That the old chief was very poor, having been robbed of all his cattle, not by Africaner's people, as had been reported, but by some of the disaffected people of Bethany.

In the month of October, rumours began to reach us that Mr. Threlfall and his companions had fallen by the hand of assassins. At first, we conceived them as but idle tales, since such reports are of frequent occurrence in South Africa. It had been previously reported, that Mr. Archbell and some of his people had been killed by the Bergenaars. It was also positively affirmed, that Mr. Schmelen was no more. In November, however, the account was confirmed by other parties, and our incredulity began to waver. Some of the Warm Bath people arrived at Lily Fountain, who brought with them several receipts,

written by brother Threlfall, bearing the dates of August 6th and 8th. On the back of one of the receipts was the following note: "Being rather unkindly handled by this people, in their not finding, or permitting us to have a guide, we returned here yesterday, after having been to the north four days' journey, and losing one of the oxen; I feel great need of your prayers, and my patience is much tried. These people are very unfeeling and deceitful, but thank God we are all in good health, though we doubt of success. Our cattle are so poor that they cannot, I think, bring us home, but we shall yet try to go further, and then it is not unlikely but I may send Joannes and a native to you, to send oxen to fetch us away. Don't be uneasy about us; we all feel much comforted in our souls, and the Lord gives us patience. We are obliged to beg hard to buy meat. Peace be with you. Warm Bath, *August* 6, 1825. W. THRELFALL."

The above note was the last communication received from that highly valued and devoted Missionary, and soon we were constrained to believe the mournful tidings, too true, concerning the murder of himself and his truly apostolic fellow-labourers. In March, 1826, Mr. Schmelen arrived at our station, on his way to Cape Town. He had traversed that track of country in which our lamented brethren were, and gave us no hope of beholding them again in the flesh. It would appear from all accounts, that they left the Warm Bath, about the 9th or 10th of August: that the person whom they procured as a guide to the Fish River, either on the first or second night of their departure, having met with two others as wicked as himself, took them to a small kraal of Bushmen, and murdered them some time in the night, after they had lain down to sleep, or early next morning. The only inducement, on the part of the murderers, to the perpetration of this horrid act, appears to have been, a desire to obtain the few trifling articles which our brethren had taken with them for the purpose of obtaining food. Two of these men were afterwards taken by some of Africaner's people;

one of whom was the guide Naaugaap, who, with his own hand, had thrown the stone, which caused the death of Mr. Threlfall. They were brought to the colony, tried at Clanwilliam, and Naaugaap was condemned to be shot. In proceeding to the place of execution, the criminal halted at Lily Fountain. Whilst there, several of Jacob Links's friends, and especially his sisters, spoke to him of his awful condition, and the necessity of repentance before he left the world. *Martha* said, "although you have murdered my brother, nevertheless, I am sorry for you, because you are indifferent as to the salvation of your soul:" thus affording an exemplification of the most exalted Christian charity. On the 3d of September, 1827, the sentence was executed upon the criminal at Silver Fountain, on the borders of the colony, by six men of his own tribe, and with the perfect concurrence of the Chief, who had come to be present on the occasion.

The Rev. W. Shaw, with whom Mr. Threlfall was associated in the Albany Mission, speaks of him thus: "The Rev. W. Threlfall was a Wesleyan Missionary of great promise. He was a man of deep piety and much prayer: a choice companion and fellow labourer. Never did any missionary manifest greater love for souls, or more ardent zeal for the propagation of the gospel of Christ; and probably no missionary was ever so regardless of ease, comfort, health, or life itself, as William Threlfall. This was his fault; but if so, his 'failing leaned to virtue's side.' If 'the love of God' so 'constrained him,' that to some he appeared 'beside himself,' it was 'to God.' For the welfare of the heathen, he was, 'in labours more abundant.' He ever seemed to live in that spirit of self-sacrifice, so beautifully expressed by Wesley; and which is so decided a characteristic of the true missionary feeling:—

'The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men,
With cries, entreaties, tears to save—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

'My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.'"

I regret exceedingly, with Mr. W. Shaw, that no *memoir* of this faithful missionary has been published. His manuscripts were sent to a highly respected minister of the Wesleyan Connexion for this purpose: but that individual has been removed by death.* To all that has been stated respecting him, I can bear testimony; but yet the one-half has not been told. For spirituality of mind, and earnestness in prayer; for affection to the natives, and a longing desire, by all means, to win them to Christ; for deadness to the world, and zeal for the glory of the Redeemer in the extension of the gospel, I never saw his equal. No man could say with greater propriety than he,

"I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love."

The following lines, by *James Montgomery, Esq.*, the Bard of Christianity, and the Negro's Friend, will be read with the same melancholy pleasure by a Missionary, that his "West Indies" will ever be perused by an African; and both will hand his name down to posterity as the poet of feeling, of beauty, and of power.

* I have in vain endeavoured to obtain the documents referred to since my return to this country.

In Memory of

THE REV. WILLIAM THRELFALL,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY IN SOUTH AFRICA,

WHO,—WITH TWO NATIVE CONVERTS, DEVOTED TO THE SAME SERVICE AND SACRIFICE FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN,—WAS TREACHEROUSLY MURDERED BY THEIR GUIDE AND HIS ACCOMPLICES, ON THEIR WAY TO CARRY THE GOSPEL INTO GREAT NAMACQUA-LAND, AUG. 1825.

"Not by the lion's paw, the serpent's tooth,
By sudden sun-stroke, or by slow decay,
War, famine, plague, meek messenger of truth!
Wert thou arrested on thy pilgrim way.

"The sultry whirlwind spared thee in its wrath,
The lightning flash'd before thee and pass'd by,
The brooding earthquake paus'd beneath thy path,
The mountain-torrent shunn'd thee, or ran dry.

"Thy march was through the savage wilderness,
Thine errand thither, like thy blessed Lord's,
To seek and save the lost, to heal and bless,
Its blind and lame, diseased and dying hordes.

"How did the love of Christ,—that, like a chain,
Drew Christ himself to Bethlehem from his throne,
And bound Him to the cross,—thy heart constrain,
Thy willing heart, to make that true love known

"But not to build, was thine appointed part,
Temple where temple never stood before;
Yet was it well the thought was in thy heart,
— Thou know'st it now,—thy Lord required no more

"The wings of darkness round thy tent were spread,
The wild beasts' howlings brake not thy repose,
The silent stars were watching over-head,
Thy friends were nigh thee,—nigh thee were thy foes!

"The sun went down upon thine evening-prayer,
He rose upon thy finish'd sacrifice;
The House of God, the Gate of Heaven was there,
Angels and fiends had fix'd on thee their eyes.

"At midnight, in a moment open stood
Th' eternal doors to give thy spirit room;
At morn the earth had drunk thy guiltless blood;
— But where on earth may now be found thy tomb?

"At rest beneath the ever-shifting sand,
This, thine unsculptur'd epitaph, remain,
Till the last trump shall summon sea and land,
'To me to live was Christ,—to die was gain.'"

"And must with thee, thy slain companions lie,
Unmourn'd' unsung, forgotten where they fell?
O for the power, the harp of prophecy,
Their life, their death, the fruits of both to tell!
They took the cross,—beneath it laid them down—
They woke—the cross was chang'd into a crown.

"O'er their lost relics, on the spot where guilt
Slew sleeping innocence, and hid its crime,
A Church of Christ, amidst the desert built,
May gather converts to the end of time.
And there, with them, their kindred, dust to dust,
Await the resurrection of the just."

It may be seen from these Memorials, and also from the last Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, that many promising fields of usefulness in South Africa, are still unoccupied. There are Damaras, Great Namacquas, Kaffirs, Bechuanas, and Mantatees still crying, "Come over and help us."—Have you while perusing the preceding missionary Memorials felt grateful for your privileges—have you felt any emotions of benevolence expanding your hearts? *Instantly gratify them.* Let them not pass away in empty wishes, but immediately bring forth something to be appropriated to the glory of God, in the spread of the gospel. Consider the example of your Redeemer—"Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." He turned himself into a fountain of grace and love, and called you to be a christian that you might be a consecrated channel of his grace to others. He requires all the benevolent agency of heaven and earth to be put into motion, in order to do justice to the purposes of his

love; and he has called you into his service in order to increase that agency.—The church has many an agent of mercy to send forth, if you will but aid to furnish the means. It has many a generous purpose in its heart, many a long cherished and magnanimous project ready to be uttered by its lips, if your liberality should encourage it to speak. It burns with a holy impatience to reap the vast harvest of the heathen world which providence seems to have prepared, and to be keeping for its sickle.—Will you not aid in sending forth more labourers into the harvest?—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus Christ that, "*it is more blessed* to give than to receive." And while you pray that the great head of the church would thurst out labourers in the harvest, prove the sincerity of your prayers by your continued and increased liberality. "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

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